

August COSMOPOLITAN

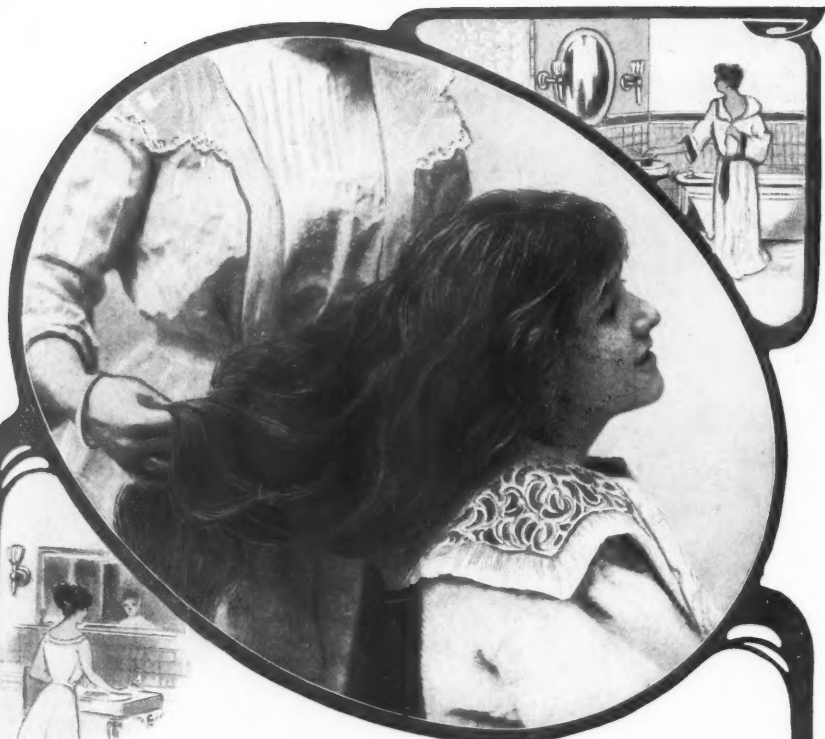
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The Terror of the Camera



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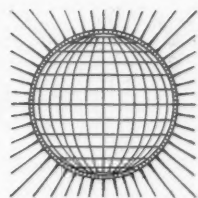
FOR TOILET AND BATH

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UNIVERSAL PEACE

By Hamilton Holt

President of the International Peace Congress

Drawing by Charles A. Winter



If peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, her greatest victory during this century, if not during the entire human era, is the proposal made by President Taft, and enthusiastically accepted by Earl Grey, that hereafter Great Britain and the United States shall refer all their disputes, even those supposed to involve national honor, to arbitration



If peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, her greatest victory during this century, if not during the entire human era, is the proposal made by President Taft, and enthusiastically accepted by Earl Grey, that hereafter Great Britain and the United States shall refer all their disputes, even those supposed to involve national honor, to arbitration. This

mutual pledge at once exalts England and America to the leadership in the peace movement of the world, and furnishes all the other nations of the earth a guiding principle which they will accept with an increasing favor and fervor until it is made a universal law.

The peace movement, we now realize, is nothing but the process of substituting law for war. Peace is the outcome of justice, justice of law, law of political organization. The world has already learned to substitute law for war *within* the nations, but *between* the nations force is still a perfectly legal and, in fact, the only final method for the settlement of disputes. In other words, the nations are in that state of civilization to-day where without a qualm they claim the right to settle their differences in a manner which they would actually put their own subjects to death for imitating.

At present, international law has reached the same stage of development as private law of the tenth century. At that time courts of justice existed side by side with the right of private vengeance. Now the Hague Court exists side by side with the right of self-redress or war. In order to make the Hague Court truly effective, there must be an agreement to resort to it. The proposed Anglo-American arbitration treaty of unlimited scope is the first great step in this direction. If ratified by our Senate—it is already ratified by the people of Great Britain and the people of America—it will henceforth abolish the "greatest scourge of mankind" between the two greatest nations of the world.

Not only that! Once this treaty is on the international statute-books, and as surely as daylight succeeds dawn, it will be followed by similar treaties between all the nations. Japan and France are said to be ready—even anxious—to negotiate similar treaties with the United States. Even hesitating Germany is considering whether she, too, shall not add her conclusive weight to the movement.

Thus the time is likely soon to come when several of the nations, having bound themselves each to each by eternal chains of peace, will be ready to take the next logical step and negotiate a general treaty of arbitration among themselves. This to all intents and purposes would be a League of Peace. And it would inevitably grow in power and prestige until all the nations of the world entered its concordant and prosperous circle. When that time shall come, and it cannot be so very far distant, we may "see golden days fruitful of golden deeds," and Tennyson's dream at last fulfilled of the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World, and for the first time since the Prince of Peace died on Calvary to make men free we shall have peace on earth and good-will to men.

First, the arbitration treaty between England and America; second, the League of Peace; third, the Federation of the World.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Valerie looked into Stephanie's eyes, turned and looked at Neville. "Dearest," he whispered, putting his arm around her, "you must come with us"



The Black Hand faces annihilation. It is probable that if the Italian government succeeds in breaking up the Camorra, the originator and feeder of our Black Hand societies, the latter will cease to be a menace. The men shown here are all criminals, leaders of the Camorra, and are all on trial for the Cuocolo murders. Sortino (palm) is supposed to be one of the actual murderers

The Terror of the Camorra

By George B. McClellan

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Neapolitan Camorra is the parent of the American Black Hand. It is a lawless gang of criminals and thugs who for years have terrorized Italian cities. Now, for the first time, it is in the grip of the law. Thirty-seven members are on trial for murder. In this article ex-Mayor George B. McClellan, an eye-witness at Viterbo, tells the story of what is undoubtedly the most amazing and far-reaching criminal trial on record.

THIRTY-SEVEN prisoners are on trial at Viterbo, Italy, for murder. The victims were a retired procurer named Cuocolo and his wife, called La Belle Sorentina. Both were criminals, conspirators, outcasts.

But their names have circled the globe. The police believe that they have implicated in the murders the most important leaders of the Italian Camorra, the vast criminal organization which for years has spread terror through the cities of Europe.

The Terror of the Camorra

They believe that if they succeed in convicting these thirty-seven prisoners they will deal the Camorra a blow which will go far toward blotting it out of existence. The trial is therefore doubly vital to us here in America for the reason that the so-called Black Hand societies, which in most of our big cities have defied and made the police a laughing-stock, are nothing but the transatlantic manifestation of the Neapolitan Camorra.

HOW THE FAMOUS TRIAL IS STAGED

The court-room at Viterbo was once a church, secularized long ago. Where the high altar formerly stood, under a bust of the king and behind a long table, sits the court. The president, raised above the others, has, one on either hand, two colleagues; while on the right of the judges is the public prosecutor, and on their left the clerk of the court, all clad in robes of black and gold, with queer little mushroom-shaped caps upon their heads. In front of the court, on what was the top step of the altar, a clear space about four feet wide has been left, upon which the witnesses stand and from which they address the court, the jury, and the public very much as with us a political speaker harangues his audience. In the left transept sits the jury, and in the nave the bar, the press, and the public. The entire right transept is taken up by a great cage or "gabbia," made of heavy steel bars, in which sit all the prisoners but three. There is a small cage to the left and in front of the large one, safely out of harm's way, for the exclusive occupancy of Abbatemaggio, the informer. There are three chairs in front of the large cage for Don Ciro Vitozzi, the priest, and Zanelli, and sometimes Gargiulo, all of whom are suffering from angina pectoris. Upon this stage and with this setting is being held one of the most dramatic criminal trials in history. The story that the prosecution is telling is far more like a romance of the fifth century than a dry statement of fact in the twentieth.

Whether the Camorra was brought to Naples by the Arabs whom Frederick II settled in Calabria about 1230, or whether it came from Spain with the house of Aragon fifty years later, or whether it is of native origin, is a matter which probably will never be decided. But it is certain that it possesses a history of very respectable antiquity, includes in its field of operation not

only the city but also the entire province of Naples, and unlike its prototype, the Mafia of Sicily, is a highly organized secret society. Under the Bourbons it was encouraged by the government, as a species of adjunct to the police; for the householder, by paying to it a small sum every month, received in return the protection against crime which the regular police were unable or unwilling to give.

When the kingdom of Italy came into being, its government at once began a crusade in Sicily and southern Italy against brigandage in the country and crime in the cities. For the work of restoring public order there were organized two corps of national police, the Carabinieri, having jurisdiction over all crimes committed in the country and being charged with the maintenance of public order everywhere, and the *Pubblica Sicurezza*, popularly known as the "P. S.," having jurisdiction over crimes committed in the large cities. Of these the Carabinieri are by far the better body of men.

WANTED: PAST-EXPERTS IN THUGGERY

The criminal activity of the Camorra extends through the entire criminal code. As Abbatemaggio expressed it, "It deals in any crime, from the sale of a woman to the purchase of an election." It has two classes of members, the Picciotti, or apprentices, and the full-fledged Camorrist. Each of the former, on initiation, besides taking an oath of obedience and secrecy, the violation of which is punished with death, is obliged to fight a knife duel with one of his fellows, and subsequently qualifies for promotion to the grade of Camorrist by committing a crime. The unit of organization is what corresponds to the ward or assembly district of an American city. The Camorra in each of the fourteen *sezione*, or sections, into which Naples is divided, is governed by a committee presided over by a chairman, and in addition there is an executive committee with authority over all the sectional committees. The chairman of this executive committee is the nominal head of the Camorra and is called the "*capo in testa*," or head-in-chief. According to the police theory, however, Fucci, who is supposed to be the general chairman, is leader of the Camorra only in name. Its actual chief is Enrico Alfano, or Erricone. Its membership includes all sorts and conditions of men. There are at the foot of the list light-



fingered men and strong-armed men, white-slave dealers and *souteneurs*, crooked-election workers and card-sharps, while at the top are representatives of the aristocracy of wickedness. There are Pepe o'Corto and the younger Mora, who have thug written large all over them. At the other extreme there is Erricone, the

natural-born leader, the man of intellect, who has never been convicted of anything dishonorable, for mere knifings are not considered dishonorable in Naples; Professor Rapi, sometime professor of modern languages in the public schools, now said by the police to be an international blackleg and



The stage and the principal actors in the great drama—the contest between organized crime and society—now being enacted at Viterbo, Italy. Thirty-four of the Camorristi on trial for the murder of Gennaro Cuocolo and his wife are in the cage, the leaders in the front row. In the center is shown Cavaliere Bianchi, president of the court. At the bottom sit the court and attendants



The Italian government recognizes the desperate character of the Camorristi unless they are secured with chains. From left to right these are De Gen-Cerrato, another murderer; Fucci,

naro, one of the murderers; Avolio; titular head of the Camorra; and Salvi

receiver of stolen goods, as well as treasurer of the Camorra; Sortino, the barber, planner and designer of crimes in which he is not above taking an active part; and Don Ciro Vitozzi, chaplain of the largest cemetery in Naples, called the Guardian Angel of the Camorra because of his ability in producing plausible defenses for Camorristi in trouble, godfather of Erricone, by whom he is always referred to as "that saintly man."

Besides its activity in crimes of violence the Camorra derives a very great revenue from blackmail. It not only levies on gambling hells, the social evil, and the white-slave traffic, but forces a vast number of lawabiding people to pay a species of insurance against molestation by its members. Thus the householder who refuses is subjected to endless petty annoyances; his milk disappears from the door-step, his windows are broken, and his dogs are stolen. An appeal to the police often results in making conditions worse than they were before. Those who pay willingly are left alone; those who refuse to pay find Naples a very unpleasant place of residence.



Don Ciro Vitozzi, the priest, called the Guardian Angel of the Camorra

Such are the organization and the conditions with which the Italian government has been trying to cope for over forty years. It has been confronted with the difficulty of obtaining evidence, and it is the same problem with which it has had to deal in Sicily.

When Petrosino was murdered by the Mafia of Palermo, it is altogether probable that there were witnesses present; yet when the Carabinieri arrived, a moment later, not a soul could be found who was willing to admit that he had seen or heard the shooting. So in Naples it is almost impossible to induce a native to give evidence against the Camorra, for it is a venerable institution, held in affection by many and in mortal dread by all. It was for this reason that the Cuocolo case for a time bade fair to join the long list of unsolved crimes.

On the night of June 5, 1906, two Carabinieri patrolling the road which circles the Bay of Naples, at a point about thirty yards from the inn called Mimi a Mare, at the village of Torre del Greco, found the body of a man who had been stabbed over thirty times. The body was recognized as that of Gennaro Cuocolo, an occasional patron of

the inn, but a resident of Naples. The "P. S." were notified, and at once went to Cuocolo's house, where they found his wife, Maria Cutinelli, called La Belle Sorentina, murdered in the same way as had been her husband. Cuocolo was a retired procurer who was known to have had relations with the Camorra. It was a fair assumption that he had been murdered by his Camorrist associates, and accordingly the police arrested, on suspicion, a score or more of men who for some time had been under observation, on the theory that they were the moving spirits of that organization. A few days later Vitozzi, about whom, although a priest, the police had had their doubts, came forward with what

appeared to be a perfect defense for the prisoners. He stated that he had reason

to believe, from what he had heard in the confessional, that if a certain Giacomo Ascrittone were to be questioned he could and would throw light on the Cuocolo affair. The man was sent for and told a story of having received from two of his criminal friends, De Angelis and Amadeo, a confession of the Cuocolo murders. Thereupon these two were arrested, and the first batch of prisoners was discharged.

The result of this wholesale jail-delivery was a violent protest from almost every honest man in Naples, so much so that the national government was obliged to interfere.

The prime minister of the day took from the



The informer and the only woman prisoner. Abbatemaggio is a convict serving a thirteen-year sentence and is as closely guarded as the accused. Maria Stendardo, who harbored Abbatemaggio between prison terms, is an ex-white-slave dealer

much-criticized "P. S." all jurisdiction over the case, and sending for the general commanding the Carabinieri placed it directly in his charge, with full permission to handle it as he pleased. The general in turn placed the case in the hands of one of his best men, Captain Fabroni, and assigned to the latter's orders Marescialli Capizzuti and Farris, who had made a great reputation in Sardinia. This was in July, not quite two months after the murder. By September Capizzuti had made the acquaintance of Abbatemaggio, a coachman and ex-convict whom he had followed to the disreputable lodging-house of Maria Stendardo, an ex-white-slave dealer, and had induced him to turn state's evidence. Just after this Abbatemaggio was tried for burglary and sentenced to thirteen years' imprisonment, which he is now serving.

A BACKSLIDER'S TALE OF THE MURDERS

Abbatemaggio claimed to have been high in the councils of the Camorra, but to have had a change of heart in prison, due to reading D'Annunzio's "Morte Civile." He insisted that he was so desirous of leading a better life that nothing would satisfy him but to send all his former associates to jail. On his information some forty arrests were made, including those who had been previously discharged.

The story that Abbatemaggio tells is this: The leaders of the Camorra had long felt that Cuocolo was becoming too exacting in claiming an ever-increasing share of its spoils, and they had begun to be afraid of him. A dinner was arranged at Bagnoli, one of the suburbs of Naples, to which were invited representatives of all the sectional committees and all the members of the executive committee. At this dinner, on the motion of Professor Rapi and Cola Mora, and in his absence, Cuocolo was tried for disloyalty to the Camorra, found guilty, and sentenced to death. The professor then suggested that unless Cuocolo's wife were also killed she, knowing all his secrets, would be able to give information to the police. This suggestion met with so much favor that La Belle Sorentina was included in the death-sentence. The actual killing of the two Cuocoli was intrusted to Sortino, Cola Mora, De Gennaro, and Cerrato (called Mezopalla). These four brought Cuocolo to Torre del Greco, ostensibly for the purpose of "looking over" a villa which had

been marked for burglary. The night chosen was that of a festa in a place the other side of Naples, where most of the people of Torre del Greco had gone. Cuocolo was attacked as he was walking along the shore, and after a desperate struggle was stabbed and beaten to death. The murderers then drove in a cab to Naples, and to Cuocolo's house, where in like manner they murdered his wife. Meanwhile Erricone, Rapi, Ibello, Ciro Alfano (Erricone's brother), and the latter's coachman Icovitti, dined together at Mimi a Mare, where they waited to hear the news. From Cuocolo were taken a gold ring and a small amount of money, from his wife money, jewelry, and securities to the value of about one thousand lire or two hundred dollars. The next day, Abbatemaggio says, one of the actual murderers, Cerrato, told him the whole story of the killing. Abbatemaggio had some time before this, as he has repeatedly explained, filed with himself a sort of mental resignation from the Camorra. He appears to have still acted with that organization, and to have continued to derive any benefit he could from the connection, but seems to have made the mental reservation that in the cause of righteousness he would denounce his associates at the first favorable and profitable opportunity. On hearing Cerrato's story, the repentant Abbatemaggio went at once to Erricone and told the latter that the police would be told everything unless four hundred lire were paid as the price of silence. A few days later Professor Rapi, acting as treasurer of the Camorra, paid to each of the four actual murderers 150 lire, or thirty dollars, and to Abbatemaggio the sum he had demanded, this money being the amount taken from the murdered woman.

"NOT GUILTY," ANSWER THE CAMORRISTS

The charges against the defendants are of several kinds. Some are charged with having actually committed the murder, some with having inspired it, some with having been present at the Bagnoli dinner, some with having manufactured false evidence, while in addition all are charged with the crime of *associazione a delinquere*, or criminal conspiracy, the maximum penalty for which is twenty years' imprisonment.

The defense is a general and specific denial. It is denied that, so far as the prisoners know, there is any such thing as the



"Besides its activity in crimes of violence the Camorra [with its offshoot, the Black Hand] derives a very great revenue from blackmail. It not only levies on gambling halls, the social evil, and the white-slave traffic, but forces a vast number of law-abiding people to pay a species of insurance against molestation by its members"

Camorra, and as the necessary consequence it is denied that any one of the prisoners is or at any time has been a Camorrist. It is denied that the Bagnoli dinner ever occurred or that any one of the prisoners knows anything whatsoever of the Cuocolo murders. And, lastly, it is denied by most of the accused that they ever saw Abbatemaggio until confronted with him at the Instruction.

FIVE YEARS OF THE LAW'S DELAYS

The defendants claim that Abbatemaggio is an epileptic, having been discharged from the army for this reason. He replies that he faked epilepsy in order to procure his discharge. They further claim that he has been promised a pardon for the crime for which he is now serving and a large sum of money in return for manufacturing his evidence, and that the hope of freedom and comparative wealth, stimulated by a naturally lively imagination and the epileptic symptom of an inability to tell the truth, has led to the production of what is one of the most devilishly ingenious fabrications in criminal history. The Cuocolo murders occurred in the spring of 1906, while the trial of the alleged murderers did not begin until the month of March of this year, or five years later, and during that time the police have evidently been occupied in trying to substantiate the story of their witness. As bail and the habeas corpus act are unknown in Italy, every one of the accused has been in prison for over four years, and the trial might have been delayed even longer had not public opinion forced the authorities to bring it to an issue.

Thus far no one has been heard but Abbatemaggio and the defendants. As each side has called over three hundred witnesses (there are some six hundred and fifty in all), at the rate at which the trial is proceeding it will probably last until the beginning of next year.

What has particularly impressed me about the Viterbo trial, and I have followed it very carefully in the Italian newspapers and attended it a number of times, what must impress any American or Englishman, is the fundamentally different views which the Roman and the common law take upon the question of the guilt of the accused. Under our theory, which is that of the common law, the accused is held to be innocent of the crime charged until he has been proved guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

The Roman law takes the exactly opposite view; it holds the accused to be guilty as charged until he has proved his innocence. There is no indictment as is usual with us, for grand juries are unknown. When arrested the accused is taken before an examining magistrate, the *juge d'instruction* of French detective literature, whose powers are very wide. The prisoner is examined as often as the judge may see fit, and is really put through, again and again, what is known to the American police as the "third degree." If in the judgment of the examining magistrate there is a good case against the accused he is held for trial. From the minute that he is committed for trial, he is deemed to be guilty as charged until acquitted by a jury. The long detention of the prisoners of Viterbo is, therefore, not as unjust as it would have been under our system. They are not innocent men not yet proved guilty, but, in the eye of the law, guilty men not yet proved innocent.

THE PROSECUTION'S "WHO'S WHO"

When the government at length determined to bring the Cuocolo case to trial, it was obvious that Naples was not the place in which to try it. Rome was first thought of, but there was no court-room there large enough for the purpose. Viterbo was at length selected as having a suitable court-room, as being off the beaten track, and far enough from Naples to be entirely free from Camorrist influence. The court was chosen expressly for the trial. The president, Cavaliere Bianchi, comes from Parma; the other judges and the clerk of the court are also from the north, but the prosecutor is from Naples. This latter officer plays by no means as important a part as with us. When the prisoners have been held for trial by the examining magistrate, the case against the accused is prepared by the prosecutor, but the actual conduct of the trial, in every particular, is in the hands of the president. As with us, the court passes on the law, the jury on the facts, a majority of the latter, however, being sufficient for a verdict.

At Viterbo there was great difficulty in obtaining a jury. Talesmen realized that not only was the trial likely to last for an indefinite period, but that, no matter what the result, it was liable to be very unpleasant for them. For although an acquittal might be followed by popular odium, a ver-



dict of guilty might very well be followed by a day of reckoning with the Camorra. Despite all difficulties in obtaining it, the jury as finally chosen is one of remarkable, and from our point of view almost phenomenal, intelligence. It is composed of three municipal officials, three landed proprietors, three physicians, one university professor, one state pensioner, and one capitalist. The bar is very largely represented, each of the prisoners, including Abbatemaggio, having his counsel.

There is an entire absence of formality about the Viterbo trial. Erricone frequently interrupts to cross-examine a witness, as does also Vitozzi, and when the jury was examining the plans of Mimi a Mare, Erricone and Rapi were called to the



Camorristi on the way from their cells to the steel cage in the court-room. Their hands are chained, and a Carabinieri watches every motion. Erricone, the real head of the Camorra, stands directly in the center.—Abbatemaggio, the informer

prisoners was confronted with his accuser. This confrontation is quite unknown to our

stand and addressed the jury almost in the capacity of experts. Following the customary procedure, at the beginning of the trial Abbatemaggio was put on the stand as the accuser and told his story in his own way and at his leisure. He was then examined and cross-examined, for the procedure makes no distinction between the two, by the president of the court, the prosecutor, most of the lawyers for the defense, and several of the prisoners. When he had finished, each of the defendants was given his turn on the stand, told his story in his own way, and was subjected to the same examination. After this each of the

procedure. The accused stands at one end of the platform, the accuser at the other. They then engage in a joint debate upon the question of the guilt of the accused. What it really amounts to is a cross-examination of the accuser by each of the prisoners in turn. It is hard to imagine one of our own "low-browed, tough-mug" criminals conducting his own defense.

EVERY CROOK HIS OWN LAWYER

During the progress of the confrontation the prosecutor, the jurors, the lawyers, and even the prisoners in the *gabbia*, whenever they see fit, break into the proceedings and take a hand. In the way of evidence anything and everything is admitted; hearsay, secondary and even third-hand evidence, all is grist to the mill. The president of the court, who is the possessor of an infinite fund of tact, good humor, good nature, and patience, all of which he needs, acts as leading examiner of all witnesses. His purpose being, evidently, not so much to trap the witness as to ascertain the truth, his attitude is that of a kindly schoolmaster with a class of rather mischievous but likable boys, of whom he is really very fond.

The real human interest of the trial is centered in the prisoners. They look like a group of prosperous, well-dressed business men, and in appearance compare very favorably with the *avvocati* and the jury. All of them, but Vitozzi, have criminal records. Matteo Valcarel has served twenty-two sentences of imprisonment, and Bartalozzi, who is an epileptic and absolutely illiterate, has spent only nine years of his life outside the walls of either an asylum or a prison. Most of them belong to the *lazzaroni* or lowest class in Naples, few of them have more than the rudiments of an education, some of them speaking no language but Neapolitan, not even Italian. Yet every one of them, without a single exception, has handled himself with consummate ability on the witness-stand. Each has told a straightforward story which no amount of examination, or the use of the usual police methods in prison, has succeeded in shaking. Each has shown himself a first-rate public speaker and a courteous and ready debater. Some of the prisoners have shown really extraordinary skill in cross-examination, while no amount of gruelling questioning has caused any of them to make any damaging admission.

Abbatemaggio—for not only is he now a

convict serving a thirteen-year sentence for burglary, but he is also charged in this case with criminal conspiracy—occupies the center of the stage, and thoroughly enjoys it. He is a handsome little fellow of twenty-nine, in appearance a traditional Italian tenor, well set up, good eyes, good teeth, regular features, clear olive skin, and turned-up black mustaches. Although born in the gutter and with hardly any education, except what he has picked up, he is a born orator with a remarkable choice of language. He never hesitates for a word, never makes a slip, never contradicts himself, never makes a mistake in a name or a date. He impressed me as being just a little too clever, just a little too ready, just a little too good a witness. He goes about his task of informer and accuser with a hearty good-will and a childlike good-humored enthusiasm worthy of a more respectable cause. He is greatly impressed with his own importance and apparently perfectly satisfied with himself.

THE REAL "BOSS" OF THE CAMORRA

But the star of the *gabbia* is Enrico Alfano, said by the police to be the actual head of the Camorra. He proudly says that he has never been accused of any crime against property, but has "done time" for what we should call felonious assault. This he excuses on the plea of a hasty temper and a nice sense of honor. The police, on the other hand, say that a great deal of his power in the Camorra comes from his reputation of being exceedingly handy with his knife. He is slim and below medium height, with an intellectual, rather sad face. His voice is soft and musical, and he knows how to use it with the best effect. His gestures are graceful, and his manner very earnest and sincere. Take him all in all, either when speaking from the witness-stand or in conversation, I found him what the Italians call "*molto simpatico*." Whether he is the leader of the Camorra or not, he has naturally and as a matter of course taken his place as the leader of the defense. He sits in the front row of the *gabbia* with his lieutenants about him, Ibello on one side, Arena on the other, Rapi and De Marinis beyond. From time to time he calls to one *avvocato* or another, and suggests a question to be asked of the witness; sometimes he examines the witness himself, with great ability. When any disorder occurs in the *gabbia*, he either stops it at once, by raising his hand, or allows it to



The confrontation of the accuser with Italian criminal procedure allows the witnesses for the prosecution to measure wits with

Professor Rapi, one of the accused. the person on trial to cross-examination. In this trial Abbatemaggio thirty-seven cunning criminals

continue, as may suit his purpose, and when the prisoners wish to be heard it is he who always speaks in their behalf.

If you suggest to any Italian in the court-room that Erricone is the least criminal-looking man in the place, the invariable reply is, "Ah, but you are not an Italian and therefore do not know the Neapolitans." And this is perfectly true, for no foreigner is competent to judge them. These men in the gabbia who look like highly respectable business men and talk and act in court like university graduates, all have criminal records.

In other words, it is not beyond the range of possibility that they should be guilty of having murdered the Cuocoli. Thus far, however, the government's case consists of the unsupported testimony of a convict serving his third term, who undoubtedly has an epileptic history which has not yet been explained away. What the government may have in reserve, time only will

show, for there are still six hundred and fifty witnesses to be heard, who may substantiate what Abbatemaggio has said.

Whatever the outcome of the trial may be, every friend of Italy will earnestly wish her government all possible success in its efforts to wipe out the Camorra and to purify Naples. Even should the present trial be a failure, from the police point of view, great progress has nevertheless been made, for the government has served notice on the Camorra that it purposes from now on to pursue it mercilessly, and the Carabinieri have been put in charge of the pursuit.

Professor Rapi, treasurer of the Camorra

As I was watching a group of Viterbo prisoners being led to the van, one of them, who had been in the United States, recognized me, lifted up his manacled hands, and called out to me in English, "Tell them in America that we are innocent." At least, I am so far willing to comply with his request as to set down here a plain statement of the case, as I have seen it.



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

In Ed Bang's wood-shed, they inspected the crude coils and bars which formed Mr. Bang's latest model of his sun-engine

("The New Adventures of Wallingford")

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get - Rich - Quick Wallingford

Wallingford is one of those rare, happy geniuses who never grow old. He knows the youth-secret, has found his way to the fountain, and has fun taking you along with him. A "con" man? Surely. One of the shrewdest in the game. As one of our readers said, he "could go broke in Cairo, organize a mummy trust, and in two days have a mortgage on the Sphinx." But excellent company, none the less—the kind of man who makes you forget you are growing old. In this story Wallingford makes the citizens of Cinderburg pay for a return call

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

"HORSE poker might cheer you up some, Jim," advised Blackie Daw compassionately. "Horses, cows, and dogs that we see out of this side of the car in the next ten minutes, each counts one; white horses, five; cats, ten; goats, fifteen; cat on a roof, fifty; elephants and crocodiles, a hundred; and a man drinking whiskey out of a red jug, a hundred and fifty. We each put down a number in advance, and the one coming nearest to the actual count wins two bits."

Wallingford turned from the scenery good-naturedly enough. "We can't afford to be reckless with our quarters," he returned with a laugh. "I'd even be afraid to pass one backward and forward at the ends of four bets, for fear we might drop it."

"You're so fussy about money," complained Blackie, and sang quite cheerfully:

"A stingy man once had a cent,
He couldn't die till it was spent;
He never drank, nor ate, nor bet,
And so the grouch is living yet."

Wallingford, who had been almost morose, now chuckled comfortably, and Blackie, glad to see the big, round face of J. Rufus turn its usual jovial pinkness, grinned in gratification.

"I'm glad I took vocal lessons in my youth," he confided. "A cultivated voice is such a great comfort."

"To the possessor, possibly," admitted Wallingford. "Blackie, I've never been able to figure out whether you're cheerful or just foolish. We're so near-broke that I dread to have the porter brush our hats, and we don't know where we're going to get our

next dollar; yet you chirrup away as if you hadn't a care in the world."

"I haven't," serenely asserted Blackie; "that's up to you. I have faith in you, Jimmy."

"The miser man was full of sin,
Saint Peter would not let him in;
His soul was lost beyond recall,
So he refused to die at all."

"Don't look," warned Wallingford, touching Blackie on the knee and laughing again to conceal his serious interest. "Three chairs behind you, on the other side of the car, is a persimmon-faced man with a reckless necktie. When you get a chance, look and see if we owe him anything."

Blackie presently looked around as if to take an idle survey of the car, and the man whom Wallingford had described immediately nodded energetically.

"He looks worse when he smiles," decided Blackie. "Rest easy about him though, Jim. I never knew anybody who looked like that. I sleep too well."

"He knows us all right," decided Wallingford with a frown. "Let's go back to the smoker. I don't feel strong enough to wrestle with anybody who ever invested money with us."

They found the smoking-compartment deserted, and Wallingford, lighting a strong cigar, resumed his gloomy occupation of looking out the window. There were meadows and trees and hills, water and sunlight and clouds; but in all the fertile landscape there was no hint or suggestion of an idea, and there was nothing which Wallingford so much desired, at this moment, as

a profitable thought. He had been earnestly desiring it for days, but his skull had gone suddenly barren, and his pockets were rapidly becoming so.

"I believe this is Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw," piped a shrill voice, and Wallingford knew, without turning, that the persimmon-faced man had followed them. He looked around with his happiest smile.

"They tell me I look a lot like him," he confessed. "You have the advantage of me, however."

"I never met you personally," acknowledged the stranger; "but I've seen you often. I'm E. P. Steele, of Cinderburg."

Blackie, looking past the man's back at Wallingford, reached as if for the bell-cord, but grinned. A man from Cinderburg might or might not be a serious menace, but in any event he was discomfiting.

"Oh, yes; Cinderburg," observed Wallingford, with every indication of pleasure. "Live little city, that."

"Yes, it is," agreed the man; "in spite of the jolt you gave it. You certainly did teach them a quick lesson in high finance. That was the smoothest bit of work ever pulled off in our town."

His tone and his expression were most admiring, for which reason Wallingford disliked him intensely.

"I conducted an entirely legitimate business enterprise," he insisted with great dignity. "The Bang sun-engine was a wonderful idea, and it was not my fault that Mr. Bang was unable to perfect his invention. If he had done his share, I would have made him a millionaire."

"Ed Bang's working in the washing-machine factory, now, at eighteen a week, and trying to pay off his debts. Your company may have been a legitimate one, Mr. Wallingford, but everybody in Cinderburg votes the other way. You should have seen what the papers said about you after you left."

"I hope they were just," ventured Wallingford soberly, returning Blackie's hilarious wink as the visitor reached over for a match.

"They were, I guess," retorted Mr. Steele with a laugh. "They said you were the cleverest grafter and the most enjoyable thief now at large. They said that to be robbed by you was a pleasure, and that to know you was a liberal education in burglary."

"The nasty things," objected Mr. Daw. "Why, Mr. Steele, I have known Mr. Wallingford for years; and look at me."

The man did look at him, and a little enviously. "I wish I'd had your opportunities," he stated. "I've dressed like our friend Wallingford, and I've tried to follow his methods, but I seem to have missed a number on the combination somewhere," and he passed his hand over his momentarily worried brow.

"Didn't they pinch you for either attempt?" demanded Blackie.

"They don't pinch a sucker," declared Mr. Steele ruefully. "I lost money every time I tried to turn a trick. Once I got beat up, and twice I was robbed by strictly legal methods. I started out of Cinderburg three months ago with fifty thousand dollars, and now I have only five thousand. I'm a failure even as a crook."

"I knew you were mistaken in my methods," reproved Wallingford; "for I make it a rule to play so straight that I stay absolutely within the law."

The man looked unconvinced. "I wish you'd take my remaining five thousand and show me how it's done," he suggested.

Blackie took the precaution to saunter over and block the doorway. Wallingford looked at his friend with a smile.

"I'll take the bet," said he calmly. "Give me your five thousand, and I'll turn a business deal with it, and I'll give you an equal share with me in the proceeds."

"Do you mean it?" inquired Steele eagerly.

"Give me your five thousand," repeated Wallingford, holding out his hand.

"Well, I haven't over a couple of hundred in cash with me," regretted Mr. Steele; "but I'll give you a check on the Cinderburg Commercial Bank," and he whipped out his check-book in a hurry, lest Wallingford might change his mind. "Where are we going to operate?"

"In Cinderburg," announced Wallingford, with a sudden daring impulse which elicited a delighted glance from Blackie.

"Cinderburg!" repeated Steele in astonishment. "Why, you couldn't sell twenty-dollar gold pieces for ten cents in that town; and the first crooked move you'd make, they'd hang you."

"I don't intend to make a crooked move," declared Wallingford. "Cinderburg and you have an entirely erroneous impression of me, and I shall make it a point of honor to remove that impression."

He expanded his broad chest, and held

his head proudly. If ever there was a man whose finer feelings were hurt, and whose pride was outraged, that man was J. Rufus Wallingford. Mr. Steele, about whose face there was a puckered meanness which quite accounted for his failure in any transaction requiring the confidence of his fellow man, looked at him doubtfully.

"You mean that you intend to start a straight business, with no trick about it?" he wanted to know, retaining the check which he had been about to pass to Wallingford.

"Exactly that," replied J. Rufus firmly.

"Not with my five thousand," objected Mr. Steele, shaking his head. "I'm looking for quick profits."

"With your five thousand!" insisted Mr. Wallingford, removing the check gracefully from Mr. Steele's fingers, and putting it in his pocket.

II

MR. MORLEY, of the Commercial Bank, was presiding at the wicket during the luncheon hour of his paying teller, and smoothing his ashen-gray jaw with considerable complacency, when the broad shoulders and cheery features of J. Rufus Wallingford, with Steele just behind him, loomed suddenly before him. Mr. Morley's mouth popped open, and his long white fingers trembled. Why, here, in the very flesh, was the man who had sold him worthless stock to the amount of thousands of dollars, and had gone away with the money; and yet it was Mr. Morley and not Mr. Wallingford who was now nervous.

"Why, hello, Morley," said the latter gentleman, his round face beaming with pleasure. "It's been a long time since I saw you, but you're looking as spry as ever. How's business?"

"Very fair, indeed," hesitated Mr. Morley. "I—I never expected to see you again."

"Why not?" demanded Wallingford, laughing. "We both have money."

Mr. Morley winced painfully. "I have no more for investment in untried schemes," he hastened to state.

"Nothing venture, nothing gain," quoted Wallingford cheerfully, shoving his check under the window.

Mr. Morley looked at that check, and blinked. He turned it over. It was prop-

erly endorsed. He held that Wallingford owed him something like twenty thousand dollars; that J. Rufus had robbed him outright of that much; and here was five thousand of the money in his own aching fingers!

"Is this by way of restitution?" he asked, assuming his severest Bible-class expression.

"No; cash," Wallingford gaily informed him, chuckling. "Large bills, please."

Mr. Morley, peering out at Steele, developed another virtuous idea.

"I suppose you know that this closes your account, Mr. Steele," he advised, with the paternal interest which every good banker takes in a spendthrift depositor.

"To the penny," agreed Mr. Steele, quite happily indeed.

"Have you had value received for this?" he inquired, now glaring at Wallingford.

"Almost," confidently asserted Mr. Steele. "I've had at least five thousand dollars' worth of promises."

"Then I must warn you against this man Wallingford," went on Mr. Morley, shaking with indignation. "I cannot definitely state that he is a robber and a thief, but I am quite positive, from my own experience, that his commercial transactions are likely to be highly unprofitable to anyone but himself."

"That's what I'm banking on," replied Mr. Steele with an anxious laugh.

"I'll take one thousand in hundreds, and the balance in five hundreds," gently insinuated Mr. Wallingford.

Mr. Morley hesitated. After all, it was Mr. Wallingford's check, unless Mr. Steele should protest it, which he did not seem inclined to do; and the great shadowy hand of the law, very effective with men who scarcely need its restraint, hovered over the banker's shoulders and prevented him from retaining the check to apply to his own deficit. He could not collect it without due process! Mechanically his well-trained hand reached into the money-drawer, and, having carefully annotated the check and put it upon a hook, he counted out ten one-hundred-dollar bills, and eight five-hundreds, all his faculties now alert upon count and counterfeit. Mechanically he pushed the money under the wicket, and Mr. Wallingford thanked him.

"By George! it's like coming back home to see you," commented Wallingford heartily. "Come over to the New Auditorium to-night, Morley, and have dinner with us. I'm going to call a meeting of the Bang Sun

Engine Company, and we'll have a talk over old times."

Mr. Morley once more trembled with indignation. "I do not care to have anything more to do with you," he proclaimed; "that is, unless you come to me, with the cash in your hand, to purchase my Bang Sun Engine stock."

"Tut! tut!" laughed Wallingford. "Why, Mr. Morley, I have nearly a hundred times as much of that stock as you, and I'm not complaining."

Mr. Morley looked at Mr. Wallingford with a return of his stupefaction. There actually stood the man, still in the flesh, with five thousand dollars of a fellow citizen's money unearned in his pocket, his face beaming with cordial good-will and good cheer! Somewhere, down in the depths of his ashen anatomy, Mr. Morley found an unexpected drop of humor, and he actually smiled.

"By golly, I'll come!" he said.

Mr. Steele was lost in profound hero worship as they rejoined Blackie in the cab.

"That's one of the tricks I couldn't get," he confessed to Blackie. "I often succeeded in making men smile, but they wouldn't come to my parties."

"Every little giggle has a meaning all its own," sang Blackie softly.

III

At the New Auditorium Steele tried lesson number one. "Why, hello, Candie!" he exclaimed, rushing up to the dapper clerk. He smiled broadly and pushed out his chest, and, beaming and beaming upon Mr. Candie, thrust forward his hand. "It's like being a boy again to come back home."

"Have you been out of town?" asked Candie carelessly, touching the proffered hand, and reaching past him to shake hands with the new guest. "You're looking fine, Mr. Wallingford. Glad to have you with us again. The governor's suite was just vacated yesterday," and he smiled upon Wallingford with genuine joy. He knew all about Wallingford's scarcely doubtful commercial transactions, but a hotel desk is not a jury-room. Wallingford's bill for two would come close to five hundred dollars a week, and he was a pleasant person to have around the house.

"Glad to be back," returned Wallingford, radiating equal joy; "that is, if you have

left any of that ninety-eight Chateau Yquem. Candie, I wish you'd look after a little dinner of, say, twelve covers to-night. Have you the same chef?"

"Henri is still with us. He'll be tickled stiff to know you're here."

"Tell him I leave the dinner right up to him. I wouldn't even give Henri a hint."

"You certainly do know how to get the best of it," complimented Candie admiringly. "Henri won't do a thing for anybody else while you're here. He'll be your personal chef."

"He's as welcome as the morning-after ice-water," laughed Wallingford, turning away and joining the procession of bell-boys.

Mr. Steele followed him thoughtfully, still worried with the analysis of Wallingford's smile. He had not acquired the trick of it yet! He sat silently in the governor's suite while Wallingford and Blackie removed the dust of travel, and was keenly interested in the fact that Wallingford had exchanged his black tie for a dark-red one, and the plain waistcoat of his traveling suit for a gray silk one.

"Are we going out and circulate, Jim?" asked Blackie.

"I think so," replied Wallingford gravely; for he had been deep in thought ever since he had turned away from the desk. "Telephone down and see if we can't get a touring-car. You'll come along with us, I suppose, Mr. Steele?"

"Well," hesitated Mr. Steele; "I feel as if I ought to have a share in the spending of my money, but I have to run over to my boarding-house a while, and look after sending out my laundry, and get straightened around. Can't you wait?"

Wallingford shook his head promptly. "The only way I can avoid being lynched in this town is to keep busy," he affirmed.

"I guess you're right about that," admitted Mr. Steele. "What are you going to start?"

"I won't make up my mind until just before dinner-time," announced Wallingford. "I shall have to study the needs of the town."

"I don't believe it needs anything," returned Steele doubtfully. "My sister wrote me all the news while I was away, and it seems to me that the business is growing faster than the town. There are three new factories, a big new bakery, an immense

fancy grocery, and they're just getting ready for the opening of the largest department store in the middle West; Kreiger's. That's the big new building we passed on our way up from the depot. They say he's from Philadelphia, and is a natural-born fighter. The other merchants have already tried to freeze him out of the newspapers."

Wallingford sat down to wait for the automobile. "How could they do that?" he asked with the keen interest of a good business man.

"It was a smart trick," laughed Steele, every feature of his countenance puckering with the enjoyment of it. "The minute they knew that Kreiger was coming here to monopolize the retail business of the town,

Horndyke and Ramsdale, who run the biggest department store here, and have money to burn, bought out the *Courier*, which was on its last legs, and purchased a controlling interest in the *Blade*, which only had a toe left. As each of these papers runs an afternoon edition under different names—the *Courier* owns the *News* and the *Blade* the *Trumpet*—that leaves Horndyke and Ramsdale in absolute possession of the town's advertising facilities, both Republican and Democratic, except for the little *Evening Item*, which has been trying to sell out to Kreiger."

"He couldn't buy the *Item* until they start coining half pennies," declared Wallingford, whose memory for newspapers was most careful.



"This is P. H. Scallop," he briskly stated. "I want you to send a policeman down here right away to arrest J. Rufus Wallingford."

"I saw a copy of it down-stairs," interpolated Blackie; "they ought to call it the *Footnote*."

"That looks like a wholesome time for the town," mused Wallingford. "Of course Horndyke and Ramsdale will raise the price of advertising to a prohibitive point, and rebate to themselves for whole pages. I suppose Kreiger has plenty of money, too?"

"He should have. He owns the new building, and he's doing everything regardless. I wonder why he don't buy the *Item*?"

"He won't need to," decided Wallingford. "They'll be glad to get his business at any price. Steele, did you ever do anything crooked in Cinderburg?"

"I never did anything crooked any place!" retorted Steele in deep self-abasement. "I couldn't. I guess we can't all be Wallingfords."

"That'll be about all of that," objected Wallingford. "I am not a crook; I am a business man."

"What's the difference?" laughed Steele.

"A crook is so careless," announced Blackie airily. "There's the telephone, Jim; our car is ready."

IV

PETE SCALLOP was standing in the doorway of the Cinderburg Eureka Auto Motor Washing Machine Company when Wallingford's car drove up, and his upper teeth immediately dropped. Deftly restoring them to their place with a click of his jaws, he waited for no greetings, but hurried into his private office and called up the chief of police.

"This is P. H. Scallop," he briskly stated. "I want you to send a policeman down here right away to arrest J. Rufus Wallingford."

"Is he back in town?" asked Jack Tawney. "Where's he stopping? New Auditorium?"

"I suppose so, but I don't know; I just saw him."

"What do you want him arrested for?"

"Obtaining money under false pretenses."

"When?"

"When he was here the time before. Hurry an officer right down here, and I'll hold him till your man comes."

"Excuse me," begged Chief Tawney; "I'll not arrest that man without a warrant,

and I'd advise you to see a lawyer before you swear one out. He's too smooth to come back here if there was any legal danger; and I'll not burn my fingers with him."

Mr. Scallop almost choked on his teeth. "You talk as if you were a friend of Wallingford's!" he indignantly charged.

"I am," frankly admitted the chief of police. "If I had to lock him up, I'd give him the southeast cell, put a canary bird, a geranium, and a sideboard in it, and spend most of my time there. I'm glad he's back. He's a live member."

"He beat me out of ten thousand dollars!" complained Scallop. "You're a fine administrator of the law! Your duties mean nothing to you!"

"I guess I have been slack," agreed Tawney; "or I'd have pinched you for having the ten thousand in the first place. You never had a cent till you stole your partner's patent."

"I'll lay in a complaint against you to the mayor!" flared Scallop.

"I wish you would," invited the chief. "It hasn't happened for two days, and I'm lonesome. The mayor's here now. You want to speak to him?"

"Hello, Mr. Scallop!" cheerily called Wallingford, entering the door. "Beg your pardon for interrupting. Finish your conversation."

"Do you know what I was telephoning about?" was the return greeting of Mr. Scallop as he slammed the receiver on the hook. "I was just talking with the police department about your arrest."

"Is that so?" inquired Wallingford interestedly. "Is Jack Tawney still chief of police?"

The hopeless injustice of things dawned upon Pete Scallop. "Where's my ten thousand dollars?" he demanded.

Wallingford frowned in perplexity. "By George, I can't remember what I did with it," he acknowledged. "What did we spend it for, Blackie?"

"Why, don't you remember?" returned Blackie reproachfully. "We paid our bar bill."

"It's really not a thing to be joked about, Mr. Scallop," stated Wallingford, changing from his jovial air to his gravest business impressiveness. "Ten thousand dollars, while a trifling-enough amount to a man of your industry and enterprise and ambition, and especially to a man of your ability, is

still worth keeping track of. Of course I hold many times the stock that you do in the Bang Sun Engine companies, and I have returned to Cinderburg to look after my investment."

Mr. Scallop clicked back his teeth three times before he could answer. "Your investment!" he howled. "Why, dog-gone it, you never put up a cent, and you took sixty thousand dollars, clear, away from this town, besides all the money of ours you wasted while you was here, and besides the majority of stock in all three of the worthless companies you promoted! And yet you have the gall to talk about investments!"

"I invested my time, my brains, and my undisputed talent for promotion," insisted Mr. Wallingford with vast dignity. "These are my capital, and from their investment I have a right to expect a return equal to their value. I'm very much disappointed in Cinderburg."

"The emotion is mutual," retorted Mr. Scallop. "If you mean, though, that because you was disappointed you've come back after more, you're going to be fooled!"

"I neither expect nor wish more, except in the way of legitimate dividends upon my stock. To make these dividends possible I

have paid this visit to your city, and I wish the hearty cooperation of all the stockholders."

"That's a good joke," returned Mr. Scallop, laughing bitterly. "You don't expect me to believe that the stock in the Bang Sun Engine companies will ever be worth the paper it's printed on. Why, Ed Bang's right back in my shop now, making my patterns

at eighteen dollars a week, and if you say sun-engine to him, you want to dodge."

"I've no doubt that you've deviled the life out of him," acknowledged Wallingford. "It is Mr. Bang whom I came to see, however; and tonight, as the majority stockholder of the Bang Sun Engine companies, I intend to call a meeting of all the stockholders at the New Auditorium. We'll discuss the affairs of the companies over a nice little dinner."

"I'd rather have you vote my stock," sneered Mr. Scallop. "What'll you give me for it?"

"A thousand dollars," replied Wallingford promptly.

"Get your money ready," directed Mr. Scallop, and grabbed the knob of his safe, which he began to turn with feverish activity. He overran two of the numbers on the first attempt; slowed down a little, over-



They found Mr. Steele, in a red cravat and a gray waistcoat, waiting anxiously for them at the hotel

ran one on the second; was deliberate upon the third, and opened the safe. He glanced over his shoulder as he did so. Wallingford, big, impressive, solid, and prosperous looking, had the money in his hand and was waiting quietly but eagerly. Mr. Scallop scratched his head and delved into the papers in a little steel drawer. He drew out the Bang Sun Engine certificates slowly. "What do you intend to do?" he asked.

"Buy your stock," returned Wallingford crisply, laying down the money upon Mr. Scallop's dingy old desk.

"I mean about the engine?" corrected Mr. Scallop, now holding his certificates against his stomach.

"It won't cost you anything to come up to the meeting to-night at seven, and find out," Wallingford suggested. "I'd be glad to have you, even if you are not a stockholder. I suppose you have all the certificates there," and he quietly reached out for them.

Pete Scallop mashed those certificates against his vest. "I don't think I'll sell till after the meeting," he avariciously decided, and put his certificates back in the safe. "You want to see Bang, don't you?" and going to the door, he called, "Hey you, Runt; send Ed Bang here!"

Ed Bang, an aged-looking young man with a constant trace of bewildered appeal in his pale-blue eyes, but with sturdy muscles under his grimy blouse and jumpers, strode into the office presently with an habitual deep-creased frown, which disappeared when he saw Wallingford.

"I'm delighted to see you again," he said, shaking hands heartily with the promoter, while his face lighted with pleasure.

"Delighted!" snarled Scallop. "You must be a fool, Ed! Don't you know this is the man that made a monkey of you, and dragged you so deep in debt you won't pull out for years?"

"I was in debt anyhow, and a little more don't matter," Ed replied, still holding Wallingford's hand. "Mr. Wallingford made a millionaire of me for three months, and I'll never forget it."

"You've been working on your invention ever since I left here," guessed Wallingford shrewdly.

Scallop laughed his scorn. "He's been working on washing-machine patterns," he stated with conviction. "He had enough of sun-engines to last him a lifetime."

"How do you know?" retorted Walling-

ford. "How's the machine coming on, Ed?"

"Rather slowly," confessed Mr. Bang, with a guilty glance at his employer. "I haven't much money to spend in experiments, and, besides that, I'm going more carefully."

"I had a right to know this," indignantly declared Mr. Scallop. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because you'd have kidded him to death," Wallingford answered for him. "I suppose your new models are up at the house, Mr. Bang. If Mr. Scallop will let you off, I'll go up there with you and look at it."

"Of course he can go," said Mr. Scallop hastily. "I'll go along."

In Ed Bang's wood-shed, they inspected the crude coils and bars which formed Mr. Bang's latest model of his sun-engine, and Pete Scallop looked coldly upon the dynamometer which presently registered its coefficient of power in the early winter sunlight.

"I don't see where you've made any improvement," he criticized with much dissatisfaction. "It was a neater-looking machine the last time I saw it, and it run a bicycle wheel."

Wallingford chuckled, closing his eyes and heaving his big shoulders. "That was one of my stock-selling tricks," he confessed. "That wheel was so delicately balanced that we had to keep gnats off the rim for fear they might start it spinning backward; moreover, I flattened the steel spokes of that bicycle wheel, and set them diagonally, so that the wind would help it."

"You hear him, gentlemen!" cried Mr. Scallop, clutching at his teeth. "He admits that he tricked us."

"Was clever, wasn't it?" agreed Wallingford, pausing to admire himself. "Look at this dynamometer, though, Mr. Scallop. The machine is the same size, and that little needle is more than four times as far around the dial as it was the last time I saw a test. Mr. Bang has been making steady progress with pitifully inadequate means, and I, for one, believe that he will solve his problem."

"Do you think so?" asked Mr. Bang with pathetic eagerness. "Sometimes I believe I'm a mere drunkard over this thing, and ought to quit it."

"Don't you do it," Wallingford heartily and sincerely encouraged him. "Plugging away like that at anything is bound to win,

and when you hit it, you'll make us all millionaires. Bring your model down to the stockholders' meeting at the hotel to-night. Dinner will be served at seven, but I'd like to have you there a little earlier. I must hustle now; I've a lot to do."

V

THEY found Mr. Steele, in a red cravat and a gray waistcoat, waiting anxiously for them at the hotel. Wallingford saw him first, and thanked his lucky stars for that. He jerked Blackie into the first entrance to the bar, and handed him a hundred dollars.

"Your part in this opera buffet will be to keep this Steele person conspicuously hidden," he directed. "I have to work fast, and he'd make me stutter."

Blackie took the money listlessly. "Do you mind if I give him knock-out drops?" he inquired.

"Poison him if you want to," consented Wallingford, and, going out upon the side street from the bar, slipped into the ladies' entrance and up the rear stairway to the governor's suite, where he telephoned to the stockholders of the long-torpid Bang Sun Engine companies, inviting them to the banquet that night and to the special meeting. This exciting and sometimes almost riotous duty performed, and an appointment made by 'phone with a certain Mr. Gettitt, he once more slipped down the rear stairway.

Mr. Gettitt was superintendent of the electric-light plant and was a thick-necked party with an acute alcoholic aura. "It's a treat to see you, Wallingford," he declared with fervor. "I heard you was in town before you telephoned, and I figured right away there'd be something in it for me. You stung me the last time with nothing but stock, and there's no market for waste paper any more. I'll take cash this time, thank you."

"You'll take a share in a nice business," Wallingford corrected him. "The city owns the electric-light plant, I believe?"

"It thinks it does."

"That makes your position a political one. Does the board of aldermen make any restrictions on your contracts?"

"We are all brothers," Mr. Gettitt complacently affirmed.

"Wallingford drew a paper pad toward him and produced a lead-pencil.

VI

THE dear friends and fellow stockholders of Mr. Wallingford came to the meeting with a snickering determination to skin him alive, and hang his hide upon the outer wall to dry, if he so much as hinted at involving them in a penny of expenditure; but they came, which was the main object, and they enjoyed the exquisite dinner which Henri had concocted in honor of his friend Wallingford's return; also they enjoyed Wallingford himself, big, genial, thoroughly at ease, and comporting himself as one who had a right to believe himself honored and respected for the ability and enterprise he had shown in their behalf. He chatted with all of them, right and left; he remembered the personality and preferences of each man; he kept an eye upon the service and upon each guest's needs; he told the latest funny stories; he smiled and chuckled and laughed, but he did not, by any means, hoodwink nor deceive the stockholders of the Bang Sun Engine companies, who knew this smooth customer of old. They had sat with him, to their cost, at just such dinners as this; so, when the coffee came, and Mr. Wallingford, after seeing that each man was served, picked his napkin from his lap and laid it beside his plate, they nudged each other and said:

"Now we get it. Grip your pocketbook. He's going to make a speech."

He did. What he had to say to them was very grave and dignified, while, at the same time, it was crisp and businesslike. He had been surprised and pained, upon his return, to find that, in his absence, his motives and even his integrity had been questioned! True, he had sold them some of his own stock in the sun-engine companies, and had left the city; but they must remember that they had been much more eager to buy it than he had been to sell.

"He's got us there," mumbled Shellbarker, of the Manufacturers' Bank, to his neighbor, Pete Scallop. "He led us on like a drove of sheep, and made us beg to be sheared. The man's a wonder!"

"He's a crook," snapped Scallop. "Wait till he gets through. You'll see he has some big graft to work on us."

As for his resigning the presidency, and leaving the city, Mr. Wallingford had other business interests, and, as Mr. Bang's engine was not at that time ready for the market,

The New Adventures of Wallingford

as they all knew when they invested, he could not afford to remain; so, in order not to clog the operations of the companies, he had resigned his offices. He was sorry now that he had done so. As much as he liked these gentlemen personally, he was compelled to charge them with having been remiss in their duties, not only to themselves but to him!

The eleven stockholders and the five newspaper men then present looked at one another in incredulous amazement. Pete Scallop recovered his teeth with difficulty. President Morley of the Commercial Bank observed to Mr. Paulson:

"I knew it. The man will be figuring, in some way or other, that we owe him money."

Mr. Paulson's hard eye rolled coldly in the direction of Mr. Wallingford, and his cheekbones grew turkey-wattle red. "He's given us over a year to make some more money for ourselves, and now he's come for it," he dolefully opined. "You just wait. He'll ask for it in a little while."

Wallingford, meantime, was demanding, with some heat, to know what they had done in his absence, and, since no one arose to inform him, he told them what they had done. They had become panic-stricken the minute his back was turned, had let the companies die for lack of support, and had allowed Mr. Edward Bang to quit his experiments upon a device which, when completed, was bound to become the most marvelous invention of the twentieth century! They had allowed Mr. Bang, the brains and backbone of their companies, to go back to work for a paltry eighteen dollars a week. Burdened with debt and saddled with a family, faithful Edward Bang had, nevertheless, put in his time doggedly for their benefit, and had brought their motor to a point where it was four times more powerful than it was when the companies were formed. It was not yet ready for the market, but now was not the time to desert it. If the people of his own town, who were most interested, would not support Mr. Bang in his experiments, by the Eternal, Mr. Wallingford would! Here was a thousand dollars, and he threw the money upon the table in crisp, crackling bills!

He asked no one to share his faith in the Bang sun-engine. He asked no stockholder to put up a dollar for further experiments. He did not want a penny out of Cinderburg,

but he would ask them to disburse his money. They need not hesitate to accept it; he would get it back! He would appoint Mr. Morley and Mr. Shellbarker of the Commercial and the Manufacturers' Bank, respectively, to take charge of this thousand dollars. Out of it Mr. Bang was to be paid twenty-five dollars a week to devote his time entirely to experiments upon his sun-engine; and out of it, also, was to be purchased such materials as Mr. Bang might need for those experiments. When that fund was exhausted, let them communicate with him.

Gentlemen, his mission in Cinderburg was ended!

The stockholders of the Bang Sun Engine companies looked upon each other with amazement as he sat down. They were keenly disappointed. The genial Wallingford had not asked them for money, nor left himself a loophole to ask for it!

"He'll get it back, eh!" ejaculated Pete Scallop to his neighbor, Shellbarker. "I'm going to stop that! He ain't going to get a hook on us with his thousand dollars," and Peter arose to save his fellow members.

It was mighty kind of Mr. Wallingford to propose to foot the bills for further experiments. However, he, for one, did not wish this thousand dollars to eventually twist itself into any sort of a lien upon the company or upon the stockholders.

Mr. Wallingford rose to that bait as promptly as if he had been waiting for it. If the gentlemen would feel easier, they might give him anything they chose, and he would accept it as a quit claim for his thousand. They might give him a collection of the old models, or the original drawings of the factory for an historic relic, or their leasehold upon the Pinkus hillside, which, he believed, still had over twenty-three years to run. That's what they might give him for his thousand dollars; their leasehold on the Pinkus hillside, which had originally cost them two thousand dollars in stock of the Cinderburg Bang Sun Engine Heat, Light, and Power Company! He would give them this thousand dollars cash for it until the expiration of the lease, or until they were ready to cover it with Bang sun-engine units. Give him the Pinkus hillside and he would be satisfied!

He beamed on them so jovially upon this that they all laughed, and the mists of distrust, which each man had fostered and which Pete Scallop had thickened, faded



"I'm homesick," confessed Blackie. "I want to see my wife. Jim, Violet Bonnie Daw is about the best fellow that ever waved a plume"

gradually away before his geniality and that of the champagne. The Pinkus hillside was a mile-long yellow bluff facing the town, and it was about as useless a slice of the universe as nature, in her most reckless moment, ever perpetrated.

When the two gentlemen of fortune had retired to the governor's suite, in the wee small hours, Blackie groaned dismally, and slid his coat from his shoulders to the floor, where he let it lie. Wallingford picked it up for him.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked, suddenly remembering that Blackie had scarcely spoken except under compulsion.

Blackie struggled with his collar. It was stubborn, and he tore it off, then he plumped himself down in a chair and surveyed the wreck. "Your backer's got on my nerves till I'm homesick," he suddenly confessed. "I want to see my wife. Jim, Violet Bonnie Daw is about the best fellow that ever waved a plume."

Wallingford sat down opposite him, and was very quiet for a while. "I wonder how Fannie and the boy are doing," he mused.

VII

THE papers were very kind to Mr. Wallingford. True, remembering how they had shredded his character after his former departure, they could not consistently be too enthusiastic about him now, but they gave him vast credit for good intentions, and hailed his broad geniality as a distinct accession to the town's male social life. They were glad, indeed, that he and his clever companion, Mr. Daw, had decided to remain among them a few days for a rest, and to renew old associations. In more serious vein they spoke of the once-derided sun-engine, and chronicled the fact that the energetic Mr. Wallingford was backing a new series of experiments, which were to be continued, quoting Mr. Wallingford, until the invention was perfected, or as long as Mr. Bang lived.

In the meantime, Mr. Wallingford was very busy in Mr. Bang's little home workshop with some devices of his own, in the making of which he used small metal angle bars and window-glass and paint; and, being

an excellent workman in almost any line, he enjoyed himself hugely, in company with Mr. Bang, for three or four days, while Mr. Daw, suffering intensely, kept Mr. Steele occupied and quiet.

On Tuesday, the city council received and accepted an extremely modest bid from the heretofore unknown People's Advertising Company for the use of certain transparencies in connection with the city's street-lamps, and for the exclusive right to use illuminated advertising trolley-cars, the traction company also being a municipally owned institution. Upon the same day, on Pinkus hill, opposite the foot of Main Street, workmen were observed erecting an enormous square, white billboard. Upon Wednesday, Mr. Wallingford, followed by a big square box in an express-wagon, called upon Mr. Kreiger, of the big new department store, the opening of which was set for three weeks away.

Mr. Wallingford went into that conference with his face wreathed in smiles and with certain important franchises, owned by the People's Advertising Company, in his pocket. He came away with his face wreathed in smiles, and the franchises in his pocket replaced by an important check for fifteen thousand dollars, which he immediately divided with Mr. Gettitt. Then he hunted up Mr. Steele to bid him good-by.

"I've left you a nice business, Steele," he informed that gentleman. "You are to be manager of the People's Advertising Company, at three thousand a year, and you own a third interest in the concern. You won't need worry about business for a while, for I've secured one customer who will be all that you can look after. Here is the work which is to be done for Mr. Kreiger, and here are all the papers so far connected with the business. I've put you in good, Steele. If you'll hustle, you ought to make ten thousand a year."

Mr. Steele gave up his ideals rather sorrowfully. "I suppose hustling's all I'm fit for," he acknowledged. "Who owns the rest of our company?"

"Mr. Kreiger," returned Wallingford. "You're in luck to have such an active and energetic partner."

"By George, you're a smart man, Wallingford!" exclaimed Steele in delight. "Just we three in it, eh?"

"Well, the fact of the matter is that

Mr. Kreiger owns two-thirds," Wallingford cheerfully told him. "I sold him my share."

"The dickens you say!" expostulated Mr. Steele. "Why, Kreiger will run the business! He'll devote all these franchises to advertising the Kreiger store, and he'll do the work at cost. I'll be lucky to get my salary."

"Don't you worry about that," Wallingford soothed him; "Mr. Kreiger is the best business man in this town; moreover, conditions are going to change to your advantage. Take my word for that. Will you?"

"There's nothing else in sight."

"Here's your five thousand back," and Wallingford handed him the money.

Mr. Steele took the five thousand without a protest, but was silent for a while. "How much did you get for your share?" he wanted to know.

"Seventy-five hundred dollars."

"Why, that only leaves you twenty-five hundred! I'm a little bit surprised, Wallingford, that you would fuss around with such a small game."

"Don't you worry about me," replied Wallingford. "Good-by, Steele."

VIII

ON the day of the Kreiger opening, the residents of Cinderburg enjoyed an entirely new street-ornament. Over the electric light at every corner had been placed, by an army of workmen through the night, a huge transparency advising that this corner was seventeen blocks from Kreiger's, or twelve, or five, or whatever the distance might be, and, in each case, a hand pointed the way. The roof above the ventilator windows of every street-car was boxed in another transparency, framed of interchangeable letters, which told of the bargains at Kreiger's. At the foot of Main Street, big, electrically interchangeable letters also told, in white upon a black background, that thread was two cents, that pianos were ninety-five dollars, that silk petticoats were ninety-eight cents, that bread was three loaves for a nickel, for this day only, and at Kreiger's alone in all the world! At night, the whole Pinkus Hill, and all the town, glowed and blazed with the name of Kreiger. It was impossible to escape from it anywhere, and, if Tom or Dick or Harry, or, rather, Mrs. Tom or Mrs. Dick or Mrs. Harry, planned to spend money for anything under the sun, it was

impossible to dissociate that spending with the name of Kreiger!

It was then that the storm broke loose, and that palladium of the people, the free and independent American press, inspired by Horndyke and Ramsdale, came rushing to the defense of an outraged citizenry. The public utilities, light and transportation, had been subverted to private gain, and woe betide any misguided person who had taken part in trafficking with the people's rights in this high-handed manner! Corrupt politics was at the bottom of it all, and the papers in town, all except the sturdy little *Item*, which carried no Horndyke and Ramsdale advertising, were singularly unanimous in deploring the sordid commercialism of municipal affairs. The matter was to be looked into! Politics must be purified! The city must be cleaned; and, in the meantime, certain recent ordinances, which had disposed of valuable city franchises and concessions for a mere song, must be repealed!

The *Blade*, the *Courier*, the *News* and the *Trumpet*, all carried slashing editorials denouncing the outrages; and that there might be no lukewarmness about these editorials,

Mr. Horndyke, who was a Democrat, wrote half of them, and Mr. Ramsdale, who was a Republican, wrote the other half. They were awakened, at last, to their duties as citizens, were these gentlemen, and they lambasted any person who had to do with the iniquity; Mr. Gettitt, the board of aldermen, the merchant who would make use of such knavishly acquired facilities, the People's Advertising Company, Mr. Steele, and, last but not least, that arch-scoundrel, J. Rufus Wallingford!

There was a fine specimen, this man Wallingford! And certain leading citizens of Cinderburg should be ashamed to have been so gullible. He had tricked them again! Buying apparent immunity from the just consequences of his former swindling rascality for a paltry thousand dollars, he had in reality purchased, also, the invaluable advertising rights to Pinkus Hill, for a quarter of a century, with the same money!

There was much more reflecting upon the asinine idiocy of Cinderburg's financiers and politicians in allowing that smooth grafter and all-around crook, Wallingford, to strip them, first of their money and then of their coinable possessions! Horndyke



Mr. Horndyke's cheeks puffed with indignation. "Why, you can't libel a burglar!" he declared. "Wallingford is a known crook, and he'll only get himself into trouble if he attempts to bring suit against us"

and Ramsdale, being patriotic citizens and earnest merchants, were very much wrought up; moreover, editorials were a brand-new toy, and fully as attractive to these grown men as a shiny razor to a baby!

IX

SHORTLY after the publication of these vigorous and righteously angry articles, Mr. Puckett, a shadowy, leathery little lawyer, dropped in upon Horndyke and Ramsdale.

"I have come to see you in the interests of my client, who desires me to collect the hundred and fifty thousand dollars you owe him."

"All our bills payable put together don't amount to that much at this season," protested Mr. Horndyke. "There's a mistake somewhere, Puckett."

"Doesn't seem to be any, Mr. Horndyke," persisted Mr. Puckett quietly. "My client instructs me to secure a settlement to-day or to file suit at once."

"Your client? Who is he?"

"Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford," Mr. Puckett informed him, with an aggravating expression as of one concealing a smile.

"What! That thief!" exclaimed Horndyke, grabbing his beard. "Where did he imagine that he had been able to drag this firm into one of his nefarious schemes?"

"He claims that amount for alleged libelous articles published in the four newspapers under your control."

Mr. Horndyke's cheeks puffed with indignation. "Why, you can't libel a burglar!" he declared. "Wallingford is a known crook, and he'll only get himself into trouble if he attempts to bring suit against us. We'll look up his record for him, and I don't imagine we'll have far to go."

"It is quite evident that you do not understand the libel laws of this state," Mr. Puckett informed him. "Even if Mr. Wallingford had been guilty of the practices you charge, which I am not prepared to admit, the articles you published would, in my opinion, be held as distinctly libelous in any court. Moreover, I must warn you that the use of such epithets as you have just applied to him would also be held actionable."

"I don't believe it," returned Horndyke. "If we have laws which would protect such an infamous scoundrel—"

"Wait a minute, Horndyke!" rasped the shrill voice of Mr. Ramsdale. "Don't you say another word until we see our lawyer."

"It might not be a bad idea to have him over at once, for my instructions are not to wait," suggested Puckett. "If you will telephone for him, I don't mind remaining until he comes."

Horndyke and Ramsdale's lawyer came at once, and he listened carefully to a complete statement of the case; then he called the firm aside.

"I would suggest that you allow me to do the best I can for you in the way of a settlement with Mr. Puckett," he advised them. "I may be able to get the amount reduced to a hundred thousand for immediate cash. I furthermore advise you, in both a legal and a friendly capacity, to raise the money for this settlement by the sale of your newspaper interests."

When Mr. Steele heard of that settlement, he was at first highly indignant. "Why, confound him! This libel suit was his game from the start!" he exclaimed. "I must study over how he worked that. I saw him do it with my own eyes, and yet I can't seem to get the hang of it."

"Your friend Wallingford is a great business man!" said Mr. Kreiger admiringly. "I think I shall begin advertising in the papers now that they have a healthy ownership. That will let the People's Advertising Company have a chance for a bigger profit, Steele."

Pete Scallop dropped in at Ed Bang's workshop upon his weekly visit of inspection.

"I hear that your friend Wallingford got a hundred thousand dollars out of Horndyke and Ramsdale for libel," he observed, trying to believe that the figures on the dynamometer meant something.

"I wish he'd have got a million," returned Mr. Bang. "I'd be for him if they had him in jail!"

"He's a smart man," admitted Pete Scallop enviously.

Mr. Wallingford was planning a campaign in a neighboring county-seat when Horndyke and Ramsdale's check, less Mr. Puckett's commission, was delivered to him.

"This will make quite a little clean-up when Puckett gets through with all the other papers in the state which poked fun at Cinderburg for letting us earn a living there," he commented, as he displayed the check to Blackie Daw.

"Thank Heaven, we have laws in this country!" remarked Blackie virtuously.

The next story of "*Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*" will appear in the September issue.

The Brand-Blotter

Here is a story of the big Western outdoors with a heroine who can cowpunch and pull a gun with the best of them. Even being "finished" at a glacé finishing school does not make her any less true to the life of the plains, nor to the quickest man on the draw in the Pecos country. Miss Frazer is a new author to Cosmopolitan readers, but we think you will agree that she can tell a rattling good story

By Elizabeth Frazer

Illustrated by J. N. Marchand

THIS, as the children say, is a cross-my-heart, hope-to-die, true story. If you don't believe it, you may ask Wandless, sheriff of the Pecos country, who told it to me. But I warn you that the land of the Seven Rivers is not Fifth Avenue. It is a strong, untamed place, and the hand which carved out those rugged mountain-fronts and dusky gorges, the chrome-streaked buttes and jagged pinnacles, also laid its fingers upon the men. They are as wild a lot as ever threw leg over saddle, grim, iron-jawed, clean of flank and clear of eye, and with a blithe instinct for lawlessness that makes the sheriff's job no sinecure.

Wandless himself is the quickest on the draw of any man in the country (mark it, gentle doubter!). He has to be, or he'd soon retire from business. He wears his guns swinging low and well forward on his thighs, the butts pointing backward and the holster-bottoms lashed by buckskin thongs to his boot-tops, not, as the greenhorn thinks, for swagger, but so the revolver may pull out smoothly and without hitch in a little case of emergency.

Wandless is a taciturn man. His mind, like the hidden rivers of the land, runs darkling underground, but in due season it bubbles forth to the surface, a pure limpid spring of reminiscence.

It was at the end of a sixty-mile pull in the saddle, under a grilling New Mexican sun. The water-hole, where we had stopped at noon to replenish our canteens, proved to be a black, sun-baked sink, guiltless of moisture. So, after a hastily scribbled note, locating the nearest water, which Wandless tore from his memorandum-book and planted conspicuously for the next poor, desert-

parched devil, we brushed away the alkali hanging gray upon our eyelashes, cinched up our saddles a notch, and struck out again, the sun-glare heavy in our eyes. At a ceaseless, choppy trot that eats up the miles, we crossed high, pallid mesas swimming in mirage, dipped into coulées shaggy with cactus and mesquit, rounded high, painted buttes, and came at nightfall, our horses' heads hanging with fatigue, into the long cool shadows of the Oscuras, and camped beside a sweet, gurgling spring.

Here, after a wonderful supper of bacon, *frijoles*, black coffee as strong as Hades, and a can of California cherries—"churries," Wandless calls them—we stretched ourselves before a blazing piñon fire; and with the castellated mountains to the east tipped with pure vermilion, and the mesa beneath us blurring into an edgeless purple sea, I listened to the story of the brand-blotter.

"See them buttes?"

Wandless swung his "cigareet" in a wide arc toward two ragged crests which rose like the cantle and horn of a cowboy's saddle out of the melting plain.

"Exciting man-hunt out there once. After a brand-blotcher."

He paused to shy another piñon stump into the fire.

"The row begun when Jim, foreman of the Machado Rancho, asked the old man for Dulcie. *Dulce* is the Mexican for candy, and is what the cowpunches call their sweethearts. They named Dulcie that when she was a little dud in overhauls and red pig-tails, just to see her rage. That kiddie, instead of pining after dollies, natural and girl-wise, was plumb eat up with the desire to be a real, blowed-in-the-glass cowpunch. She teased her daddy for a pair of chapare-

jos, and with them and a genuwine twenty-dollar white Stetson that Jim brung home for her one day, she rode the range with the boys, toted a gun, and was tickled to death when they called her Pinto on account of her freckles.

"She could sight a bunch of calves running up out of a draw, dope out a blurred brand, or pick off a rattler lying coiled at the root of a Spanish bayonet.

"One morning she was out back of the corral, in the center of an admiring circle of the boys, busting a bronco. He was a nippy little devil, flaring back on his haunches, his nostrils wide and the whites of his eyes gleaming. Suddenly he squatted, roached up his back, and then give a leap into the air, and come jarring down stiff legged. But Dulcie stuck on like a burr, standing up straight in the long stirrups, her red hair streaming wild.

"Pitch, you wall-eyed son of misery!" she screeched, and laid on to his withers with the quirt.

"Just at that interesting point the old man broke into the circle, his brow black as thunder, yanked her off the pony, and marched her up to the hacienda. Seems like he had never considered Dulcie anything but a baby, though she was rising fifteen. The next week he packed her off to a swell Eastern school, somewhere up the Hudson.

"The last morning Jim brought round the buckboard to the door. The old man got in and picked up the lines, and Dulcie, her pigtailed banded tight 'round her head, and wearing a black sailor, sprang in beside him. Suddenly she whipped off her black kid gloves and stretched out a skinny little paw.

"So-long, Jim!" she says, her chin trembling. "I'll marry you the day I get back, and then we'll have a ranch all our own!" She winked hard, but one tear slipped the leash.

"Jim took off his hat as he gripped her hand. 'I'll hold you to that, *compadre*,' he says solemnly. 'And if you go off and marry a dook, I'll shoot him up, sure's I'm a sinner.'

"She was away four years, traveling over Europe in the summers with a chaperoon, until the old man allowed proudly that his Dulcie was getting such a bang-up polish on her she'd qualify for some of them funny little pasteboard dooks or pocket-edition kings.

"Every Thursday at sundown Jim used

to lope fifteen miles through the sage-brush to the nearest cow-town after the mail, and fetch back a little white letter in his left coat pocket. The old man would read it himself first, and then after supper he'd hunt around the room, and he'd say, 'Fer Gawd's sake, Jim, what'd you do with that there bootjack?' And after he'd found it, he'd lay down on the sofa in his socks, pull the letter out of his pocket, and say: 'Read her aloud, Jim. Less hear what the little gal's got to say for herself.'

"And Jim would haul up his chair close to the lamp and read it aloud, and the two would hunt out the places she'd been on a little green revolving globe of the world set onto a stand that belonged to Dulcie. Most always Jim done the answering for the old man, and signed his initials below.

"And then suddenly she come home. I was loafing 'round the ranch-house that week with a busted knee, and seen her come loping in. It was a sizzling hot noon, the air weaving and shimmering like it was before the open door of a furnace. Dulcie had turned down the collar of her waist in the shape of a V at her throat so's to get the air as she rode, and she wore the identical old white Stetson that Jim had bought her years ago. She'd likewise let down her hair on account of the heat, and it hung below her waist in two long shiny tails, and over them and her tan riding-skirt and the heaving flanks of the pony lay a thick coat of white alkali dust.

"She rode straight up to the gallery, and slid off quick, before Jim, who seen her through the office-window, could get to her. She drew off her buckskin ga'tlet, and held out a hand soft and white and warm. 'Hello, Jim!' she says, casual, and smiling a little.

"She give him one look out of her gray eyes, easy and aimless like, and shot him dead on the spot. Not that Jim knew it at the time, being shy with women. He just stood stockstill, holding her hand in an iron grip, like it was a fractious bronco under his knee. Dulcie flinched a bit, and then laughed, showing her white teeth straight and even as grains of popcorn. She got away her hand finally, and laughed again.

"Sh!" she says in a murmur. 'We mustn't wake the dad!'

"The dad could be heard at the far end of the gallery taking his afternoon *siesta*. He was sitting in a rocker, his stocking feet



"The free, open life fit Dulcie like a glove. The four years' veneer she'd got at that glacé finishing school, she just sloughed off like a snake sheds his skin in the spring"

resting on top of an old saddle, a green silk bandanna spread over his face, and snoring like a grampus.

"Dulcie laughed and pointed and whispered, 'Fer Gawd's sake, Jim, what'd you do with that there bootjack?'"

"Seems Jim had related that little episode in one of them initialed letters. That broke the ice, as you may say, with Jim—not that his blood was exactly at freezing point before—and Dulcie tiptoed off to play a joke on the dad.

"After that she done what she liked with every silly cowpunch on the place. They went plumb loco over her. She was the kind that's a dead shot with men; the kind that horses down in the corral whicker after, that dogs foller 'round, and cats arch theirselves up against and purr. She was *dulce*.

"Jim had been in love with her for years without ever suspecting it, and when she come back he went clean off his head, and was as innocent as Adam before the feast of apples. He didn't know what his cosmic soul was hankering after, being a shy man, but laid it onto his liver, and sent in to town for a bottle of burdock bitters, which love-potion Dulcie administered every morning in a whiskey-glass to him and the dad, impartial.

"The free, open life fit Dulcie like a glove. She was built for it, like a bird is to fly, or a fish to swim in the sea. The four years' veneer she'd got at that glacé finishing school, she just sloughed off like a snake sheds his skin in the spring, and comes out fresh and shiny and supple.

"One blistering hot day she and Jim had rode out to a branding-outfit, and at noon had made dry camp in the lee of a big butte. Jim eased the cinches on the ponies, and threw himself down in the shade with a cigareet, and Dulcie curled up on a flat rock, and was flicking the tips of the sage-brush with her quirt. All at once she looked up at Jim, her hat shoved back and her head cocked sideways.

"Say, Jim, when are we going to get married?"

"Just like that it come out, soft and casual, she smiling innocent-like."

Wandless fell silent a moment, recalling his story, and absently rolling a cigarette. The vivid light which had stained the eastern sky gradually lost its brilliance, melting by degrees into deeper shades of luminous purple, until at length mountain and plain were clothed in profound and brooding darkness. The stars broke out into their

appointed places, softly, one by one, with immeasurable velvet reaches between them. Close at hand, the horses cropped the rich grama-grass, and the spring, spending itself in a silver thread, talked in low night whispers.

"I never asked Jim," Wandless's voice came out of the darkness meditatively, between puffs at his cigarette, "just how he answered that question. But I reckon that after he was through seeing stars, and got his thoughts corralled, he seen that he had long been thirsty—likewise what he was thirsty for. And he had undertook to quench that thirst with burdock bitters!

"The next morning, standing on the gallery, at the tail of a lengthy confab with the old man about a bunch of beef-steers that his sub-boss was to drive to Santa Fé, Jim played his joker. Dulcie was on the gallery, looking as sweet as a rose in a white morning frock open at the throat, and her gleaming hair platted round her head, watering a rose-geranium that Jim had planted for her in an *olla*. I had stepped up to the ranch-house myself, and got the full force of the explosion.

"Mister Brent," says Jim, bracing himself and breathing hard, 'I'd like to speak to you on a little matter of private business.'

"Fire ahead, son!" says the old cattle-king genial, presuming Jim wants to buy in a few head of stock on the instalment plan, Jim being an independent cowman in a small way, as well as manager of the Machado Rancho.

"Jim looked up and looked down, and at last, wetting his lips, he says desperately, 'I want Dulcie!'

"The old man never tumbled. The son-in-law idea that Jim was modestly endeavoring to elucidate would never have percolated of itself into his arrogant old nut, not in a million years. 'For to-day you want her?' says he.

"Forever!" says Jim.

"At that minute Dulcie giggled, a soft little, breathless giggle.

"The old man seen the point. It broke on him like a flash, and the veins on his temples jumped out like whipcord. He spun round on his heel. 'Serena,' he roars, 'git into the house, you jade! Pronto!'

"Dulcie dropped her watering-pot, and scudded like a quail to cover, and Brent let loose on Jim. Greaser cuss-words, titles of befolement he had hoarded secret for years, come pouring out of that wicked old geezer's anatomy.

"Jim stood pat, not saying a word, but drilling Brent with his eyes like he was Eduardo the lion-tamer. Presently the eruption lets up, and Jim took his turn at the bat. 'Mister Brent,' he says gently, 'you've spilled a heap of dirty words onto me, which is neither here nor there. A liar and a coward I may be, likewise a condemned polecat—though I don't smell as vivid as some I could mention at that—but a *brand-blotcher*! Mister Brent, I reckon you'll have to eat that word!' He took a step closer.

"Why, you miserable, low-down lobo," says he, 'how did you get your own start? Sneak-thieving like a Greaser! Changing the brands with a piece of red-hot barbed wire back in the hills, until you'd stole a herd, and then you turned honest for self-protection. A brand-blotcher! You was the best one in the Seven Rivers, they tell me!'

"You—you—" splutters the old man, reaching for his gun.

"Just then Dulcie stepped out on the gallery, and laid her hand on the old man's arm. 'Sh! Sh!' she says, soothing him gently. 'I won't marry without your consent!' She turned her gray eyes on Jim. 'The dad's right,' she says, cool and judicious. 'It ain't seemly for a cattle-king's daughter to mate up with a common ranger!' A dimple punctured her cheek. 'And now, Jim,' she says, brisk, 'and the dad, listen! I promise not to marry Jim until his herd matches mine, head for head. When that happens he can talk business!'

"The old man give out a chuckle at that. One-third of his stock was marked with her own distinct brand, 'SB.' 'I agree' he raps out.

"Here, too," says Jim, brief, murdering all his infant hopes on the spot. Not in seventeen incarnations could he expect to catch up with Dulcie.

"And as for brand-blotching," goes on Dulcie, standing up for the old man, 'of course the dad rustled a bit, and no shame to him, either. Everybody rustled in the early days. Ask Vickery and Danby and Lux how they got their first herd? Picked 'em up in the hills. Isn't it so, dad?'

"Sure!" says Brent.

"I could ease down a brand myself, at a pinch!" says Dulcie. She give a queer little laugh. 'So-long, Jim,' she says soft and gentle. 'I heard the dad ask for your resignation, and I reckon it's all for the best.'

"Jim gripped her hand. His face was as white as his hat. 'Dulcie!' he says once hoarsely, but she turned away her head.

"Jim dropped her hand, and stumbled down the steps, the spurs on his high heels clanking. Dulcie had turned him down!

"'Twas her cussed coolness that graveled him. Keen and hard headed as the dad,

scrawny little sandy-haired English chap named Mowbray, and him and Dulcie rode round together constant, and some sweet friend brought word to Jim that they was engaged.

"Before long, a fresh piece of news begun to blow like tumble-weed about the range, lifting a bit here, lighting a second there,



"All at once she looked up at Jim. 'Say, Jim, when are we going to get married?' Just like that it come out, soft and casual"

she'd weighed him in the balance like he was so much beef on the hoof, and when he didn't grade up to the standard, she calmly reneged on the deal.

"Some such bitter thoughts as them were Jim's *companioneros* for months. Dulcie had roused in him a thirst that not burdock bitters, nor brandy neat, nor raw *mescal* could make an impression on, and I reckon he tested 'em all, and other things besides.

"Brent hired another ranch-boss, a

and then carried along. Jim was rustling old Brent's cows. The story of his jilting by Dulcie had leaked out somehow, and that cinched the matter. Jim was brand-blotching out of revenge. Some allowed it was a private feud with the old man, and nobody's danged business, and some thought that a brand-blotcher hadn't ought to pollute good air, and suggested a lynching-bee.

"Things wore along about the same for a couple of weeks, suspicions settling down

The Brand-Blotter

thicker and thicker, like a flock of buzzards on the desert getting ready to light. And then come a day hotter than the seven kinds of love. About three o'clock the patrons of the Royal Flush seen Mowbray ride down the street, doubled up like a jumping-jack in them English short stirrups, going tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, and at every step raising the skyline between his seat and his saddle. He reined up in front of the saloon, and two or three vaqueros lounged across to the door.

"Is the sheriff inside there?" says he, short and stiff.

"He ain't," says they, 'but step in a minute and wait.'

"Mowbray hesitated, but the Royal Flush, with its red brick floor and thick 'dobe walls looked cool, and so he lifted himself down and went in. After he'd had a whiskey and soda, a ranger leaning against the bar coughed gently and says,

"Was you urgent to see the sheriff, Mister Moberry?"

"I was, and I am," says he, clipping his words.

"Might a stranger ask why?"

"To swear out a warrant for the arrest of the former ranch-boss of the Machado Rancho," says Mowbray, 'and to offer a reward of five hundred dollars for his capture dead or alive.'

"A sort of sighing breath went round the room, like a soft wind ripples a field of wheat.

"What's Jim been doin' now?" speaks up Joe, the barkeep. 'I always figgered him up as a pretty nice cuss, that paid his bar-bill like a man.'

"He may pay his bar-bill," says Mowbray, 'but he's a cattle-thief nevertheless.'

"At this point, Joe looked up sudden toward the door, and quick as a cat, but saying no word, moved over to one side.

"Mowbray had took another glass. 'For the last six months,' says he, 'your friend Jim has been rustling Miss Brent's cattle. I have suspected him for some time, but could not be certain. Yesterday, however, down in the chaparral, I ran across a steer freshly marked with my predecessor's brand, and beneath, plainly decipherable, the blurred inscription, "SB." Miss Serena had ridden through the scrub within the hour, and I brought him up to her for inspection. She seemed greatly confused, but admitted that the steer was hers, and murmured that it was a rotten poor job. Seeing her distress—she had turned scarlet, and was on the

point of tears—I dropped the subject until I could speak with Brent. It is acting for him that I shall swear out this warrant to-day. Anyone disposed to earn the money—' He stopped to finish his drink.

"I reckon that Joe might have saved Mowbray, but he never lifted a hand, and the boys, seeing that first hasty glance of his, backed gently off, clearing an open lane between the Englishman and the door.

"Anybody disposed to earn that five hundred dollars," says Mowbray again, amiable, 'will—'

"Just step this way!" draws Jim. He was standing, big and quiet, in the open door.

"It was his shadow that Joe seen at the commencement of Mowbray's oration, and stepped out of the track of the coming event.

"I don't see no violent stampede, gentlemen," continues Jim, with a grin. 'Ain't nobody present got any use for five hundred dollars? Mister Mowbray, it's your deal.'

"That danged little Englishman wasn't so slow as they thought. 'Right-o!' says he casual, with his hand in his pocket, and plugged a businesslike hole in the atmosphere, an inch from Jim's left ear.

"Good boy!" says Jim, retorting with promptness and a little more certitude. Mowbray put up his hand sort of weak to his streaming temple, where the bullet had got him, and tottered against the bar.

"Under the circumstances, Jim didn't linger for no final obsequies or fond farewell to mother and say there is no other, but retreated in distinguished order to the hitching-rack, his six-shooter still smoking in his hand.

"At the watering-trough, he ambuscaded into the sheriff.

"What's up?" asks Daggett, nodding toward the saloon.

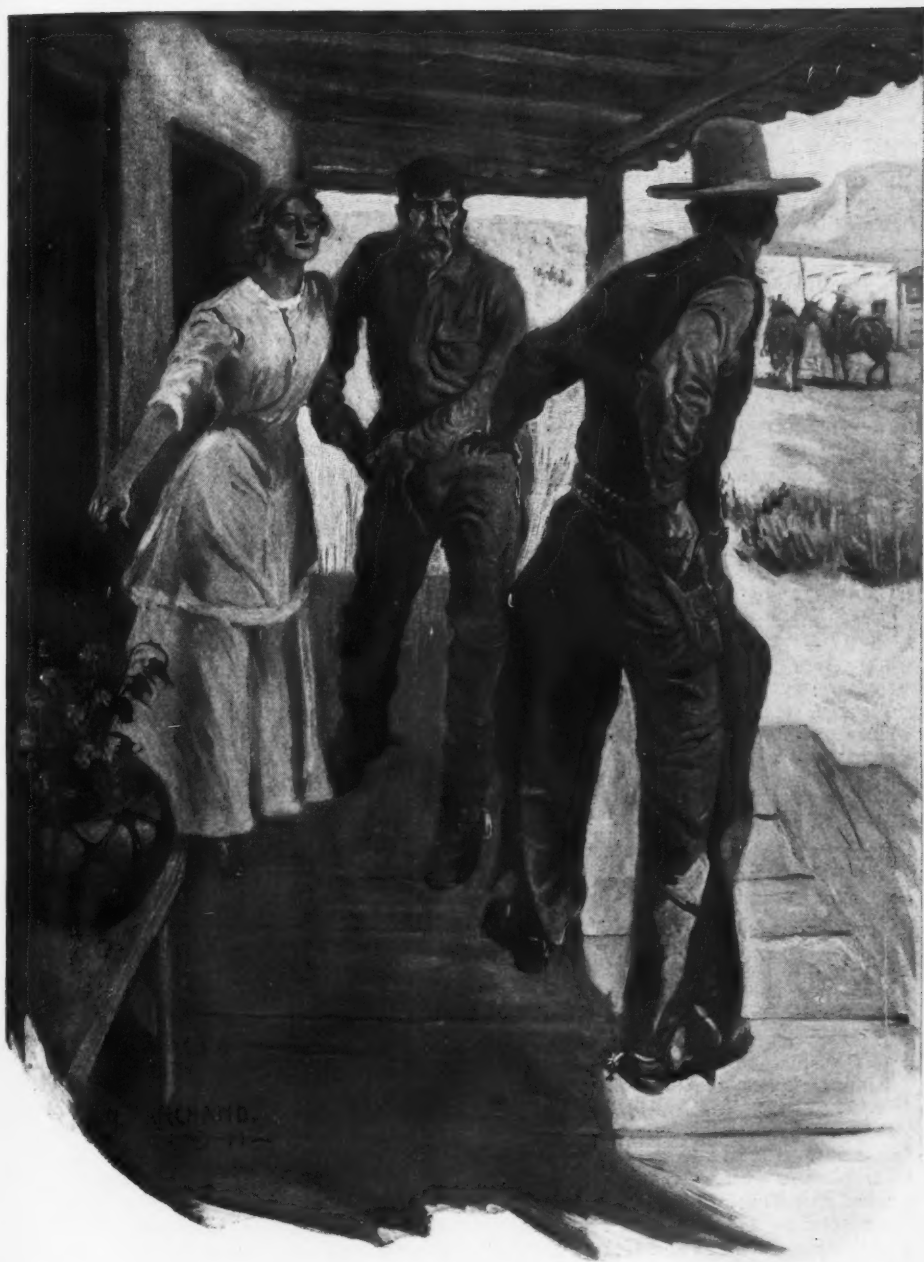
"I shot and killed Mowbray a minute or two back," says Jim. He broke open his gun and discharged the empty shell. 'He called me a brand-blotcher!'

"You don't say!" says the sheriff, brisk as a breeze. 'Well—are you?'

"Jim said no word, but he went sort of pale under his tan.

"Somebody's been rustlin' quite a spell," continues Daggett, looking Jim square in the eye, 'and using your brand as a sort of *pomme de terre*. You got an enemy, Jim. Speak out, man, and say who the skunk is!'

"Jim was as white as a sheet, but he



DRAWN BY J. H. MARCHAND

"Dulcie turned her gray eyes on Jim. 'The dad's right,' she says, cool and judicious. 'It ain't seemly for a cattle-king's daughter to mate up with a common ranger!'"

smiled a little, with a far-away look in his eye. 'You're 'way off, Daggett!' says he.

"The sheriff seen that Jim allowed to hold his tongue, and he says, 'What'd you want to go gunnin' this pa'ticler season for, Jim, just when I was cuttin' my alfalfa patch?'"

"I didn't go for to do it, honest!" affirmed Jim. 'I apologize. What I'd ought to of done to the dog-gone little blackguarding cuss was to've whaled the hide off of him, and then kicked him out into the street, and tromped on him a time or two. But when he says I been rustlin' Miss Brent's cows, and then pops away sudden-like from his pocket, why, I—I just kind of broke loose for a minute.'

"Dunno's I blame you," says Daggett, reflective. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin',' but it simply ain't in it with the roarin' conflagration a petticoat can kindle in a man's breast. And that ain't sayin' anything against Miss Dulcie, either—I heard Mowbray was sweet on her.'

"Aw, shucks!" says Jim, coloring up. 'That hadn't anything to do with the question.'

"Course not!" says the sheriff. 'Just an interestin' coincidence! But I'll tell you what *has* got something to do with the question, if you've a hot desire to know.' He stepped up close to Jim and shook a lean, menacing finger under his nose. 'An' that is, that you've got just three minutes to your credit, before you become a fugitive of the law. The second I step foot inside that there door and see murder committed, that second I cease to be a private citizen an' your friend, and become a *prosecutor of the law*. Savvy? An' I reckon I don't need to instruct you,' he says dryly, 'what the laws of New Mexico is relative to the takin' of human life—to say nothin' of brand-blotchin'!'

"You don't," says Jim, prompt, 'not if you give me a chance to improve them three shining minutes you spoke of.'

"The pony which Jim had rode over on stood at the watering-trough, nuzzling deep in the warm water, twitching its ears, and dreaming it was a sea-horse. It was the same that Dulcie had broke years ago, a lusty little devil that could keep going at a steady trot all day and kick your hat off at night and never bat an eye. As Jim finished speaking, he gathered up the reins, and swung into the saddle. He looked as happy as a kid playing hookey.

"Give me the loan of your ca'tridge-belt, Daggett?" he asks, with a grin. 'Mine's empty.'

"Not on your sweet life!" says the sheriff. 'You got two minutes the head start of me now!'

"So-long then," says Jim. He flicked the pinto with the quirt, and burnt the wind down the street, heading straight out for the desert.

"The sheriff broke into a run for the saloon. With his foot inside the door, he looked back. Jim had jerked up sharp to speak to a horseman that was ambling along the *camina*. It was Ramon, the century-old Greaser that belonged to the Machado Rancho. He lived in a wickiup back of the corral, and when he wasn't drunk on mescal he plaited horsehair riatas for the boys, or done odd jobs about the house for Dulcie. He listened as Jim spoke, and then struck spurs to his ragged little roan and put back for the Machado Rancho.

"A rendezvous!" says Daggett, watching and shading his eyes under his curved hand. 'I bet I see Jim's lay. He has ordered that Greaser to send his grandson Juan to the Twin Buttes with a relay of grub and ammunition, and to-morrow night he allows to sleep the sleep of the wicked acrost the line at Juarez!'

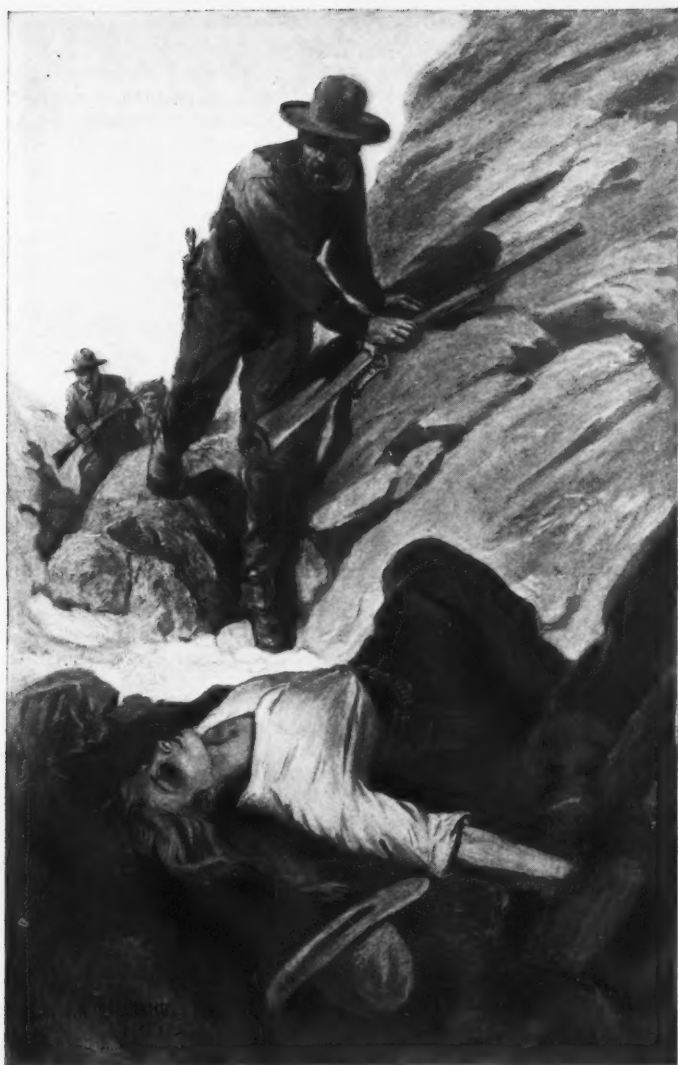
"He walked up to the bar, past the crowd of men, and stooped over Mowbray. One look was enough. He lay where he fell, face down on the bricks, with the blood oozing out of his temple. Daggett straightened up and took off his hat.

"He's rode his last trail!" he says. 'This is a bad day's work for Jim—and, by Gawd, I'll bring him in!'

"He gave some directions to Joe, and inside the hour, with two ranchmen that had volunteered as posse, he had hit the out-trail after Jim. It was, as he figgered, a neck-and-neck race with Juan, and so him and his men rode hard, and at one o'clock, under the flood light of a full moon, they pulled up at the Twin Buttes.

"Daggett jumped down, drawing his gun from his scabbard. 'Spraddle out, boys,' he says in a low voice. 'Git in behind the rocks, or you're liable to be nicked. I see something moving back there in the shadows. Jim,' he calls, 'you dad-blamed idiot, come out o' that and give yourself up. I command you in the name of the law.'

"For answer, there was a soft little nicker,



"Upon the ground, with her arms flung wide out, her face turned up to the sky, white and still, and her eyes closed, lay Dulcie"

and a horse, dragging its reins, ambled into the moonlight. It was Pinto.

"Daggett busted into a laugh. 'We've got him, anyhow, boys,' he says, cheerful. 'He's hidin' somewheres above, and is waitin' for Juan.' He stepped behind a boulder and speared up toward the spot where he judged his man had holed up. 'Jim,' he hollers again, 'come down peaceable and be took, you scrappin' old desperado!'

"For a full minute he waited. Then, from

the crest of rocks high above his back, a flash of fire broke out, and a bullet spattered the boulder an inch above his head. As he sprung to cover, he heard a mocking laugh. Seems the posse had laid down for shelter plumb in the track of the outlaw's gun. He had took up a strong position in a pile of rocks at the top of an old goat-trail. On both sides the buttes dropped sheer to the mesa below, and at the back it jutted higher and

higher until it brought up sharp against the sky in one of the Twin Peaks.

"They held a consultation on the safety side of a thick rock, and decided to postpone the controversy until morning. 'It's only a couple of hours off now,' says Daggett, 'and I bet Jim'll be feeling pretty stiff along about then, in this here biting cold. Roll up in your blankets, boys, and try to git some sleep. I'll watch the trail, in case Jim takes a notion to vamose.'

"Daggett said that once in the night, after the flash of a report, he leaned out swift and sent a shot traveling back along the same air-trail, as near as he could aim. He thought he heard a faint, sort of strangled cry, but not being certain, he settled back to wait till dawn. I reckon he must of nodded a bit, for the next thing he knew the sun was climbing 'round the shoulder of a mountain, and a long splinter of light was teasing his eyelids. He raised himself up, and peering round the edge of his rock, seen the gleaming muzzle of Jim's forty-five staring him coldly in the eye.

"He popped back quick, and I reckon it was some time before it come to him that that muzzle wasn't pointed down the trail at all, but, tilted up at an angle of about thirty degrees, was trained on the rising sun! Then he recollected the groan, and made a bold rush up the last brief piece of hill.

"'Jim,' he cries, rounding the pile of rocks, 'put up your gun or I'll blow the living soul out of you!'

"But Jim didn't put up his gun—Jim wasn't there. Upon the ground, with her arms flung wide out, like she had toppled over backwards, her face turned up to the sky white and still, and her eyes closed, lay Dulcie.

"For a minute, Daggett says he was plain flabbergasted, and stood staring at her stupid. Then Dulcie stirred and give out a faint moan, and in a flash Daggett seen through it all. 'Twas Dulcie had rode to the rendezvous—not Juan. 'Twas Dulcie, lighter and swifter than Juan, had galloped through the night to her lover. She had speeded him onward on her fresher horse, and, waiting a spell at the water-hole to rest Pinto, had been mistook by the sheriff for Jim!

"The sheriff gathered her up in his arms and carried her down the trail. One arm hung limp, shattered by Daggett's bullet in the night. Two red spots had come into

her cheeks, and she moaned and begun to roll her head and whisper things.

"'Jim,' she says, low and plaintive, 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry.' Over and over again she says it, moving her head.

"The boys bound wet bandannas 'round her head, and bandaged her arm, and done what they could. But as the day come on, the shadows slunk to cover, and the glare of the sun was like the white-hot blast from a slag-furnace.

"Daggett was all broke up. He was desperate to get the little lady home, but to venture out under that unscreened ball of fire would be plumb fatal, and he decided to wait for sundown. So he rigged a shelter against the rocks out of the boys' blankets, shook down Dulcie's thick braids to cool her head, and sat beside her fanning her with his sombrero. Dulcie's eyes were wide open now, and glittering, and she commenced to catch her breath, taking the air in sharp little gasps like it was a knife-stab into her bosom. And always she called for Jim.

"Along about three o'clock, with the sun unsoldering the red-hot rivets of the earth, Daggett heard a drumming sound, and looking out, seen a horseman come loping in to the water-hole. It was Jim. He got down stiff, clinging onto the saddle-horn. Then he stumbled across to the tent, steadied himself against the boulder, and stood looking down on Dulcie. 'She called me back!' he says, in a whisper. 'For hours I heard her, calling, through that waving hell of heat, calling: 'Jim! Jim! Jim!''

"Dulcie listened a second, her eyes wide and shiny with fever, and then she commenced again, sort of sweet and low, like she was talking to herself in the night: 'Jim, I'm sorry I done it. I wanted you to catch up with me. It was a joke on the dad. Jim! Jim!'

"Jim dropped on his knees beside her, and laid his lips to her hot little palm. Daggett slid off the scene.

"An hour later, Jim come out of the tent. 'Git the horses up,' he says, brief, to the sheriff.

"'It's pretty hot yet,' objects Daggett.

"Jim give him one look, and the sheriff says in a kind of hurry:

"'All right; *compadre*. Is she better?'

"'Git them horses!' says Jim, between his teeth. In half an hour they was mounted and off, Jim on Pinto, carrying Dulcie in

front, wrapped in a saddle-blanket and strapped round his waist with a cinch.

"I don't reckon you can imagine that ride—Jim, with one hundred and fifty mile at his back, holding Dulcie in his right arm, the reins in his left, and urging Pinto to a wild gallop with the iron grip of his knees. At nine o'clock that night, they drew alongside the hitching-rack of the Machado Rancho, which was a few mile closer than town.

"As Jim come up to the house with Dulcie in his arms, Mowbray rose out of a chair on the gallery to meet them—his head tied up in a white bandage. Seems that the bullet had skeeted along the side of his skull, barked it like, on the outer rind; and being a sanguine, full-blooded little chap, he had bled all over the place, and Daggett had diagnosed him dead.

"Jim never sensed it was Mowbray, but delivering orders like pistol shots right and left, as he ran, he got Dulcie onto the cot down-stairs in the office, the old nurse Maria taking off her *niña's* things, Daggett mixing whiskey and rock candy, and Juan streaking hotfoot for the doctor.

"Hours later, when the news come that Dulcie was sleeping, Jim lurched into a chair, and shoving back his hat, for the first

time seen Mowbray, the man he had killed in the Royal Flush. Jim scratched his head and stared. "Where in the devil did you come from?" says he."

Wandless threw another stump into the fire, raising a burst of jeweled sparks, gave forth a mighty yawn, and abruptly concluded his tale. "Dulcie got well, and they was married. She gave up brand-blotching, as a dangerous recreation for a lady, and compromised with the dad, who took Jim into the business. They have a kiddie, now." He appeared to muse. "I seen her not long ago—a fine little red-headed girl."

"That's good!" I approved, blinking up at the stars so bright and imminent. "A fine little red-headed girl, eh? And do they call her Dulcie?" Suddenly, without warning, a bell rang in the back of my brain. I sat bolt upright. "Wandless!" I cried. "You fraud! What did you call your little daughter that brought me out the gourd of water yesterday?"

Wandless chuckled. "Dulcie wanted to name her something fancy—she had a list made out months beforehand—but I stuck to Dulcie—Dulcie Wandless. It sounds pretty good to me."

The Chattel

By Richard Wightman

A MAN on the block in the city's square,
Thronged with bidders from far and near!
I can see his face in the red sun's glare
Pale at the cry of the auctioneer.
"How much am I offered—a dollar? Ten?
Oh, come now! give me a decent bid!
For men in the market are always men,
And in this one there's a fortune hid.
Why, look at his eyes, how they shift and fall!
And look at his hands with their nervous clutch!
And the scheming brain of him—look ye all!
What?—*scruple?*—say!—well, not *overmuch!*
Ten thousand? Twenty? (I almost laughed!)
Come! Here is a very exceptional man—
He'll plug your game and he'll work your graft,
And push to the finish your rottenest plan.
Twenty-five thousand—once!—twice!—are you done?
The man's in his prime—'twould be cheap were he old;
He's a long way ahead of the regular run—
And I'm bid twenty-five—fair warning! SOLD!"



DRAWN BY HANSON BOOTH

Clayton Henry has caught a glimpse in the offing of the young man whose tastes in divinity parallel his own. To leave now would be to surrender a fraction of his moment filched from purgatory

"Take his number," he says calmly. "I will call him later"

(*"Ich Dien"*)

"Ich Dien"

Many of the young writers who are good enough from time to time to submit manuscripts to us seem to have the definite, fixed idea that a love story must be deadly serious and dry-as-dust. This is not at all our notion of the kind of story you want. We have the notion that it is as refreshing to you as it is to us to find a love story with a grain of humor in it. This story of Mr. Buck's struck us as bright, clever, and amusing—with the grain of humor. We think you will like it

By Charles Neville Buck

Illustrated by Hanson Booth

MADAME the landlady had custody of two objects, and there were those who said she had little joy of either. One was a three-story brick house on the south side of Washington Square, and the other was a son. The brick house did not belong to her. That the son did was a misfortune which it now lay beyond her power to remedy.

To each new lodger Madame invariably confided that her thankless lot, as chief executive of a boarding-house, was far beneath her rightful station. Her husband occupied a more fitting relation to society. His was a place at the center of affairs. His duties necessitated continuous shoulder-touch with captains of industry. They also prevented his appearing at home except at rare intervals, like a visiting comet. Lodgers held that in this respect the distinguished consort was favored of the gods.

In common with other folk, Madame had been given a name in baptism, but to the dwellers in her hive she bore the simple and noble designation of the Queen Bee.

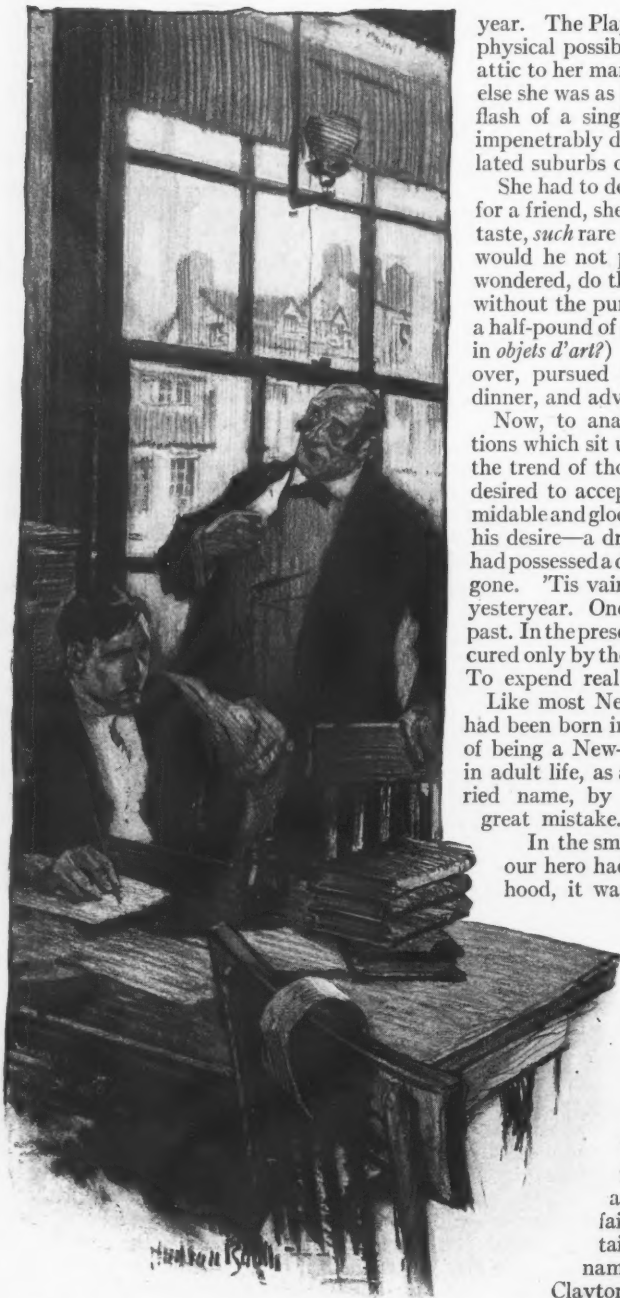
When not present to resent such invidious classification, the son was always alluded to as the Drone. Drones are exempt from toil. Their function is to buzz and discountenance race suicide. The son had no occupation except buzzing. Usually he had buzzed at an establishment in Mercer Street commonly referred to in neighborhood vernacular as "the Dago's." The Dago dispensed alcohol to a coterie of gentlemen who, like the Drone, were volunteers in the army of the unemployed.

Even the Playwright, who lived on the third floor back, wore his title by courtesy alone. What is a playwright? No two dramatic critics can agree on a definition,

but approximately all of them can tell what is not a playwright. Our hero would fall in their agreed description of what is not a playwright—*id est*: a gentleman whose name appears on no playbill. A trunkful of excellent manuscripts does not materially alter the status.

Just now, with the third act of the latest and greatest drama lying, neglected, at his elbow, the Playwright was regarding a small sheet of tinted notepaper. The scrutiny brought corrugations to his, as yet, uncrowned brow. He could, by walking to the front stoop, see those ancient houses of conservative plutocrats which edge the square to the north; houses with dignified old façades sitting back of old iron stoops, covered with old vines, and looking down in haughty reserve from old mullioned windows. But he belonged to the south side, where the yellow tower of Judson Mission sentinels its line of lodging-houses; where the invisible wolf at times still stalks; where want sometimes pinches; where genius subsists in attics. All Gaul was divided into three parts; Washington Square into two: opulence and poverty, monetary sheep and goats, and of the two the Playwright did not belong to the first.

The text of the note was simple. The communication had come by liveried messenger, and it had come only across the square. Why did the young man ponder it as if it were some cryptic parchment? Possibly the young woman who wrote it was sitting as he pondered behind one of those vine-bowered and mullioned windows, with a limousine awaiting her at the curb. The distance from earth of the more remote stars is reckoned not in miles, but in a larger unit. This unit is based on the number of millions of miles which light can travel in a calendar



"You are, I presume," began the distinguished husband.
 "the young gentleman who is in arrears"

year. The Playwright knew that in point of physical possibility he could walk from his attic to her mansion in two minutes. In all else she was as far away as it would take the flash of a single solitaire to travel, on an impenetrably dark night, from the most isolated suburbs of the heavens.

She had to decide upon a wedding present for a friend, she said, and he had *such* lovely taste, *such* rare discrimination in *objets d'art*, would he not please help her? (Why, he wondered, do the high gods decree to a man without the purchasing power for acquiring a half-pound of sausage a rare discrimination in *objets d'art*?) Would he not please come over, pursued the note, and take family dinner, and advise with her?

Now, to analyze correctly the corrugations which sit upon a brow one must follow the trend of thought within the brow. He desired to accept. There loomed as a formidable and gloomy barrier between him and his desire—a dress-shirt. Once, indeed, he had possessed a dress-shirt; but that time was gone. 'Tis vain to ponder on the shirts of yesteryear. One lives in the present, not the past. In the present a dress-shirt could be procured only by the expenditure of real money. To expend real money one must have it.

Like most New-Yorkers, the Playwright had been born in the provinces. The state of being a New-Yorker is usually acquired in adult life, as a woman acquires her married name, by a perilous venture or a great mistake.

In the small Southern pond in which our hero had developed from minnowhood, it was his prerogative to pirouette as a fish of some consequence, because his grandfather was a Virginia Preston, sir, and his grandfather's grandfather came from England and was personally acquainted with the king. These things compensated (at home, but not in New York) for the circumstance that his more immediate ancestor had sluggishly failed to acquire any part of a tainted million. The hero's name, which, by the way, was

Clayton Henry Preston, appeared in the Blue Book down home, and with frequency among those present. Had

there been a Burke's Peerage he would have been in that, too, but Dun's and Bradstreet's knew him not. When the young divinity who lived on the north side of the square had visited this Southern city, she discovered that the local cotillions and dances were frames of negligible males and females surrounding Clayton Henry Preston. Her young ardor took up the pencil of life and made a ring around Clayton. Clayton was her one best bet. Clayton was the class of his sex. She told him that he ought to frame himself more ambitiously and elaborately. She suggested the Five Boroughs as a partially appropriate border for his genius. In her letters to her sire—who had *not* been negligent in regard to the tainted millions—she rhapsodized, with Clayton Henry for her theme. Swift as a special car attached to a special train could bear him southward, came the sire. He made some inquiries. When representatives of the first families told him of the noble forebears of Clayton Henry, he somehow failed to warm up. "They are dead," he commented. Back in the private car, attached to the special train, he bore Divinity. Divinity wept. She said Clayton Henry would follow. She knew he would.

"New York has a good digestion," observed the brutal parent. "I guess the little old gormand can take care of Reginald Henry."

"He's not Reginald Henry," passionately defended the damsel. "He's Clayton Henry." She said this proudly.

"A thousand pardons," apologized the sire, placidly accepting the amendment. "I guess New York can even manage to digest a Clayton Henry or two."

Clayton Henry had come, and New York had undertaken his digestion, first Fletcherizing him adequately between the iron jaws of Her.

Was the sire violently hostile? Did he forbid the Playwright the house? He did not. By eliminating useless friction, the sire had acquired the power of signing checks of seven figures. Moreover, he had an abiding faith in the masticatory abilities of Greater New York.

As the time went on, the Playwright found no abatement in his ardent desire to bask in the golden presence of his deity. Yet he basked less continuously. She wished him to accumulate fame. He generously admitted that even he could not

wrest fame from the Five Boroughs without a trifling effort and some attention to his midnight oil. The fact was that he had brought with him a certain vanity which made him dislike to present himself in the house of Dives with fringed trousers and openwork shoes. He must write a great American drama or two before he could suitably rehabilitate himself for the presence of Divinity.

As the Playwright mused on these matters some one other than himself stumbled on the uneven step at the turning. Subsequently a sallow-visaged gentleman entered, set down a suit-case which looked light, and said, "Hell!" The comment appeared to epitomize the sallow gentleman's views on life.

"Going away, Jeff?" genially inquired the Playwright. Jeff's full name was Jefferson Davis Johnstone. He also had come up from the South to be Fletcherized. He looked almost ready to be swallowed.

"No, coming."

The Playwright glanced up alarmed.

The sallow gentleman dropped into a chair. He stretched out his feet and moodily contemplated his toes. Finally, he explained himself in tabloid form:

"Turned out at my place—forcible detainer—constable. Lost my job on Park Row. Reckon I'll visit with you a while."

Clayton Henry was silent. The note fell from his limp hand. New York had made a few bites at Clayton Henry, had lacerated him, bruised him, almost initiated him into her third degree of chewed-up citizenship, yet there still hung about him, like the fragrance about a jar in which roses—or sour-mash—have once been distilled, some shreds of tradition. His tradition held it sacrilege to renig on hospitality; and yet—

"The Queen Bee," began the Playwright dubiously, "is growing restive. Says she wants some rent. This morning I sold my derby hat to the Drone, and cut up my bedroom slippers to reenforce my shoes."

"Gee, Clayton Henry, ain't that tough?" sympathized Jefferson Davis; then he added: "But I'm too sick to sleep in the park. I'll just take pot luck with you."

Suddenly the Playwright rose with a new and eager light in his eyes. He spoke as one who pins his all on a forlorn hope. "Say, have you, by any chance, a hard shirt in that bag? Such a shirt as can be worn with open-faced clothes?"

Moodily the guest nodded. "I have, and it's as useful to me as my great-grandfather's brocade waistcoat."

Clayton Henry's voice trembled. "And patent-leather shoes? Tell me—have you patent-leather shoes?"

"Only pumps," was the dismal response. "Tried to hock 'em this morning. Nothing doing in second-hand shoes—market's depressed."

"My friend," said the Playwright with a grand bow, "you are right welcome. Lead me to the shirt and shoes. I'll wear my own dress-suit."

At seven o'clock Clayton Henry Preston gravely shook hands with the sire of Divinity, and sipped an extra-dry cocktail, and said, in response to a question, that the Great American Drama was progressing nicely, thank you. The meeting on both sides was full of courtesy. It was plumed with ceremony. It was as though two princes of the blood met and felicitated each other upon a field of cloth of gold. Clayton Henry even listened with polite interest while the tainted sire recited his tainted troubles. It was impossible, absolutely impossible, growled the undesirable parent, to procure good men servants in these decadent times. Real butlers were extinct. The present incumbent drew a salary of one hundred dollars a month—and had given notice. Too bad, agreed Clayton Henry. These little matters were annoying. Quite annoying. Already he had mastered New York's favorite game—the game of four-flush. Secretly he was battling against a swelling impulse to volunteer. The idea of any man earning a hundred dollars a month was one he could scarcely grasp; it was titanic, monstrous, incredible!

At nine o'clock he was alone with Divinity. I shall not even sketch for you a portrait of Divinity. I could do it. But if I told you she was a willowy young being of dusky tresses, you might prefer a plump blond. Suit yourself. It is enough to assure you that she was perfection in the latest model. There was no twist of a curl which Clayton Henry would have consented to have twist otherwise. She was a grand piece of work. Clayton Henry desired only, for the rest of his life, the privilege of prostrating himself on his stomach and kissing the satin tips of her child's-size slippers.

At ten thirty he walked back across the square to render unto Jefferson Davis the shoes and shirt which were Jefferson Davis's.

At the door stood the Queen Bee. The Playwright made an effort to pass unobtrusively. The Queen Bee's conversation of late had become so limited in scope! Invariably it harked back to the narrow theme of room-rent and board. The unaccustomed splendor of his evening dress might awaken cupidity, reflected Clayton Henry. It might in some manner suggest to her mind a partial payment on account. But the Queen Bee was thinking of the Drone. Like the lady alluded to by Sir Walter Scott, she forgot her purpose high one moment if no more. One moment she gazed with a mother's eye as she paused at the arched door, and then she said:

"My, my, Mr. Preston, but you *do* look awful grand! Wouldn't Sonny look fine in a full-dress suit like that? Sonny has such a fine shape, too."

Days elapsed. Of course, viewed strictly, it was a breach of etiquette for Jefferson Davis Johnstone to fall ill while visiting Clayton Henry Preston. It was particularly untimely in view of the Queen Bee's insistence that the operation of a boarding-house, like all other enterprises, must needs be financed. Instead of reducing his indebtedness, lamented the Queen Bee, the Playwright had added still another undesirable tenant to her burdensome ménage. She asked him, like a gentleman, was it right? The Playwright confided that his Great American Drama had been submitted to the inspection of a noted producer. Ultimately this Great American Drama would reflect such lustrous glory on her premises that passing pilgrims would point and say, "Behold! there once dwelt Clayton Henry Preston, the author of 'The Spirit of the Hive.'" Sight-seeing wagons would halt before the door.

That might be as it might be, commented the skeptical Queen Bee. As her distinguished husband had commented only this afternoon, business was business. She was afraid the Playwright must pack up his plays and his invalid guest, and shed this luster elsewhere. As her distinguished husband had commented only this afternoon, the house was not a horspittle. The Playwright had never seen the distinguished husband. He had come to regard him as a splendid myth, a purely fictional overlord, a figment of the lady's imagination grown hectic from its responsibilities.

The Queen Bee uncoiled her folded arms to take several envelopes from the approaching letter-carrier and handed the Playwright a tinted note. Divinity meant to give a small and informal cotillion at her home on Thursday evening. In all New York there was no man who properly understood leading a cotillion. Of course they all thought they did, but they were all wrong. She had been in the Terpsichorean South. She knew the true poesy of treading a measure. He and he alone could take his stand at the van of the dancers and give that dignity and *esprit* to the performance which it demanded. She knew how sacredly his hours were pledged to the Muse. She knew in what great work he was engaged and how he eschewed such frivolity, but would he not please, just this once, and just because she wanted him so much, make a single, solitary, little teeny-weeny exception, and lead her german?

"This is a devil of a place to be sick in," growled Jefferson Davis Johnstone from his cot.

"Cheer up," comforted Clayton Henry Preston. "You aren't going to be sick in it long. The Queen Bee has just given me her personal assurance on that point."

The distinguished husband was no myth. All doubt of his reality was resolved on the following morning by a visitation in the solid flesh. The Playwright found himself gazing timidly at a stoutish gentleman who was fastidiously clothed. The face confronting him was as stern as infant damnation. The eyes were the eyes of a man who has divested himself of every human emotion. Clayton Henry found himself thinking of the angel with the flaming sword who served the first writ of ejectment and barred the gates of Eden. This gentleman was no angel. This house was no Eden, yet outside was none the less outside. And while the Playwright thought these thoughts, the sphinx-like countenance fixed him with its implacable eyes and wove about him a chilling spell of hypnotic mastery. To hate the man who owns the roof above one may not be righteous, but it is human. Never, save in Utopia, will humankind entirely lose a sense of sympathy for those Biblical tenants who said among themselves, "Here cometh the heir, let us arise and slay him."



It wasn't necessary to tell Divinity She had heard the bell

"You are, I presume," began the distinguished husband in measured tones of inflexible chill, "the young gentleman who is in arrears."

Clayton Henry was confident of his great destiny as a playwright largely because he was a master of phrases, a lord of dialogue. His vocabulary was unabridged. His characters could not be put in positions from which he could not lead them with the triumph of an apt reply. This was a situation which called for an apt reply. Clayton Henry's tongue clove stickily to the roof of his mouth.

"My wife informs me," went on the level voice, "that you have taken in a sub-tenant who also pays no rent."

The Playwright licked his lips and stammered incoherently. Repartee with one's landlord is the most difficult form of humor. "Well," sternly prompted the grand seigneur.

"Er—ah—er," began Clayton Henry,

then, feeling that the reply was on the whole inadequate, he brightly supplemented: "Oh, no, that's not a sub-tenant. That's just Jeff D. Johnstone, you know."

The gentleman blew his nose much as an elephant trumpets. He had the appearance of giving judicial consideration to the statement before hazarding a reply. "I regret that you hardly seem able to afford such hospitality," he at last ventured. "A man, as one might say, must be just before he can be generous."

The Playwright looked down and noticed a hole in his shoe which he had never before discovered. "Er—ah—er—ah," said Clayton Henry.

"I myself started life in perhaps no better position than yourself," liberally admitted the lord of the manor. He paused to let the full significance of this confession sink in, then added with the force of climax: "I was not ashamed to work. I paid my debts. I economized, and now I am—what I am."

"Er—ah—er—ah," said Clayton Henry.

"I learn from my wife," the frigid tone was one freighted with indictment, "that you are, as one might say, visionary, that you scorn honest work, that you merely write."

"Hold!" shouted Clayton Henry. "Hold!" Suddenly the dam broke, and stampeding words crowded upon his tongue. Hesketched for the landlord the inevitable greatness of the play which now lay in the safe of the great producer. On any day, at any moment, the telephone might ring and word come which would make him the very treasure of a tenant. He needed only that message from the great producer.

The overlord lifted his hands to still this im-



The distinguished husband bows. "Thank you kindly, sir," he replies, with a note of fervent gratitude

becile babble. His heart was inexorable. Until Friday morning the Playwright might remain—as an extreme concession. On Friday morning there must be payment or the constable would arrive and, for better or for worse, in sickness or in health, Jefferson Davis and Clayton Henry must make their final exits from the Queen Bee's hive.

Thursday morning brought a tinted note from Divinity. She was so afraid the cotillion would be a failure. Complications had arisen because the new butler had not yet thoroughly familiarized himself with the household routine. Would Clayton Henry please come early that evening and talk over the figures with her before the other guests arrived? Would he not come for dinner? It would lift a load of anxiety from her mind.

The Playwright's brow became again corrugated. True, the jointly possessed shirt had been laundered, but a cotillion inexorably demands white gloves, and there was also the trifling matter of a white necktie. Then some disposition must be made of the soon-to-be-evicted Lares and Penates. Tomorrow morning would bring the distinguished consort, attended by the constable. Mr. Jefferson Davis Johnstone, too, had a temperature, and a temper went with it.

Clayton Henry took out the dress-suit and brushed it. Perhaps to-morrow he could pawn that against the coming of the constable. One pawns one's evening clothes last. It is the surrender of a badge of class.

In the hours of the stage directions, "to the Playwright brushing evening clothes, entered the Queen Bee, by left upper entrance, carrying broom." The Queen Bee appeared embarrassed. Secretly she was regretful of the morrow's stern necessity. The Queen Bee made a few abortive efforts at conversation. Mr. Jefferson Davis Johnstone growled. Mr. Clayton Henry Preston worked on viciously with the whisk-broom.

The Queen Bee sniffed. She pretended to wipe dust out of her eyes with the corner of her apron. "I wish I had a suit like that for Sonny," she sighed, with the sole motive of making conversation.

Clayton Henry grunted. Then suddenly a thought struck in upon him, as a hopeful, albeit fitful, ray of light may strike in upon the caves of black despair.

"I'll sell you mine," he solemnly averred.

The Queen Bee abandoned her broom.

The instinctive woman in her, scenting the joy of bargaining, welled up and expelled all lesser emotions. She crossed the room. She pawed over the garments with her most contemptuous bargain-counter manner.

"They're right considerably wore out," she belittled.

"They cost me a hundred large, genuine dollars. They have had some wear," admitted Clayton Henry.

"Give you seven dollars," began the Queen Bee thriftily.

"I'll take fifteen," parried the Playwright.

"I'll make it ten," countered the Queen Bee.

The Playwright considered. Finally he lifted the whisk-broom and let it drop on the seat of the trousers. "All done—and sold at ten dollars," he announced. "But you'll have to lend me the suit for to-night."

To this proviso the Queen Bee offered no objection, though her next words were disconcerting. "I'll credit the ten on your account," she assured Clayton Henry. "I'll write you a receipt."

"Hold on!" The Playwright was staggered. "This is a strictly cash transaction."

Again negotiations halted, pending consideration of the new protocol. In the end money changed hands, and the Playwright went forth to shop.

Standing at six thirty p. m. before the cot of Mr. Jefferson Davis Johnstone, Mr. Clayton Henry Preston languidly drew on a pair of impeccable white gloves and adjusted an immaculate white tie. In all the sartorial essentials he was the debonair, night-blooming, young metropolitan—blasé, insouciant, outwardly opulent. "If," he carelessly observed, "Mr. Great Producer calls me up, or sends an urgent note, I shall be across the square," and he gave the number.

"Quit your kidding," advised Mr. Johnstone. "You'll get to believing those things if you're not careful—and then they'll have to send you somewhere."

To Mr. Clayton Henry Preston, ringing the door-bell of Divinity, the thought of constables and ejection became fantastic. He smiled, and as he smiled the door was opened by the new butler. The livery worn in the service of Divinity's sire is a dark wine color and achieves smartness without display. Clayton Henry had seen the livery before: one might have wondered what it was which now wiped the smile from his face

as suddenly as a sponge wipes a slate. What had transformed this visage from its debonair complacency of a moment ago into this expression of startled eyes and sagging jaw?

A deferential menial stepped back to let him pass, yet he stood as if a squad with fixed bayonets had suddenly confronted him, forcibly barring his advance. The man in the livery, too, allowed a momentary flash of surprise to cross his immobile features, but in the fraction of a second his face had recovered its impassivity. His ethics were ingrained. The circumstance that in private life he was an implacable landlord must not cause him to forget that in official capacity he was a plutocrat's serving man. Above his self-designed crest was writ the proud inscription, "Ich Dien." The distinguished consort of the Queen Bee held back the door.

And then Clayton Henry recovered his poise. An aristocrat may not be quite so adept in social matters as a butler, but he should be a close second. He handed his hat and coat to the waiting servant. "Tell Miss Vanderpruyt that Mr. Preston is here," was his nonchalant command. The butler inclined his head the fraction of an inch. As Mr. Clayton Henry Preston cavalierly turned his back, he seemed to feel two steady emotionless eyes boring into his cerebellum from behind. It wasn't necessary to tell Miss Vanderpruyt. She had heard the bell; she had arrived. Arrived is a false term at that. She had risen as a vision rises. A moment or an hour or a century or a quarter of a second later (Love takes no account of time) the Playwright recalled the butler, and wondered nervously if he had been looking on. A distant cough, discreet as though it would say, "Behold, I am a long way off," was the only evidence of his existence.

At last the tainted sire bore the Playwright off to sip an extra-dry cocktail. The Queen Bee's distinguished husband mixed this beverage, and mixed it delectably, yet the sire was peevish.

"I can't get a man to make a cocktail properly," he testily lamented. "I pay the beggars enough, but there are no more good servants. All things are changed."

From somewhere beyond the silken, sad, uncertain rustle of a purple curtain, the Playwright heard a subdued, aggrieved cough. If he could hear the cough the cougher could hear him.

"Colonel," he insidiously suggested, "did you ever try a negro butler?"

"No, never did," replied the sire. "Are they good?"

The cough, again heard, was a cough of protest. It was also a cough of extreme and violent race prejudice.

"There's a nigger down in my town," placidly proceeded the soon-to-be-ousted tenant, "who might suit you to a T. He's a sort of general factotum at my club, but he might possibly be lured away. You would have to pay a staggering salary, but artists are expensive the world over."

"Money be hanged!" exploded the sire. "Can he mix a cocktail?"

"Mix a cocktail?" repeated Clayton Henry. "Why, sir, all cocktails not mixed by him are spurious. But mere barkeepers can mix cocktails. Now a mint julep—"

The sire raised an interrupting hand, as one who would have a sacred subject approached only in a spirit of entire reverence. "Can—he—make a julep?" he breathed rapturously.

"The first sprig of mint was indigenous to his grandfather's grave," affirmed the Playwright with deep solemnity.

"Lead me to him," besought the plutocrat. "Oh, lead me to him!"

As Clayton Henry went in to dinner, he felt a soft touch on his arm.

"Beg pardon, sir," said a respectful voice at his elbow, "I fancied I saw a touch of powder on the back of your shoulder—looks almost like finger-prints, sir. Perhaps I had better brush it off."

The Playwright waited, and as the brush was plied the following colloquy ensued in modulated voices:

"Mr. Preston, sir."

"Er—yes."

"This situation is a very desirable one. I should dislike exceedingly to lose it, sir." Spoken with earnestness.

"Ah, indeed?" Spoken with total indifference.

"Now as to this nigger man, sir—" This suggestively.

"The colonel is entirely free to choose his own servants." This with fine dignity.

"But, sir," very pleadingly, "if you could find it in your way to speak a word for me, sir, I assure you I shall study the mint-julep question assiduously."

"Ah."

"Of course, sir—if I may make bold to

speak of it—I should be honored to have you move into the front suite. As to the—er—the—er—the little trifle of rental, sir, I hope you will suit your own convenience, sir. There is no hurry. None whatever.”

“I will take the matter under advisement,” said Clayton Henry Preston. “It is just possible that I may find this colored man unavailable—or I may find the reverse true.”

Since the Garden of Eden ceased to be a going concern all efforts to duplicate it have failed, the prospectuses of summer resorts to the contrary notwithstanding. But for a man with reasonable capacity for contentment, a conservatory, not too brightly lighted, with palms and plants screening just enough, a fountain tinkling, and—oh, yes, one other detail—the most adorable of ladies not averse to listening to one’s conservatory conversation—this substitute is respectfully recommended by one who has tried it, and, “speakin’ in general,” has found it good.

In a pause of the dance Clayton Henry Preston and Divinity were availing themselves of this substitute. Clayton Henry was not totally happy even yet. Ever and anon he glanced anxiously about. There was a man among the dancers whose presence was distasteful to Clayton Henry, for no better reason than that his tastes in divinity were practically identical with his own. This young man wore his own shirt. He had not borrowed his shoes. To-morrow morning he could lie abed and think dreamily of Divinity, when Clayton Henry would be up and fleeing before the invading landlord, flanked and supported by the constable. In various banks and trust companies his name (the other young man’s) appeared as depositor and director. But to-night he was second, and Clayton Henry was leading him, as the race-track gentlemen would say, by lengths of open daylight.

“Who knows but the world may end to-night?” soulfully breathes Clayton Henry, who has the artistic temperament.

“Oh, I hope not,” says Divinity with a charming little shudder. Divinity is not going to be dispossessed to-morrow A. M.

“Do you like my party?” she asks.

Clayton Henry takes a better hold. He squeezes a few tapering fingers. He bends forward. “Tis a moment snatched from purgatory,” he whispers, “to spend in paradise.”

Then he hears a guarded cough and sits sedately up. The distinguished consort appears. He comes over and speaks with simple dignity.

“I beg pardon, sir, but some one wants you on the ’phone. Says it’s very important, sir.”

Clayton Henry replies promptly. “I can’t come now,” he says.

“The gentleman says his name is Mr. Great Producer, sir,” supplements the distinguished consort.

Clayton Henry never turns a hair. He has caught a glimpse of a male figure in the offing, wearing its own shirt and shoes. To leave now would be to surrender a fraction of his moment filched from purgatory. Never! Never!

“Take his number,” he says calmly. “I will call him later.”

“Yes, sir,” is the butler’s response as he exits.

Then the glimpse becomes a steady vista. The hated and gilded youth strolls over.

“I believe this dance is mine?” he murmurs. Divinity rises. Clayton Henry growls deep in his throat—and goes to the telephone.

The distinguished consort has come to tell him the number. He departs slowly. Though he is discreet, he cannot avoid hearing a part of the conversation. What he hears is as follows, to-wit:

“Yes, this is Mr. Preston. (Long pause.) Yes, I hoped you would like it. (Modestly.) I think it has some dramatic merit.”

The distinguished husband does not of course hear Mr. Great Producer saying that he believes the piece just the sort of gushy stuff to start a flood of doubloons into the box-office and that he means to put it on at a Broadway house just as soon as it can be cast and rehearsed. He does not recognize from the placid countenance of the Playwright the fact that he has been made, at a single stroke, the very treasure of a tenant.

Turning calmly from the telephone, Mr. Clayton Henry makes a motion for the butler to bring him a cigarette. As he lights it he glances casually at the face of the servitor.

“My man,” he says with gracious condescension, “I fancy, after all, the nigger man won’t be willing to leave the club.”

The distinguished husband bows. “Thank you kindly, sir,” he replies, with a note of fervent gratitude.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

She prowled around the library, luxuriously, dipping into inviting volumes

The Common Law^{*}

A STORY OF LOVE AND THE STRUGGLE AGAINST TRADITION

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Fighting Chance," "The Younger Set," "The Danger Mark," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS: This story concerns itself with the love-affair of Louis Neville, an artist of aristocratic and snobbish ancestry, and Valerie West, a gently bred girl who, from a cloistered life with an invalid mother, comes to his studio seeking employment as a model. Her unusual beauty wins her an audience, and her physical perfection being suited to some work Neville has on hand, she is promptly engaged. The association thus begun rapidly progresses through intellectual companionship into pure friendship and then love. There are many delightful days together and many days that are disturbed for Neville before he asks her to marry him and is answered that he cannot take her into his world, but that they two can make a world for themselves where love can be love without being a burden. This is only the beginning of trouble, for Neville insists that she must come to him in the society-approved way, and Valerie maintains that her way is equally honorable and for them is the better, wiser—the only—way.

In the preceding instalment Lily Collis, who thinks Valerie's promise to her not to marry Neville carries with it an agreement not to be seen with him, takes her to task and is heartily rebuffed by Valerie, who then goes to spend a few weeks in the country with Hélène d'Enver; Neville goes to his parents' home, where his sister with fire and his parents with frigid refusal to upset conventions combat his desire to marry Valerie, and he agrees to submit to their wishes.

XIII (CONTINUED)

THAT afternoon Gordon Collis said abruptly to Neville, "You look like the devil, Louis."

"Do I?"

"You certainly do." And, in a lower voice: "I guess I've heard what's the matter. Don't worry. It's a thing about which nobody ever ought to give anybody any advice, so I'll give you some. Marry whoever you please. It'll be all the same after that oak I planted this morning is half grown."

"Gordon," he said, surprised, "I didn't suppose *you* were liberal."

"Liberal! Why, man alive, do you think a fellow can live out of doors as I have lived, and see germs sprout, and see mountain ranges decay, and sit on a few glaciers, and swing a pick into a mother-lode—and *not* be liberal? Do you suppose ten-cent laws bother me when I'm up against the blind laws that made the lawmakers—laws that made life itself before Christ lived to conform to them? I married where I loved. It chanced that my marriage with your sister didn't clash with the sanctified order of things in Manhattan town. But if your sister had been the maid who dresses her, and I had loved her, I'd have married her all the same and have gone about the

pleasures and duties of a happy married life exactly as I go about 'em now. I wonder how much the Almighty was thinking about Tenth Street when the first pair of anthropoids mated? *Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus*. If you love each other—*noli pugnare duobus*. And I'm going into the woods to look for ginseng. Want to come?"

Neville went. Cameron and Stephanie, equipped with buckskin gloves, a fox-terrier, and digging-apparatus, joined them just where the slender meadow brook entered the woods.

"There are mosquitoes here!" exclaimed Cameron wrathfully. "All day and every day I'm being stung down-town, and I'm not going to stand for it here!"

Stephanie let him aid her to the top of a fallen log, glancing back once or twice toward Neville, who was sauntering forward among the trees, pretending to look for ginseng.

"Do you notice how Louis has changed?" she said, keeping her balance on the log. "I cannot bear to see him so thin and colorless."

Cameron now entertained a lively suspicion as to how matters stood, and knew that Stephanie also suspected; but he only said carelessly: "It's probably dissipation. You know what a terrible pace he's been going from the cradle onward."

^{*} This story began in the November issue of the *Cosmopolitan*

She smiled quietly. "Yes, I know, Sandy. And I know, too, that you are the only man who has been able to keep up that devilish pace with him."

"I've led a horrible life," muttered Cameron darkly.

Stephanie laughed; he gave her his hand as she stood balanced on the big log; she laid her fingers in it confidently, looked into his honest face, still laughing, then sprang lightly to the ground.

"What a really good man you are!" she said tormentingly.

"Oh, heaven! If you call me that I'm really done for!"

"Done for?" she exclaimed in surprise. "How?"

"Done for as far as you are concerned."

"I? Why, how and with what am I concerned, Sandy? I don't understand you."

But he only turned red and muttered to himself and strolled about with his hands in his pockets, kicking the dead leaves as though he expected to find something astonishing under them. And Stephanie glanced at him sideways once or twice, thoughtfully, curiously, but questioned him no further.

Gordon Collis pattered about in a neighboring thicket; the fox-terrier was chasing chipmunks. As for Neville, he had already sauntered out of sight among the trees.

Stephanie, seated on a dry and mossy stump, preoccupied with her own ruminations, looked up absently as Cameron came up to her, bearing floral offerings.

"Thank you, Sandy," she said, as he handed her a cluster of wild blossoms. Then, fastening them to her waist, she glanced up mischievously. "How funny you are! You look and act like a little boy at a party presenting his first offering to the eternal feminine."

"It's my first offering," he said coolly.

"Oh, Sandy! With *your* devilish record!"

"Do you know," he said, "that I'm thirty-two years old? And that you are twenty-two? And that since you were twelve and I was twenty-odd I've been in love with you?"

She looked at him in blank dismay for a moment, then forced a laugh. "Of course I know it, Sandy. It's the kind of love a girl cares most about."

"It's really love," said Cameron, unsmiling—"the kind I'm afraid she doesn't care very much about."

She hesitated, then met his gaze with a

distressed smile. "You don't really mean that, Sandy."

"I've meant it for ten years. But it doesn't matter."

"Sandy! It *does* matter if—"

"No, it doesn't. Come on and kick these leaves about, and we'll make a million dollars in ginseng!"

But she remained seated, mute, her gaze a sorrowful interrogation which at length he could not pretend to ignore.

"Stephanie child, don't worry. I'm not worrying. I'm glad I told you. Now just let me go on as I've always gone."

"How *can* we?"

"Easily. Shut your eyes, breathe deeply, lifting both arms and lowering them while counting ten in German."

"Sandy, don't be so foolish at such a time."

"Such a time? What time is it?" pretending to consult his watch with great anxiety. Then a quick smile of relief spread over his features. "It's all right, Stephanie; it's my hour to be foolish. If you'll place a lump of sugar on my nose, and say when, I'll perform."

There was no answering smile on her face. "It's curious," she said, "how a girl can make a muddle of life without even trying."

"But just think what you might have done if you'd tried! You've much to be thankful for," he said gravely.

She raised her eyes, considering him. "I wonder," she said, under her breath.

"Sure thing, Stephanie. You might have done worse; you might have married me. Throw away those flowers, there's a good girl, and forget what they meant."

Slowly, deliberately, blossom by blossom, she drew them from her girdle and laid them on the moss beside her.

"There's one left," he said cheerfully. "'*Raus mit* it!'"

But she made no motion to detach it; appeared to be unconscious of it and of him as she turned her face and looked silently toward the place where Neville had disappeared.

An hour or two later, when Gordon was ready to return to the house, he shouted for Neville. Cameron also lifted up his voice in a series of prolonged howls. But Neville was far beyond earshot, and still walking through woods and valleys and pleasant meadows in the general direction of the

Estwich hills. Somewhere amid that soft rolling expanse of green was the woman who would never marry him. And it was now, at last, he decided that he would never take her on any other terms, even though they were her own terms; that he must give her up to chance again as innocent as chance had given her into his brief keeping. No, she would never accept his terms and face the world with him as his wife. And so he must give her up. For he believed that, in him, the instinct of moral law had been too carefully developed ever to be deliberately ignored; he still believed marriage to be not only a rational social procedure, not only a human compromise and a divine convention, but the only possible sanctuary where love might dwell, and remain, and permanently endure inviolate.

XIV

THE Countess Hélène had taken her maid and gone to New York on business for a day or two, leaving Valerie to amuse herself until her return. Which was no hardship for Valerie. The only difficulty lay in there being too much to do. In the first place, she had become excellent friends with the farmer and had persuaded him to delegate to her a number of his duties. She had to collect the newly laid eggs, hunt up stolen nests, inspect and feed the clucking, quack-

ing, gobbling personnel of the barnyard which came crowding to her clear-voiced call. As for the cattle, she was rather timid about venturing to milk since Ogilvy's painful and undignified début as an amateur dairyman. However, she assisted at pasture call accompanied by a fat and lazy collie; and she petted and salted the herd to her heart's content. Then there were books and magazines to be read, leisurely; and

hammocks to lie in, while her eyes watched the sky where clouds sailed in snowy squadrons out of the breezy west.

And what happier company for her than her thoughts; what tenderer companionship than her memories; what more absorbing fellowship than the little busy intimate reflections that came swarming around her, more exciting, more impetuous, more exquisitely disturbing as the hurrying, sunny hours sped away



"I've led a horrible life," muttered Cameron darkly

and the first day of June drew nigh?

She spent hours alone on the hill behind the house, lying full length in the fragrant, wild grasses, looking across a green and sunlit world toward Ashuelyn. She had told Neville not to attempt to come to Estwich; and, though she knew she had told him wisely, often and often there on her breezy hilltop she wished that she hadn't—wished that he would disregard her request—hoped

he would—lay there, a dry grass-stem between her lips, thinking how it would be if, suddenly, down there by—well, say, down by that big oak, for example, a figure should stroll into view along the sheep-path. And at first, just to prolong the tension, perhaps she wouldn't recognize him—just for a moment. Then, suddenly—

But she never got beyond that first blissful instant of recognition—the expression of his face, his quick spring forward, and she, amazed, rising to her feet and hastening forward to meet him. For she never pictured herself as standing still to await the man she loved.

When Hélène left, Valerie had the place to herself; and, without any disloyalty to the little countess, she experienced a new pleasure in the liberty of an indolence which exacted nothing of her. She prowled around the library, luxuriously, dipping into inviting volumes; she strolled at hazard from veranda to garden, from garden to lawn, from lawn to farmyard.

About luncheon-time she arrived at the house with her arms full of scented peonies, and spent a long while selecting the receptacles for them.

Luncheon was a deliciously lazy affair at which she felt at liberty to take her own time; and she did so, scanning the morning paper, which had just been delivered; making several bites of every cherry and strawberry, and being good to the three cats with asparagus ends and a saucer of chicken bouillon.

Later, reclining in the hammock, she mended a pair of brier-torn stockings; and when that thrifty and praiseworthy task was finished, she lay back and thought of Neville.

But at what moment in any day was she ever entirely unconscious of him? Besides, she could always think of him better, summon him nearer, visualize him more clearly, when she was afiel, the blue sky above her, the green earth under foot, and companioned only by memory. So she went to her room, put on her stout little shoes and her walking-skirt; braided her hair and made of it a soft, light, lustrous turban; and taking her dog-whip, ran down-stairs.

The fat old collie came wagging up to the whistle, capered clumsily as in duty bound; but before she had entirely traversed the chestnut-woods he basely deserted her and waddled back to the kitchen door, where

a thoughtful cook and a succulent bone were combinations not unknown.

Valerie missed him presently, and whistled; but the fat sybarite, if within earshot, paid no attention; and she was left to swing her dog-whip and stroll on alone.

Her direction lay along the most inviting by-roads and paths; and she let chance direct her feet through this friendly, sunny land where one little hill was as green as another, and one little brook as clear and musical as another, and the dainty, ferny patches of woodland resembled one another.

It was a delight to scramble over stone walls; she adored lying flat and wriggling under murderous barbed wire, feeling the weeds brush her face. When a brook was a little too wide to jump, it was ecstasy to attempt it. She got both shoes wet and loved it. Brambles plucked boldly at her skirt; wild forest blossoms timidly summoned her aside to kneel and touch them, but to let them live; squirrels threatened her and rushed madly up and down trees, defying her; a redstart in vermilion and black fussed about her where she sat, closing and spreading its ornamental tail for somebody's benefit—perhaps for hers.

She was not tired; she did not suppose that she had wandered very far, but, glancing at her watch, she was surprised to find how late it was. And she decided to return. After she had been deciding to return for about an hour it annoyed her to find that she could not get clear of the woods. It seemed preposterous; the woods could not be very extensive. As for being actually lost, it seemed too absurd. Life is largely composed of absurdities.

There was one direction which she had not tried, and it lay along a bridle-path, but whether north or south or east or west she was utterly unable to determine. She felt quite certain that Estwich could not lie either way along that bridle-path, which stretched almost a straight, dark way under the trees as far as she could see.

Vexed, yet amused, at her own stupid plight, she was standing in the road, trying to make up her mind to try it, when, far down the vista, a horseman appeared, coming on at a leisurely canter; and with a sigh of relief she saw her troubles already at an end.

He drew rein abreast of her, stared, sprang from his saddle, and, cap in hand, came up to her, holding out his hand. "Miss West!"



She could always think of him better, summon him nearer, visualize him more clearly, when she was afield, the blue sky above her, the green earth under foot, and companioned only by memory

he exclaimed. "How on earth did you ever find your way into my woods?"

"I don't know, Mr. Cardemon," she said, thankful to encounter even him in her dilemma. "I must have walked a great deal farther than I meant to."

"You've walked at least five miles if you came by road; and nobody knows how far if

you came across country," he said, staring at her out of his slightly prominent eyes.

"I did come across country. And if you will be kind enough to start me toward home—"

"You mean to *walk* back?"

"Of course I do."

"I won't permit it!" he exclaimed. "It's

only a little way across to the house, and we'll just step over and I'll have a car brought around for you—"

"Thank you, I am not tired."

"You are on my land, therefore you are my guest," he insisted. "I am not going to let you go back on foot."

"Mr. Cardemon, if you please, I very much prefer to return in my own way."

"What an obstinate girl you are!" he said, with his uncertain laugh, which never came until he had prejudged its effect on the situation; but the puffy flesh above his white riding-stock behind his lobeless ears reddened, and a slow, thickish color came into his face and remained under the thick skin.

"If you won't let me send you back in a car," he said, "you at least won't refuse a glass of sherry and a biscuit."

"Thank you, I haven't time."

"My housekeeper, Mrs. Munn, is on the premises," he persisted.

"You are very kind, but—"

"Oh, don't turn a man down so mercilessly, Miss West!"

"You are exceedingly amiable," she repeated, "but I must go at once."

He switched the weeds with his crop, then the uncertain laugh came. "I'll show you a short cut," he said. His prominent eyes rested on her, passed over her from head to foot, then wandered askance over the young woodland.

"In which direction lies Estwich?" she asked, lifting her gaze to meet his eyes; but they avoided her as he answered, busy fumbling with a girth that required no adjustment, "Over yonder"—making a slight movement with his head. Then, taking his horse by the head, he said heartily,

"Awfully sorry you won't accept my hospitality; but if you won't you won't, and we'll try to find a short cut."

He led his horse out of the path straight ahead through the woods, and she walked beside him.

"Of course you know the way, Mr. Cardemon?" she said pleasantly.

"I ought to—unless the undergrowth has changed the looks of things since I've been through."

"How long is it since you've been through?"

"Oh, I can't just recollect," he said carelessly. "I guess it will be all right."

For a while they walked steadily forward among the trees, he talking to her with

a frank and detached amiability, asking about the people at Estwich, interested to hear that the small house-party had disintegrated, surprised to learn that the countess had gone to town.

"Are you entirely alone in the house?" he asked; and his eyes seemed to protrude a little more than usual.

"Entirely," she said carelessly; "except for Binns and his wife and the servants."

"Why didn't you 'phone a fellow to stop over to lunch?" he asked, suddenly assuming a jovial manner which their acquaintance did not warrant. "We country folk don't stand on ceremony, you know."

"I did not know it," she said quietly.

His bold gaze rested on her again; again the uncertain laugh followed. "If you'd ask me to dine with you to-night I'd take it as a charming concession to our native informality. What do you say, Miss West?"

She forced a smile, making a sign of negation with her head, but he began to press her until his importunities and his short, abrupt laughter embarrassed her.

"I couldn't ask anybody without permission from my hostess," she said, striving to maintain the light, careless tone which his changing manner toward her made more difficult for her.

"Oh, come, Miss West!" he said in a loud, humorous voice; "don't pass me the prunes and prisms, but be a good little sport and let a fellow come over to see you! You never did give me half a chance to know you, but you're hands across the table with that Ogilvy artist and José Querida."

"I've known them rather longer than I have you, Mr. Cardemon."

"That's my handicap! I'm not squealing. All I want is to start in the race."

"What race?" she asked coolly, turning on him a level gaze that, in spite of her, she could not maintain under the stare with which he returned it. And again the slight uneasiness crept over her, and involuntarily she looked around her at the woods.

"How far is it now?" she inquired.

"Are you tired?"

"No. But I'm anxious to get back. Could you tell me how near to some road we are?"

He halted and looked around; she watched him anxiously as he tossed the bridle-rein over his horse's neck and walked forward into a little glade where the late rays of the sun struck ruddy and warm on the dry grass.

"That's singular," he said as she went forward into the open where he stood; "I don't seem to remember this place."

"But you know about where we are, don't you?" she asked, resolutely suppressing her growing uneasiness and anxiety.

"Well, I am not perfectly certain." He kept his eyes off her while he spoke; but when she also turned and gazed helplessly at the woods encircling her, his glance stole toward her.

"You're not scared, are you?" he asked, and then laughed abruptly.

"Not in the slightest."

"Sure! You're a perfectly good sport. I'll tell you—I'll leave my horse for one of my men to hunt up later, and we'll start off together on a good, old-fashioned hike! Are you game?"

"Yes, if I only knew—if you were perfectly sure how to get to the edge of the woods. I don't see how you *can* be lost in your own woods."

"I don't believe I am!" he said, laughing violently. "The Estwich road *must* be over in that direction. Come ahead, Miss West; the birds can cover us up if worst comes to worst!"

She went with him, entering the thicker growth with a quick, vigorous little stride as though energy and rapidity of motion could subdue the misgiving that threatened to frighten her sooner or later. Over logs, boulders, gullies, she swung forward, he supporting her from time to time in spite of her hasty assurance that she did not require aid. Once, before she could prevent it, he grasped her and fairly swung her across a gully; and again, as she gathered herself to jump, his powerful arm slipped around her body, and he lowered her to the moss below, leaving her with red cheeks and a rapid heart to climb the laurel-choked ravine beside him.

It was breathless work; again and again, before she could prevent it, he forced his assistance on her; and in the abrupt, almost rough contact there was something that began at last to terrify her, weaken her, so that, at the top of the slope, she caught, breathless, at a tree and leaned against the trunk for a moment, closing her eyes.

"You poor little girl," he breathed, close to her ear; and as her startled eyes flew open, he drew her into his arms. For a second his congested face and prominent, pale eyes swam before her; then with a convul-

sive gasp she wrenched herself partly free and strained away from his grasp, panting,

"Let me go, Mr. Cardemon!"

"Look here, Valerie, you know I'm crazy about you—"

"Will you let me go?"

"Oh, come, little girl, I know who you are, all right! Be a good little sport and—"

"Let me go," she whispered between her teeth. Then his red, perspiring features, the prominent eyes and loose mouth drew nearer, nearer, and she struck blindly at the face with her dog-whip—twice with the lash and once with the stag-horn handle. And the next instant she was running.

He caught her at the foot of the slope; she saw blood on his cheek and puffy welts stripping his distorted features, strove to strike him again, but felt her arm powerless in his grasp.

"Are you mad?" she gasped.

"Mad about *you*! For God's sake, listen to me, Valerie! Batter me, tear me to pieces and I won't care, if you'll listen to me a moment."

She struggled silently, fiercely, to use her whip, to wrench herself free.

"I tell you I love you!" he said. "I'd go through hell for you. You've got to listen—you've got to *know*—"

"You coward!" she sobbed.

"I don't care what you say to me if you'll listen a moment."

"As Rita Tevis listened to you!" she said, white to the lips—"you murderer of souls!" And, as his grasp relaxed for a second, she tore her arm free, sprang backward, and slashed him across the mouth with the lash.

Behind her she heard his sharp cry of pain, heard him staggering about in the underbrush. Terror winged her feet, and she fairly flew along the open ridge and down through the dead leaves across a soft, green, marshy hollow, hearing him somewhere in the woods behind her, coming on at a heavy run.

For a long time she ran; and suddenly collapsed, falling in a huddled desperate heap, her slender hands catching at her throat. At the foot of the hill she saw him striding hither and thither, examining the soft forest soil or halting to listen, then, as though scourged into action, running aimlessly toward where she lay, casting about on every side like a burly dog at fault.

Once, when he stood not very far away, and she had hidden her face in her arms,



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Cardemon came up to her, holding out his hand. "Miss West!" he exclaimed. "How on earth did you even him in her dilemma. "I must have



ever find your way into my woods?" "I don't know, Mr. Cardemon," she said, thankful to encounter
walked a great deal farther than I meant to"

trembling like a doomed thing, she heard him call to her, heard the cry burst from him as though in agony:

"Valerie, don't be afraid! I was crazy to touch you. I'll let you cut me to pieces if you'll only answer me."

And again he shouted, in a voice made thin by fright: "For God's sake, Valerie, think of *me* for a moment. Don't run off like that and let people know what's happened to you!"

Then, in a moment, his heavy, hurried tread resounded; and he must have run very near to where she crouched, because she could hear him whimpering in his fear; but he ran on past where she lay, calling to her at intervals, until his frightened voice sounded at a distance and she could scarcely hear the rustle of the dead leaves under his hurrying tread. Even then terror held her chained, breathing fast like a wounded thing, eyes bright with the insanity of her fear. She lay flat in the leaves, not stirring.

The last red sunbeams slanted through the woods, painting tree-trunks crimson and running in fiery furrows through the dead leaves; the sky faded to rose-color, to mauve; faintly a star shone. For a long time now nothing had stirred in the woodland silence. And, as the stars glimmered brighter through the branches, she shivered, moved, lay listening, then crawled a little way. Every sound that she made was a terror to her, every heart-beat seemed to burst the silence.

It was dark when she crept out at last into a stony road, dragging her limbs; a fine mist had settled over the fields; the air grew keener. Somewhere in the darkness cow-bells tinkled; overhead, through the damp sheet of fog, the veiled stars were still shining.

Her senses were not perfectly clear; she remembered falling once or twice—remembered seeing the granite posts and iron gates of a drive, and that lighted windows were shining dimly somewhere beyond. And she crept toward them, still stupid with exhaustion and fright. Then she was aware of people, dim shapes in the darkness, of a dog barking, of voices, a quick movement in the dusk, of a woman's startled exclamation. Suddenly she heard Neville's voice, and a door opened, flooding her with yellow light where she stood swaying, deathly pale.

"Louis!" she said.

He sprang to her, caught her in his arms. "Good God! What is the matter?"

She rested against him, her eyes listlessly watching the people swiftly gathering in the dazzling light.

"Where in the world—how did you get here? Where have you been?" His stammered words made him incoherent as he caught sight of the mud and dust on her torn waist and skirt.

Her eyes had closed a moment; they opened now with an effort. Once more she looked blindly at the people clustering around her, recognized his sister and Stephanie, divined that it was his mother who stood gazing at her in pallid consternation, summoned every atom of her courage to spare him the insult which a man's world had offered to her, found strength to ignore it so that no shadow of the outrage should fall through her upon him or upon those nearest to him.

"I lost my way," she said. Her white lips tried to smile; she strove to stand upright, alone; caught mechanically at his arm, the fixed smile still stamped on her lips. "I am sorry to—disturb anybody. I was lost—and it grew dark. I don't know my way—very well."

She turned, conscious of some one's arm supporting her; and Stephanie said, in a low, pitiful voice:

"Lean back on me. You must let me help you to the house."

"Thank you, I won't go in. If I could rest—a moment—perhaps somebody—Mr. Neville—would help me to get home again."

"Come with me, Miss West," whispered Stephanie, "*I want* you. Will you come to my room with me for a little while?"

She looked into Stephanie's eyes, turned and looked at Neville.

"Dearest," he whispered, putting his arm around her, "you must come with us."

She nodded and moved forward, unsteadily, between them both, and entered the house, head carried high on the slender neck, but her face was colorless under the dark masses of her loosened hair, and she swayed at the foot of the stairs, reaching out blindly at nothing, falling forward.

It was a dead weight that Neville bore into Stephanie's room. When his mother turned him out and closed the door behind him he stood stupidly about until his sister, who had gone into the room, opened the door and bade him telephone for Dr. Ogilvy.

"What has happened to her?" he asked, as though dazed.

"I don't know. I think you'd better tell Quinn to bring around the car and go for Dr. Ogilvy yourself."

It was a swift rush to Dartford through the night; bareheaded he bent forward beside the chauffeur, teeth set, every nerve tense and straining as though his very will-power was driving the machine forward. Then there came a maddening slowing down through Dartford's streets, a nerve-racking delay until Sam Ogilvy's giant brother had stowed away himself and his satchel in the tonneau; then slow speed to the town limits, a swift hurling forward into space that whirled blackly around them as the great acetylenes split the darkness and chaos roared in their ears.

Under the lighted windows the big doctor scrambled out and stamped up-stairs; and Neville waited on the landing. His father appeared below, looking up at him; and started to say something; but apparently changed his mind and went back into the living-room, rattling his evening paper and coughing. Cameron passed through the hallway, looked at him, but let him alone.

After a while the door opened, and Lily came out. "I'm not needed," she said; "mother and Stephanie have taken charge."

"Is she going to be very ill?"

"Billy Ogilvy hasn't said anything yet."

"Is she conscious?"

"Yes, she is now."

"Has she said anything more?"

"No."

Lily stood silent a moment, gazing absently down at the lighted hall below, then she looked at her brother as though she, too, were about to speak; but, like her father, she reconsidered the impulse, and went away toward the nursery.

Later his mother opened the door very softly, let herself and Stephanie out, and stood looking at him, one finger across her lips, while Stephanie hurried away down-stairs.

"She's asleep, Louis. Don't raise your voice," as he stepped quickly toward her.

"Is it anything serious?" he asked in a low voice.

"I don't know what Dr. Ogilvy thinks. He is coming out in a moment." She placed one hand on her son's shoulder, reddening a trifle. "I've told William Ogilvy that she is a friend of—the family. He may have heard Sam talking about her when he was here last. So I thought it safer."

Neville brought a chair for his mother, but she shook her head, cautioning silence, and went noiselessly down-stairs.

Half an hour later Dr. Ogilvy emerged, saw Neville, walked up and inspected him, curiously. "Well, Louis, what do you know about this?" he asked.

"Absolutely nothing, Billy, except that Miss West, who is a guest of the Countess d'Enver at Estwich, lost her way in the woods. How is she now?"

"All right," said the doctor dryly.

"Is she conscious?"

"Perfectly."

"Did she talk to you?"

"A little."

"What is the matter?"

"Fright. And I'm wondering whether merely being lost in the woods is enough to have terrified a girl like that? Because, apparently, she is as superb a specimen of healthy womanhood as this world manufactures once in a hundred years. How well do you know her?"

"We are very close friends."

"H'm. Did you suppose she was the kind of woman to be frightened at merely being lost in a civilized country?"

"No. She has more courage, of all kinds, than most women."

"Because," said the big doctor thoughtfully, "while she was unconscious it took me ten minutes to pry open her fingers and disengage a rather heavy dog-whip from her clutch. And there were some evidences of blood on the lash and on the bone handle."

"What!" exclaimed Neville, amazed.

The doctor shrugged. "I don't know of any fierce and vicious dogs between here and Estwich, either," he mused.

"No. Cardemon keeps none. And it's mostly his estate."

"Oh! Any—h'm—vicious *men*—in his employment?"

"My God!" whispered Neville. "What do you mean, Billy?"

"Finger imprints—black and blue—on both arms. Didn't Miss West say anything that might enlighten *you*?"

"No. She only said she had been lost. Wait a moment; I'm trying to think of the men Cardemon employs."

He was ashy white and trembling, and the doctor laid a steadying hand on his arm.

"Hold on, Louis," he said sharply, "it was no worse than a fright. *Do you understand?* And do you understand, too, that an inno-

cent and sensitive and modest girl would rather die than have such a thing made public through your well-meant activity? So there's nothing for anybody to do—yet."

Neville could scarcely speak. "Do you mean—she was attacked by some—man?"

"It looks like it. And you'd better keep it from your family, because *she* did. She's game to the core—that little girl."

"But she—she'll tell me!" stammered Neville; "she's *got* to tell me."

"She won't if she can help it. Would it aid her any if you found out who it was and killed him?—ran for a gun and did a little murdering some pleasant morning—just to show your chivalrous consideration and devotion to her?"

"Are you asking me to let a beast like that go unpunished?" demanded Neville violently.

"Oh, use your brains, Louis. He frightened her, and she slashed him well for it. And, womanlike, after there was no more danger and no more necessity for pluck, she got scared and ran; and the farther she ran the more scared she became. Look here, Louis; look at me—squarely." He laid both ponderous hands on Neville's shoulders. "Sam has told me all about you and Miss West, and I can guess how your family takes it. Can't you see why she had the pluck to remain silent about this thing? It was because she saw in it the brutal contempt of the world toward a woman who stood in that world alone, unsupported, unprotected. And she would not have you and your family know how lightly the world held the woman whom you love and wish to marry—not for her own sake alone, but for the sake of your family's pride—and yours."

His hands dropped from Neville's shoulders; he stood considering him for a moment in silence.

"I've told *you* because, if you are the man I think you are, you ought to know the facts. Forcing her to the humiliation of telling you will not help matters; filling this pup full of lead means an agony of endless publicity and shame for her, for your family, and for you. He'll never dare remain in the same county with her after this. He's probably skedaddled by this time, anyway." Dr. Ogilvy looked narrowly at Neville. "Are you pretty sane, now?"

"Yes."

"You realize that gun-play is no good in this matter?"

"Y-yes."

"And you really are going to consider Miss West before your own natural but very primitive desire to do murder?"

Neville nodded.

"Knowing," added the doctor, "that the unspeakable cur who affronted her has probably taken to his heels?"

Neville, pale and silent, raised his eyes.

"Do you suspect anybody?"

"I don't know," said the doctor carelessly; "I'll just step over to the telephone and make an inquiry of Penrhyn Cardemon."

He walked to the end of the big hall, unhooked the receiver, asked for Cardemon's house, got it.

Neville heard him say:

"This is Dr. Ogilvy. Is that you, Gelett? Isn't your master at home? What? Had to catch a train? Oh! A sudden matter of business. I see. He's had a cable calling him to London. How long will he be away, Gelett? Oh, I see. You don't know. Very well. I only called up because I understood he required medical attention. Yes—I understood he'd been hurt about the head and face, but I didn't know he had received such a—battering. You say that his horse threw him in the big beech-woods? Was he really very much cut up? Pretty roughly handled, eh! All right. When you communicate with him tell him that Dr. Ogilvy and Mr. Neville, Jr., were greatly interested to know how badly he was injured. Do you understand? Well, don't forget. And you may tell him, Gelett, that as long as the scars remain, he'd better remain, too. Get it straight, Gelett; tell him it's my medical advice to remain away as long as he can—and a little longer. This climate is no good for him. Good-by."

He turned from the telephone and sauntered toward Neville, who regarded him with a fixed stare.

"You see," he remarked with a shrug; and drew from his pocket a slightly twisted scarf-pin, a big horseshoe set with sapphires and diamonds—the kind of pin some kinds of men use in their riding-stocks. "I've often seen him wearing it," he said carelessly. "Curious how it could have become twisted and entangled in Miss West's lace waist."

He held out the pin, turning it over reflectively as the facets of the gems caught and flashed back the light from the hall brackets.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"I'm wondering whether merely being lost in the woods is enough to have terrified a girl like that," said Dr. Ogilvy. "Because, apparently, she is as superb a specimen of healthy womanhood as this world manufactures once in a hundred years. How well do you know her?"

"I'll drop it into the poor-box, I think," he mused. "Cardemon will remain away so long that this pin will be entirely out of fashion when he returns."

After a few moments Neville drew a long, deep breath, and his clenched hands relaxed.

"Sure," commented the burly doctor. "That's right—feeling better—rush of common sense to the head. Well, I've got to go."

"Will you be here in the morning?"

"I think not. She'll be all right. If she isn't, send over for me."

"You don't think that the shock—the exhaustion—"

"Now," said the big doctor with good-natured contempt; "she's going to be all right in the morning. She's a lovely creature, isn't she? Sam said so. Sam has an eye for beauty. But, by jinks! I was scarcely prepared for such physical perfection—h'm!—or such fine and nice discrimination, or for such pluck. God knows what people's families want these days. If the world mated properly our best families would be extinct in another generation. You're one of 'em; you'd better get diligent before the world wakes up with a rush of common sense to its doddering old head." He gave him both hands, warmly, cordially, "Good-by, Louis."

Neville said, "I want you to know that I'd marry her to-morrow if she'd have me, Billy."

The doctor lifted his eyebrows. "Won't she?"

"No."

"Then probably you're not up to sample. A girl like that is no fool. She'll require a lot in a man. However, you're young; and you may make good yet."

"You don't understand, Billy—"

"Yes, I do. She wears a dinky miniature of you against her naked heart. Yes, I guess I understand. And I guess she's that kind of a girl—all unselfishness and innocence and generous perversity and—quixotic love. It's too bad, Louis. I guess you're up against it for fair." He surveyed the younger man, and shook his head.

"They can't stand for her, can they?"

"No."

"And she won't stand for snaking you out of the fold. That's it, I fancy?"

"Yes."

"Too bad, too bad. She's a fine woman, a very fine little woman. That's the kind

a man ought to marry and bother the Almighty with gratitude all the rest of his life. Well, well! Your family is your own, after all; and I live in Dartford, thank God!—not on lower Fifth Avenue or Tenth Street."

He started away, halted, came back.

"Couldn't you run away with her?" he asked anxiously.

"She won't," replied Neville, unsmiling.

"I mean, violently. But she's too heavy to carry, I fancy—and I'll bet she's got the vigor of little old Diana herself. No, you couldn't do the Sabine act with her—only a club and the cave-man's gentle persuasion would help either of you. Well, well, if they see her at breakfast it may help some. You know, a woman makes or breaks herself at breakfast. That's why the majority of women take it abed. I'm serious, Louis; no man can stand 'em—the majority."

Once more he started away, hesitated, came back.

"Who's this countess that Sam is so crazy about?"

"A sweet little woman, well bred, and very genuine and sincere."

"Never heard of her in Dartford," muttered the doctor.

Neville laughed grimly. "Billy, Tenth Street and lower Fifth Avenue and Greenwich Village and Chelsea and Stuyvesant Square and Syringa Avenue, Dartford, are all about alike. Bird Center is just as stupid as Manhattan; and there never was and never will be a republic and a democracy in any country on the face of this snob-cursed globe."

The doctor, very red, stared at him.

"By jinks!" he said, "I guess I'm one, after all. Now, who would suspect that—after all the advice I've given you!"

"It was another fellow's family, that's all," said Neville wearily. "Theories work or they don't; only few care to try them on themselves or their own families, particularly when they devoutly believe in them."

"Gad! That's a stinger! You've got me going all right," said the doctor, wincing, "and you're perfectly correct. Here I've been practically counseling you to marry where your inclination led you, and let the rest go to blazes; and when it's a question of Sam doing something similar, I retire hastily across the river and establish a residence in Missouri. What a rotten, custom-ridden bunch of snippy-snappy snobbery

we are, after all! All the same, who is the countess?"

Neville didn't know much about her.

"Sam's such an ass," said his brother, "and it isn't all snobbery on my part."

"The safest thing to do," said Neville bitterly, "is to let a man in love alone."

"Right. Foolish, but right! There is no greater ass than a wise one. Those who don't know anything at all are the better asses—and the happier."

And he went away down the stairs, muttering and gesticulating.

Mrs. Neville came to the door as he opened it to go out. They talked in low voices for a few moments, then the doctor went out and his mother called to Stephanie. The girl came from the lighted drawing-room, and, together, the two women ascended the stairs.

Stephanie smiled and nodded to Neville, then continued on along the hall; but his mother stopped to speak to him.

"Go and sit with your father a little while," she said. "And don't be impatient with him, dear. He is an old man, a product of a different age and a simpler civilization—perhaps a narrower one. Be patient and gentle with him. He really is fond of you and proud of you."

"Very well, mother. Is anybody going to sit up with Valerie?"

"Stephanie insists on sleeping on the couch at the foot of her bed. I offered to sit up, but she wouldn't let me. You'll see that I'm called if anything happens, won't you?"

"Yes. Good night, mother."

He kissed her, stood a moment looking at the closed door behind which lay Valerie—tried to realize that she did lie there under the same roof-tree that sheltered father, mother, and sister—then, with a strange thrill in his heart, he went down-stairs.

Cameron passed him, on his upward way to slumberland. "How's Miss West?" he asked cheerfully.

"Asleep, I think. Billy Ogilvy expects her to be all right in the morning."

"Good work! Glad of it. Tell your governor; he's been inquiring."

"Has he?" said Neville, with another thrill, and went into the living-room, where his father sat alone before the whitening ashes of the fire.

"Well, father!" he said, smiling.

The older man turned his head, then turned it away as his son drew up a chair and laid a stick across the andirons.

"It's turned a little chilly," Louis said.

"I have known of many a frost in May," said his father.

There was a silence; then his father slowly turned and gazed at him. "How is—Miss West?" he asked stiffly.

"Billy Ogilvy says she will be all right to-morrow, father."

"Was she injured by her unfortunate experience?"

"A little brier-torn, I'm afraid. Those big beech-woods are rather a puzzle to anybody who is not familiar with the country. No wonder she became frightened when it grew dark."

"It was—very distressing," nodded his father.

They remained silent again until Mr. Neville rose, took off his spectacles, laid aside the *Evening Post*, and held out his hand.

"Good night, my son."

"Good night, father."

"Yes—yes—good night—good night—to many, many things, my son; old-fashioned things of no value any more—of no use to me, or you, or anybody any more." He retained his son's hand in his, peering at him, dim-eyed, without his spectacles: "The old order passes—the old ideas, the old beliefs—and the old people who cherished them—who knew no others, needed no others. Good night, my son."

But he made no movement to leave, and still held to his son's hand.

"I've tried to live as blamelessly as my father lived, Louis—and as God has given me to see my way through life. But—the times change so—change so. The times are perplexing; life grows noisier and stranger and more complex and more violent every day around us—and the old require repose, Louis. Try to understand that."

"Yes, father."

The other looked at him, wearily. "Your mother seems to think that your happiness in life depends on—what we say to you—this evening. Stephanie seems to believe it, too. Lily says very little. And so do I, Louis—very little—only enough to—to wish you—happiness. And so—good night."



DRAWN BY ARTHUR O'SHEA FISHER

In the moment of illumination, they saw a long gray beard, massed with ice to the nose, cheeks that were white with frost, and closed eyes with frost-rimmed lashes frozen together. Then the match went out

Smoke Bellew

If you have good red blood in your veins read this series of Jack London stories. Personally, you may not like the idea of "hitting the trail" in the Yukon—and a rough and heart-breaking trail it is—with the thermometer sixty below zero. But as Jack London draws the picture you can't help having a certain admiration for the rugged "sour-doughs" who join hands with danger and sudden death in the mad scramble for gold. At least they are men—real men with the bark on—and they do deeds that thrill. In this story a young woman takes a chance against them in a thirty-mile stampede. And she makes good

By Jack London

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

Tale Three: The Stampede to Squaw Creek

TWO months after Smoke Bellew and Shorty went after moose for a grub-stake, they were back in the Elkhorn saloon at Dawson. The hunting was done, the meat hauled in and sold for two dollars and a half a pound, and between them they possessed three thousand dollars in gold dust and a good team of dogs. They had played in luck. Despite the fact that the gold-rush had driven the game a hundred miles or more into the mountains, they had within half that distance bagged four moose in a narrow canyon.

The mystery of the strayed animals was no greater than the luck of their killers, for within the day four famished Indian families, reporting no game in three days' journey back, camped beside them. Meat was traded for starving dogs, and after a week of feeding Smoke and Shorty harnessed the animals and began freighting the meat to the eager Dawson market.

The problem of the two men now was to turn their gold-dust into food. The current price for flour and beans was a dollar and a half a pound, but the difficulty was to find a seller. Dawson was in the throes of famine. Hundreds of men, with money but no food, had been compelled to leave the country. Many had gone down the river on the last water, and many more, with barely enough food to last, had walked the six hundred miles over the ice to Dyea.

Smoke met Shorty in the warm saloon, and found the latter jubilant.

"Life ain't no punkins without whiskey an' sweetenin'," was Shorty's greeting, as he pulled lumps of ice from his thawing mus-

tache and flung them rattling onto the floor. "An' I sure just got eighteen pounds of that same sweetenin'. The geezer only charged three dollars a pound for it. What luck did you have?"

"I, too, have not been idle," Smoke answered with pride. "I bought fifty pounds of flour. And there's a man up on Adam Creek who says he'll let me have fifty pounds more to-morrow."

"Great! We'll sure live till the river opens. Say, Smoke, them dogs of ours is the goods. A dog-buyer offered me two hundred apiece for the five of them. I told him nothin' doin'. They sure took on class when they got meat to get outside of; but it goes against the grain, feedin' dog-critters on grub that's worth two an' a half a pound. Come on an' have a drink. I just got to celebrate them eighteen pounds of sweetenin'."

Several minutes later, as he weighed in on the gold-scales for the drinks, he gave a start of recollection.

"I plumb forgot that man I was to meet in the Tivoli. He's got some spoiled bacon he'll sell for a dollar an' a half a pound. We can feed it to the dogs an' save a dollar a day on each's board-bill. So-long."

"So-long," said Smoke. "I'm goin' to the cabin an' turn in."

Hardly had Shorty left the place, when a fur-clad man entered through the double storm-doors. His face lighted at sight of Smoke, who recognized him as Breck, the man whose boat they had run through the Box Canyon and the White Horse Rapids.

"I heard you were in town," Breck said hurriedly, as they shook hands. "Been

looking for you for half an hour. Come outside, I want to talk with you."

Smoke looked regretfully at the roaring, red-hot stove. "Won't this do?"

"No; it's important. Come outside."

As they emerged, Smoke drew off one mitten, lighted a match, and glanced at the thermometer that hung beside the door. He remitted his naked hand hastily, as if the frost had burned him. Overhead arched the flaming aurora borealis, while from all Dawson arose the mournful howling of thousands of wolf-dogs.

"What did it say?" Breck asked.

"Sixty below." Kit spat experimentally, and the spittle crackled in the air. "And the thermometer is certainly working. It's falling all the time. An hour ago it was only fifty-two. Don't tell me it's a stampede."

"It is," Breck whispered back cautiously, casting anxious eyes about in fear of some other listener. "You know Squaw Creek empties in on the other side the Yukon thirty miles up?"

"Nothing doing there," was Smoke's judgment. "It was prospected years ago."

"So were all the other rich creeks. Listen! It's big. Only eight to twenty feet to bed-rock. There won't be a claim that don't run to half a million. It's a dead secret. Two or three of my close friends let me in on it. I told my wife right away that I was going to find you before I started. Now so-long. My pack's hidden down the bank. In fact, when they told me they made me promise not to pull out until Dawson was asleep. You know what it means if you're seen with a stampeding outfit. Get your partner and follow. You ought to stake fourth or fifth claim from Discovery. Don't forget—Squaw Creek. It's the third after you pass Swede Creek."

II

WHEN Smoke entered the little cabin on the hillside back of Dawson, he heard a heavy familiar breathing.

"Aw, go to bed," Shorty mumbled, as Smoke shook his shoulder. "I'm not on the night shift," was his next remark, as the rousing hand became more vigorous. "Tell your troubles to the barkeeper."

"Kick into your clothes," Smoke said. "We've got to stake a couple of claims."

Shorty sat up and started to explode, but Smoke's hand covered his mouth.

"Ssh!" Smoke warned. "It's a big strike. Don't wake the neighborhood. Dawson's asleep."

"Huh! You got to show me. Nobody tells anybody about a strike, of course not. But ain't it plumb amazin' the way everybody hits the trail just the same?"

"Squaw Creek," Smoke whispered. "It's right. Breck gave me the tip. Shallow bed-rock. Gold from the grass-roots down. Come on. We'll sling a couple of light packs together and pull out."

Shorty's eyes closed as he lapsed back into sleep. The next moment his blankets were swept off him.

"If you don't want them, I do," Smoke explained.

Shorty followed the blankets and began to dress. "Goin' to take the dogs?" he asked.

"No. The trail up the creek is sure to be unbroken, and we can make better time without them."

"Then I'll throw 'em a meal which'll have to last 'em till we get back. Be sure you take some birch-bark and a candle."

Shorty opened the door, felt the bite of the cold, and shrank back to pull down his ear-flaps and mitten his hands. Five minutes later he returned, sharply rubbing his nose. "Smoke, I'm sure opposed to makin' this stampede. It's colder than the hinges of hell a thousand years before the first fire was lighted. Besides, it's Friday the thirteenth, an' we're goin' to trouble as the sparks fly upward."

With small stampeding-packs on their backs, they closed the door behind them and started down the hill. The display of the aurora borealis had ceased, and only the stars leaped in the great cold and by their uncertain light made traps for the feet. Shorty floundered off a turn of the trail into deep snow, and raised his voice in blessing of the date of the week and month and year.

"Can't you keep still?" Smoke chided. "Leave the almanac alone. You'll have all Dawson awake and after us."

"Huh! See the light in that cabin? An' in that one over there? An' hear that door slam? Oh, sure Dawson's asleep. Them lights? Just buryin' their dead. They ain't stampedin', betcher life they ain't."

By the time they reached the foot of the hill and were fairly in Dawson, lights were springing up in the cabins, doors were slam-



"What does it say?" Breck asked
as Smoke looked at the ther-
mometer. "Sixty below."
said Smoke

ming, and from behind came the sound of many moc-casins on the hard-packed snow. Again Shorty delivered himself, "But it beats the devil the amount of mourners they is."

They passed a man who stood by the path and was calling anxiously in a low voice, "Oh, Charley; get a move on."

"See that pack on his back, Smoke? The graveyard's sure a long ways off when the mourners got to pack their blankets."

By the time they reached the main street a hundred men were in line behind them, and while they sought in the deceptive starlight for the trail that dipped down the bank to the river, more men could be heard arriving. Shorty slipped and shot down the thirty-foot chute into the soft snow. Smoke followed, knocking him over as he was rising to his feet.

"I found it first," he gurgled, taking off

his mittens to shake the snow out of the gauntlets.

The next moment they were scrambling wildly out of the way of the hurtling bodies of those that followed. At the time of the freeze-up, a jam had occurred at this point, and cakes of ice were up-ended in snow-covered confusion. After several hard falls, Smoke drew out his candle and lighted it. Those in the rear hailed it with acclaim. In the windless air it burned easily, and he

led the way more quickly.

"It's a sure stampede," Shorty decided. "Or might all them be sleep-walkers?"

"We're at the head of the procession, at any rate," was Smoke's answer.

"Oh, I don't know. Mebbe that's a firefly ahead there. Mebbe they're all fireflies—that one, an' that one. Look at 'em! Believe me, they is a whole string of processions ahead."

It was a mile across the jams to the west bank of the Yukon, and candles flickered the full length of the twisting trail. Behind them, clear to the top of the bank they had descended, were more candles.

"Say, Smoke, this ain't no stampede.

It's a exode-us. They must be a thousand men ahead of us an' ten thousand behind. Now you listen to your uncle. My medicine's good. When I get a hunch it's sure right. An' we're in wrong on this stampede. Let's turn back an' hit the sleep."

"You'd better save your breath if you intend to keep up," Smoke retorted gruffly.

"Huh! My legs is short, but I slog along slack at the knees an' don't worry my muscles none, an' I can sure walk every piker here off the ice."

And Smoke knew he was right, for he had long since learned his comrade's phenomenal walking powers.

"I've been holding back to give you a chance," Smoke jeered.

"An' I'm plumb troddin' on your heels. If you can't do better, let me go ahead and set pace."

Smoke quickened, and was soon at the rear of the nearest bunch of stampedeers.

"Hike along, you, Smoke," the other urged. "Walk over them unburied dead. This ain't no funeral. Hit the frost like you was goin' somewheres."

Smoke counted eight men and two women in this party, and before the way across the jam-ice was won, he and Shorty had passed another party twenty strong. Within a few feet of the west bank, the trail swerved to the south, emerging from the jam upon smooth ice. The ice, however, was buried under several feet of fine snow. Through this the sled-trail ran, a narrow ribbon of packed footing barely two feet in width. On either side one sank to his knees and deeper in the snow. The stampedeers they overtook were reluctant to give way, and often Smoke and Shorty had to plunge into the deep snow and by supreme efforts flounder past.

Shorty was irrepressible and pessimistic. When the stampedeers resented being passed, he retorted in kind.

"What's your hurry?" one of them asked.

"What's yours?" he answered. "A stampede come down from Indian River yesterday afternoon an' beat you to it. They ain't no claims left."

"That being so, I repeat, what's your hurry?"

"Who? Me? I ain't no stampeder. I'm workin' for the government. I'm on official business. I'm just trapesin' along to take the census of Squaw Creek."

To another, who hailed him with: "Where away, little one? Do you really expect to stake a claim?" Shorty answered:

"Me? I'm the discoverer of Squaw Creek. I'm just comin' back from recordin' so as to see no blamed chekako jumps my claim."

The average pace of the stampedeers on the smooth going was three miles and a half an hour. Smoke and Shorty were doing four and a half, though sometimes they broke into short runs and went faster.

"I'm going to travel your feet clean off, Shorty," Smoke challenged.

"Huh! I can hike along on the stumps an' wear the heels off your moccasins. Though it ain't no use. I've been figgerin'. Creek claims is five hundred feet. Call 'em ten to the mile. They's a thousand stampedeers ahead of us, an' that creek ain't no hundred miles long. Somebody's goin' to get left, an' it makes a noise like you an' me."

Before replying, Smoke let out an unexpected link that threw Shorty half a dozen feet in the rear. "If you saved your breath and kept up, we'd cut down a few of that thousand," he chided.

"Who? Me? If you'd get outa the way I'd show you a pace what is."

Smoke laughed, and let out another link. "Shorty, I've got you skinned to death. I've reconstructed every cell in my body since I hit the beach at Dyea. My flesh is as stringy as whipcords, and as bitter and mean as the bite of a rattlesnake. A few months ago I'd have patted myself on the back to write such words, but I couldn't have written them. I had to live them first, and now that I'm living them there's no need to write them. I'm the real, bitter, stinging goods, and no scrub of a mountaineer can put anything over on me without getting it back compound. Now you go ahead and set pace for half an hour. Do your worst, and when you're all in I'll go ahead and give you half an hour of the real worst."

"Huh!" Shorty sneered genially. "An' him not dry behind the ears yet. Get outa the way an' let your father show you some goin'."

Half-hour by half-hour they alternated in setting pace. Nor did they talk much. Their exertions kept them warm, though their breath froze on their faces from lips to chin. So intense was the cold that they almost continually rubbed their noses and cheeks with their mittens. A few minutes' cessation from this allowed the flesh to grow numb, and then most vigorous rubbing was required to produce the burning prickle of returning circulation.

Often they thought they had reached the lead, but always they overtook more stampedeers who had started before them. Occasionally groups of men attempted to swing in behind to their pace, but invariably they were discouraged after a mile or two and disappeared in the darkness to the rear.

"We've been out on trail all winter," was Shorty's comment. "An' them geezers, soft from layin' around their cabins, has the nerve to think they can keep our stride. Now if they was real sour-doughs it'd be different. If they's one thing a sour-dough can do it's sure walk."

Once, Smoke lighted a match and glanced at his watch. He never repeated it, for so

quick was the bite of the frost on his bared hands that half an hour passed before they were again comfortable.

"Four o'clock," he said, as he pulled on his mittens, "and we've already passed three hundred."

"Three hundred and thirty-eight," Shorty corrected. "I been keepin' count. Get outa the way, stranger. Let somebody stampede that knows how to stampede."

This latter was addressed to a man, evidently exhausted, who could no more than stumble along and who blocked the trail. This, and one other, were the only played-out men they encountered, for they were very near to the head of the stampede. Nor did they learn till afterward the horrors of that night. Exhausted men sat down to rest by the way and failed to get up again. Seven were frozen to death, while scores of amputations of toes, feet, and fingers were performed in the Dawson hospitals on the survivors. For the stampede to Squaw Creek occurred on the coldest night of the year. Before morning the spirit thermometers at Dawson registered seventy degrees below zero.

The other played-out man they found a few minutes later, sitting on a piece of ice beside the trail.

"Hop along, sister Mary," Shorty gaily greeted him. "Keep movin.' If you sit there you'll freeze stiff."

The man made no response, and they stopped to investigate.

"Stiff as a poker," was Shorty's verdict. "If you tumbled him over he'd break."

"See if he's breathing," Smoke said, as, with bared hand, he sought through furs and woollens for the man's heart.

Shorty lifted one ear-flap and bent to the iced lips. "Nary breathe," he reported.

"Nor heart-beat," said Smoke.

He mittened his hand and beat it violently for a minute before exposing it to the frost to strike a match. It was an old man, incontestably dead. In the moment of illumination, they saw a long gray beard, massed with ice to the nose, cheeks that were white with frost, and closed eyes with frost-rimmed lashes frozen together. Then the match went out.

"Come on," Shorty said, rubbing his ear. "We can't do nothin' for the old geezer. An' I've sure frosted my ear. Now all the blamed skin'll peel off, and it'll be sore for a week."

A few minutes later, when a flaming ribbon spilled pulsating fire over the heavens, they saw on the ice a quarter of a mile ahead two forms. Beyond, for a mile, nothing moved.

"They're leading the procession," Smoke said, as darkness fell again. "Come on, let's get them."

At the end of half an hour, not yet having overtaken the two in front, Shorty broke into a run. "If we catch 'em we'll never pass 'em," he panted. "Lord, what a pace they're hittin'. Dollars to doughnuts they're no chekakos. They're the real sour-dough variety, you can stack on that."

Smoke was leading when they finally caught up, and he was glad to ease to a walk at their heels. Almost immediately he got the impression that the one nearer him was a woman. How this impression came, he could not tell. Hooded and furred, the dark form was as any form; yet there was a haunting sense of familiarity about it. He waited for the next flame of the aurora, and by its light saw the smallness of the moccasined feet. But he saw more—the walk, and knew it for the unmistakable walk he had once resolved never to forget.

"She's a sure goer," Shorty confided hoarsely. "I'll bet it's an Indian."

"How do you do, Miss Gastell?" Smoke addressed her.

"How do you do?" she answered, with a turn of the head and a quick glance. "It's too dark to see. Who are you?"

"Smoke."

She laughed in the frost, and he was certain it was the prettiest laughter he had ever heard. "And have you married and raised all those children you were telling me about?" Before he could retort, she went on, "How many chekakos are there behind?"

"Several thousand, I imagine. We passed over three hundred. And they weren't wasting any time."

"It's the old story," she said bitterly. "The newcomers get in on the rich creeks, and the old-timers, who dared and suffered and made this country, get nothing. Old-timers made this discovery on Squaw Creek—how it leaked out is the mystery—and they sent word up to all the old-timers on Sea Lion. But it's ten miles farther than Dawson, and when they arrive they'll find the creek staked to the sky-line by the Dawson chekakos. It isn't right, it isn't fair, such perversity of luck."

"It is too bad," Smoke sympathized. "But I'm hanged if I know what you are going to do about it. First come, first served, you know."

"I wish I could do something," she flashed back at him. "I'd like to see them all freeze on the trail, or have everything terrible happen to them, so long as the Sea Lion stampede arrived first."

"You've certainly got it in for us hard," he laughed.

"It isn't that," she said quickly. "Man by man, I know the crowd from Sea Lion, and they are men. They starved in this country in the old days, and they worked like giants to develop it. They are heroes, and they deserve some reward, and yet here are thousands of green softlings, who haven't earned the right to stake anything, miles and miles ahead of them. And now, if you'll forgive my tirade, I'll save my

breath, for I don't know when you and all the rest may try to pass dad and me."

No further talk passed between Joy and Smoke for an hour or so, though he noticed that for a time she and her father talked in low tones.

"I know 'em now," Shorty told Smoke. "He's old Louis Gastell, an' the real goods. That must be his kid. He come into this country so long ago they ain't nobody can recollect, an' he brought the girl with him, she only a baby. Him an' Beetles was tradin' partners, an' they ran the first dinky little steamboat up the Koyukuk."

"I don't think we'll try to pass them," Smoke said. "We're at the head of the stampede, and there are only four of us."

Shorty agreed, and another hour of silence followed, during which they swung steadily along. At seven o'clock, the blackness was broken by a last display of the aurora borealis, which showed to the west a broad opening between snow-clad mountains.

"Squaw Creek!" Joy exclaimed.

"Goin' some," Shorty exulted. "We oughtn't to been there for another half-



The slowness of the leaders, who had to break a way through the snow, enabled the whole stampede to catch

hour to the least, accordin' to my reckonin'. I must 'a' been spreadin' my legs."

It was at this point that the Dyea trail, baffled by ice-jams, swerved abruptly across the Yukon to the east bank. And here they must leave the hard-packed, main-traveled trail, mount the jams, and follow a dim trail, but slightly packed, that hovered the west bank.

Louis Gastell, leading, slipped in the darkness on the rough ice, and sat up, holding his ankle in both his hands. He struggled to his feet and went on, but at a slower pace and with a perceptible limp. After a few minutes he abruptly halted.

"It's no use," he said to his daughter. "I've sprained a tendon. You go ahead and stake for me as well as yourself."

"Can't we do something?" Smoke asked solicitously.

Louis Gastell shook his head. "She can stake two claims as well as one. I'll crawl over to the bank, start a fire, and bandage my ankle. I'll be all right. Go on, Joy. Stake ours above the discovery claim; it's richer higher up."

"Here's some birch-bark," Smoke said,

dividing his supply equally. "We'll take care of your daughter."

Louis Gastell laughed harshly. "Thank you just the same," he said, "but she can take care of herself. Follow her and watch her."

"Do you mind if I lead?" she asked Smoke, as she headed on. "I know this country better than you."

"Lead on," Smoke answered gallantly, "though I agree with you it's a darn shame all us chekakos are going to beat that Sea Lion bunch to it. Isn't there some way to shake them?"

She shook her head. "We can't hide our trail, and they'll follow it like sheep."

After a quarter of a mile, she turned sharply to the west. Smoke noticed that they were going through unpacked snow, but neither he nor Shorty observed that the dim trail they had been on still led south. Had they witnessed the subsequent procedure of Louis Gastell, the history of the Klondike would have been written differently; for they would have seen that old-timer, no longer limping, running with his nose to the trail like a hound, following



up, and when daylight came, at nine o'clock, as far back as they could see was an unbroken line of men

them. Also, they would have seen him trample and widen the turn to the fresh trail they had made to the west. And, finally, they would have seen him keep on the old dim trail that still led south.

A trail did run up the creek, but so slight was it that they continually lost it in the darkness. After a quarter of an hour, Joy Gastell was willing to drop to the rear and let the two men take turns in breaking a way through the snow. This slowness of the leaders enabled the whole stampede to catch up, and when daylight came, at nine o'clock, as far back as they could see was an unbroken line of men. Joy's dark eyes sparkled at the sight.

"How long since we started up the creek?" she asked.

"Fully two hours," Smoke answered.

"And two hours back make four," she laughed. "The stampede from Sea Lion is saved."

A faint suspicion crossed Smoke's mind, and he stopped and confronted her. "I don't understand," he said.

"You don't? Then I'll tell you. This is Norway Creek. Squaw Creek is the next to the south."

Smoke was for the moment speechless.

"You did it a purpose?" Shorty demanded.

"I did it to give the old-timers a chance."

She laughed mockingly. The men grinned at each other and finally joined her. "I'd lay you across my knee an' give you a wallop in', if women folk wasn't so scarce in this country," Shorty assured her.

"Your father didn't sprain a tendon, but waited till we were out of sight and then went on?" Smoke asked.

She nodded.

"And you were the decoy?"

Again she nodded, and this time Smoke's laughter rang out clear and true. It was the spontaneous laughter of a frankly beaten man.

"Why don't you get angry with me?" she queried ruefully. "Or—or wallop me?"

"Well, we might as well be startin' back," Shorty urged. "My feet's gettin' cold standin here."

Smoke shook his head. "That would mean four hours lost. We must be eight miles up this creek now, and from the look ahead Norway is making a long swing south. We'll follow it, then cross over the divide somehow, and tap Squaw Creek somewhere above Discovery." He looked

at Joy. "Won't you come along with us? I told your father we'd look after you."

"I—" She hesitated. "I think I shall, if you don't mind." She was looking straight at him, and her face was no longer defiant and mocking. "Really, Mr. Smoke, you make me almost sorry for what I have done. But somebody had to save the old-timers."

"It strikes me that stampeding is at best a sporting proposition."

"And it strikes me you two are very game about it," she went on, then added with the shadow of a sigh, "What a pity you are not old-timers!"

For two hours more they kept to the frozen creek bed of Norway, then turned into a narrow and rugged tributary that flowed from the south. At midday they began the ascent of the divide itself. Behind them, looking down and back, they could see the long line of stampedeers breaking up. Here and there, in scores of places, thin smoke-columns advertised the making of camps.

As for themselves, the going was hard. They wallowed through snow to their waists, and were compelled to stop every few yards to breathe. Shorty was the first to call a halt.

"We been hittin' the trail for over twelve hours," he said. "Smoke, I'm plumb willin' to say I'm good an' tired. An' so are you. An' I'm free to shout that I can sure hang on to this here pasear like a starvin' Indian to a hunk of bear-meat. But this poor girl here can't keep her legs no time if she don't get something in her stomach. Here's where we build a fire. What d'ye say?"

So quickly, so deftly and methodically, did they go about making a temporary camp that Joy, watching with jealous eyes, admitted to herself that old-timers could not do it better. Spruce-boughs, with a spread blanket on top, gave a foundation for rest and cooking operations. But they kept away from the heat of the fire until noses and cheeks had been rubbed cruelly.

Smoke spat in the air, and the resultant crackle was so immediate and loud that he shook his head. "I give it up," he said. "I've never seen cold like this."

"One winter on the Koyukuk it went to eighty-six below," Joy answered. "It's at least seventy or seventy-five right now, and I know I've frosted my cheeks. They're burning like fire."

On the steep slope of the divide there was no ice, so snow, as fine and hard and crystalline as granulated sugar, was poured into the gold-pan by the bushel until enough had been melted for the coffee. Smoke fried bacon and thawed biscuits. Shorty kept the fuel supplied and tended the fire, and Joy set the simple table composed of two plates, two cups, two spoons, a tin of mixed salt and pepper, and a tin of sugar. When it came to eating, she and Smoke shared one set between them. They ate out of the same plate and drank from the same cup.

It was nearly two in the afternoon when they cleared the crest of the divide and began dropping down a feeder of Squaw Creek. Earlier in the winter some moose-hunter had made a trail up the canyon; that is, in going up and down he had stepped always in his previous tracks. As a result, in the midst of soft snow and veiled under later snowfalls, was a line of irregular hummocks. If one's foot missed a hummock, he plunged down through unpacked snow and usually to a fall. Also, the moose-hunter had been an exceptionally long-legged individual. Joy, who was eager now that the two men should stake, and fearing that they were slackening their pace on account of her evident weariness, insisted on taking her turn in the lead. The speed and manner in which she negotiated the precarious footing called out Shorty's unqualified approval.

"Look at her!" he cried. "She's the real goods an' the red meat. Look at them moccasins swing along. No high-heels there. She uses the legs God gave her. She's the right squaw for any bear-hunter."

She flashed back a smile of acknowledgment that included Smoke. He caught

a feeling of chumminess, though at the same time he was biting aware that it was very much of a woman who embraced him in that comradely smile.

Looking back, as they came to the bank of Squaw Creek, they could see the stampee, strung out irregularly, struggling along the descent of the divide.

They slipped down the bank to the creek bed. The stream, frozen solidly to bottom, was from twenty to thirty feet wide and ran between six- and eight-foot earth banks of alluvial wash. No recent feet had disturbed the snow that lay upon its ice, and they knew they were above the discovery claim and the last stakes of the Sea Lion stampede.

"Look out for springs," Joy warned, as Smoke led the way down the creek. "At seventy below you'll lose your feet if you break through."

These springs, common to most Klondike streams, never cease at the lowest temperatures. The water flows out from the banks and lies in pools which are cuddled from the cold by later surface-freezings and snowfalls. Thus, a

man, stepping on dry snow, might break through half an inch of ice-skin and find himself up to the knees in water. In five minutes, unless able to remove the wet gear, the loss of one's feet was the penalty.

Though only three in the afternoon, the long gray twilight of the arctic had settled down. They watched for a blazed tree on either bank, which would show the center-stake of the last claim located. Joy, impulsively eager, was the first to find it. She darted ahead of Smoke, crying:

"Somebody's been there! See the snow! Look for the blaze! There it is! See that spruce!" She sank suddenly to her waist in the snow. "Now I've done it," she said



"He's old Louis Gastell, an' the real goods"

woefully. Then she cried: "Don't come near me! I'll wade out."

Step by step, each time breaking through the thin skin of ice concealed under the dry snow, she forced her way to solid footing. Smoke did not wait, but sprang to the bank, where dry and seasoned twigs and sticks, lodged among the brush by spring freshets, waited the match. By the time she reached his side the first flames and flickers of an assured fire were rising.

"Sit down!" he commanded.

She obediently sat down in the snow. He slipped his pack from his back, and spread a blanket for her feet.

From above came the voices of the stam-peders who followed them.

"Let Shorty stake," she urged.

"Go on, Shorty," Smoke said, as he attacked her moccasins, already stiff with ice. "Pace off a thousand feet and place the two center-stakes. We can fix the corner-stakes afterward."

With his knife, Smoke cut away the lacings and leather of the moccasins. So stiff were they with ice that they snapped and crackled under the hacking and sawing. The siwash socks and heavy woolen stockings were sheaths of ice. It was as if her feet and calves were encased in corrugated iron.

"How are your feet?" he asked, as he worked.

"Pretty numb. I can't move nor feel my toes. But it will be all right. The fire is burning beautifully. Watch out you don't freeze your hands. They must be numb now from the way you're fumbling."

He slipped his mittens on, and for nearly a minute smashed the open hands savagely against his sides. When he felt the blood prickle, he pulled off the mittens and ripped and tore and sawed and hacked at the frozen garments. The white skin of one foot appeared, then that of the other, to be exposed to the bite of seventy below zero, which is the equivalent of one hundred and two below freezing.

Then came the rubbing with snow, carried on with an intensity of cruel fierceness, till she squirmed and shrank and moved her toes, and joyously complained of the hurt. He half dragged her, and she half lifted herself, nearer to the fire. He placed her feet on the blanket close to the flesh-saving flames.

"You'll have to take care of them for a while," he said.

She could now safely remove her mittens and work and manipulate her own feet, with the wisdom of the initiated being watchful that the heat of the fire was absorbed slowly. While she did this, he attacked his hands. The snow did not melt nor moisten. Its light crystals were like so much sand. Slowly the stings and pangs of circulation came back into the chilled flesh. Then he tended the fire, unstrapped the light pack from her back, and got out a complete change of foot-gear.

Shorty returned along the creek bed and climbed the bank to them. "I sure staked a full thousand feet," he proclaimed. "Number twenty-seven an' number twenty-eight, though I'd only got the upper stake of twenty-seven when I met the first geezer of the bunch behind. He just straight declared I wasn't goin' to stake twenty-eight. An' I told him—"

"Yes, yes," Joy cried. "What did you tell him?"

"Well, I told him straight that if he didn't back up plumb five hundred feet I'd sure punch his frozen nose into ice-cream an' chocolate éclaires. He backed up, an' I've got in the center-stakes of two full an' honest five-hundred-foot creek claims. He staked next, an' I guess by now the bunch has Squaw Creek located to headwaters an' down the other side. Ourn is safe. It's too dark to see now, but we can put out the corner-stakes in the mornin'."

III

WHEN they awoke, they found a change had taken place during the night. So warm was it, that Shorty and Smoke, still in their mutual blankets, estimated the temperature at no more than twenty below. The cold snap had broken. On top of their blankets lay six inches of frost-crystals.

"Good morning, how are your feet?" was Smoke's greeting across the ashes of the fire to where Joy Gastell, carefully shaking aside the snow, was sitting up in her sleeping-furs.

Shorty built the fire and quarried ice from the creek, while Smoke cooked breakfast. Daylight came on as they finished the meal.

"You go an' fix them corner-stakes, Smoke," Shorty said. "There's gravel under where I chopped ice for the coffee, an' I'm goin' to melt snow and wash a pan of that same gravel for luck."



IMAGE BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

With his knife, Smoke cut away the lacings and leather of the moccasins. So stiff were they with ice that they snapped and crackled under the hacking and sawing

Smoke departed, ax in hand, to blaze the stakes. Starting from the down-stream center-stake of twenty-seven, he headed at right angles across the narrow valley toward its rim. He proceeded methodically, almost automatically, for his mind was alive with recollections of the night before. He felt, somehow, that he had won to empery over the delicate lines and firm muscles of those feet and ankles he had rubbed with snow, and this empery seemed to extend to the rest and all of this woman of his kind. In dim and fiery ways a feeling of possession mastered him. It seemed that all that was necessary was for him to walk up to this Joy Gastell, take her hand in his, and say, "Come."

It was in this mood that he discovered something that made him forget empery over the white feet of woman. At the valley rim he blazed no corner-stake. He did not reach the valley rim, but, instead, he found himself confronted by another stream. He lined up with his eye a blasted willow-tree and a big and recognizable spruce. He returned to the stream where were the center-stakes. He followed the bed of the creek around a wide horseshoe bend through the flat and found that the two creeks were the same creek. Next, he floundered twice through the snow from valley rim to valley rim, running the first line from the lower stake of twenty-seven, the second from the upper stake of twenty-eight; and he found that *the upper stake of the latter was lower than the lower stake of the former*. In the gray twilight and half-darkness, Shorty had located their two claims on the horseshoe.

Smoke plodded back to the little camp. Shorty, at the end of washing a pan of gravel, exploded at sight of him.

"We got it!" Shorty cried, holding out the pan. "Look at it! A nasty mess of gold. Two hundred right there if it's a cent. She runs rich from the top of the wash-gravel. I've churned around placers some, but I never got butter like what's in this pan."

Smoke cast an incurious glance at the coarse gold, poured himself a cup of coffee at the fire, and sat down. Joy sensed something wrong and looked at him with eagerly solicitous eyes. Shorty, however, was disgruntled by his partner's lack of delight in the discovery.

"Why don't you kick in an' get excited?"

The next Smoke Bellew story, "*Shorty Dreams*," will appear in the September issue.

he demanded. "We got our pile right here, unless you're stickin' up your nose at two-hundred-dollar pans."

Smoke took a swallow of coffee before replying. "Shorty, why are our two claims here like the Panama Canal?"

"What's the answer?"

"Well, the eastern entrance of the Panama Canal is west of the western entrance, that's all."

"Go on," Shorty said. "I ain't seen the joke yet."

"In short, Shorty, you staked our two claims on a big horseshoe bend."

Shorty set the gold-pan down in the snow and stood up. "Go on," he repeated.

"The upper stake of twenty-eight is ten feet below the lower stake of twenty-seven."

"You mean we ain't got nothin', Smoke?"

"Worse than that; we've got ten feet less than nothing."

Shorty departed down the bank on the run. Five minutes later he returned. In response to Joy's look he nodded. Without speech, he went over to a log and sat down to gaze steadily at the snow in front of his moccasins.

"We might as well break camp and start back for Dawson," Smoke said, beginning to fold the blankets.

"I am sorry, Smoke," Joy said. "It's all my fault."

"It's all right," he answered. "All in the day's work, you know."

"But it's my fault, wholly mine," she persisted. "Dad's staked for me down near Discovery, I know. I'll give you my claim."

He shook his head.

"Shorty," she pleaded.

Shorty shook his head and began to laugh. It was a colossal laugh. Chuckles and muffled explosions yielded to hearty roars.

"It ain't hysterics," he explained. "I sure get powerful amused at times, an' this is one of them."

His gaze chanced to fall on the gold-pan. He walked over and gravely kicked it, scattering the gold over the landscape. "It ain't ourn," he said. "It belongs to the geezer I backed up five hundred feet last night. An' what gets me is, four hundred an' ninety of them feet was to the good—his good. Come on, Smoke. Let's start the hike to Dawson. Though if you're hankerin' to kill me I won't lift a finger to prevent."

Cosmopolitan's
Exclusive
Portfolio of
Stage
Beauties



Virginia Hammond, whose debut was with E. H. Sothorn in "If I Were King." Her next appearance will be in "What the Doctor Ordered," a comedy, by A. E. Thomas, dealing with a doctor whose specialty is matrimonial and domestic disorders, and his panacea homeopathic doses of do as you are done by until a cure is effected

Exclusive portraits posed by Sarony, Fifth Avenue, New York



Elsa Ryan, a musical-comedy favorite, who is now appearing in "The Soul Kiss," a recent production, which is expected to grow in favor during the summer and enter upon a big success in the fall

Exclusive portrait posed by Sarony, Fifth Avenue, New York



Olive Wyndham, a member of The New Theater Company from the beginning and playing in most of its productions. This company, homeless now in New York, is offering its repertoire on the road

Exclusive portrait posed by the Campbell Studios, Waldorf-Astoria, New York



Catherine Proctor, who played throughout the 1910-11 season as Miss Merk in "The Concert," a comedy which will start on its second year in September

Exclusive portraits posed by White, New York



Constance Collier, who created the title rôle in "Thais,"
Paul Wilstach's dramatization of the romance upon which
the opera of the same name is based

Exclusive portraits posed by White, New York



Ethel Green as Margie Melville in "Dr. De Luxe." Miss Green is well known in musical comedy, and has appeared in many successes, among them De Wolf Hopper's presentation of "The Matinée Idol"

Exclusive portraits posed by Sarony, Fifth Avenue, New York



Louise Rutter, who played during the past season with William Gillette in his farewell tour in repertoire.

The small portrait shows her as Edith Varney in "Secret Service"

Exclusive portraits posed by the Campbell Studios, Waldorf-Astoria, New York



"Queer?" I echoed. "Unfortunate, terrible, but hardly queer. Why, it is a common saying among the aeronauts that if they keep at it long enough they will all lose their lives"

The Terror in the Air

Did you ever hear before of Edison or Tesla untangling a baffling murder case or bank robbery? Craig Kennedy, scientific detective, is Edison and Tesla rolled into one. He knows the tricks of the laboratory; he is "wise" to the most minute details of the latest and most up-to-date scientific discovery; and he certainly likes the job of "juggling" a criminal by an experiment in electricity or a chemical reaction. In this story he goes 'way up in the air for his mystery, but, as usual, brings the criminal down to earth—hard

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Silent Bullet," "The Deadly Tube," "The Diamond Maker," "The Azure Ring," etc.

Illustrated by Will Foster

"THERE'S something queer about these aeroplane accidents at Belmore Park," mused Kennedy, one evening, as his eye caught a big headline in the last edition of the *Star*, which I had brought up-town with me.

"Queer?" I echoed. "Unfortunate, terrible, but hardly queer. Why, it is a common saying among the aeronauts that if they keep at it long enough they will all lose their lives."

"Yes, I know that," rejoined Kennedy; "but, Walter, have you noticed that all these accidents have happened to Norton's new gyroscope machines?"

"Well, what of that?" I replied. "Isn't it just barely possible that Norton is on the wrong track in applying the gyroscope to an aeroplane? I can't say I know much about either the gyroscope or the aeroplane, but from what I hear the fellows at the office say it would seem to me that the gyroscope is a pretty good thing to keep off an aeroplane, not to put on it."

"Why?" asked Kennedy blandly.

"Well, it seems to me, from what the experts say, that anything which tends to keep your machine in one position is just what you don't want in an aeroplane. What surprises them, they say, is that the thing seems to work so well up to a certain point—that the accidents don't happen sooner. Why, our man on the aviation field tells me that when that poor fellow Browne was killed he had all but succeeded in bringing his machine to a dead stop in the air. In other words, he would have won the Brooks Prize for perfect motionlessness in one place.

And then Herrick, the day before, was going about seventy miles an hour when he collapsed. They said it was heart failure. But to-night another expert says in the *Star*—here, I'll read it: 'The real cause was carbonic-acid-gas poisoning due to the pressure on the mouth from driving fast through the air, and the consequent inability to expel the poisoned air which had been breathed. Air once breathed is practically carbonic-acid gas. When one is passing rapidly through the air this carbonic acid gas is pushed back into the lungs, and only a little can get away because of the rush of air pressing into the mouth. So it is re-breathed, and the result is gradual carbonic-acid-gas poisoning, which produces a kind of narcotic sleep.'

"Then it wasn't the gyroscope in that case?" said Kennedy with a rising inflection.

"No," I admitted reluctantly, "perhaps not."

I could see that I had been rash in talking so long. Kennedy had only been sounding me to see what the newspapers thought of it. His next remark was characteristic.

"Norton has asked me to look into the thing," he said quietly. "If his invention is a failure, he is a ruined man. All his money is in it, he is suing a man for infringing on his patent, and he is liable for damages to the heirs, according to his agreement with Browne and Herrick. I have known Norton some time; in fact, he worked out his ideas at the university physical laboratory. I have flown in his machine, and it is the most marvelous biplane I ever saw. Walter, I want you to get a Belmore

The Terror in the Air

Park assignment from the *Star* and go out to the aviation meet with me to-morrow. I'll take you on the field, around the machines—you can get enough local color to do a dozen *Star* specials later on. I may add that devising a flying-machine capable of remaining stationary in the air means a revolution that will relegate all other machines to the scrap-heap. From a military point of view it is the one thing necessary to make the aeroplane the superior in every respect to the dirigible."

The regular contests did not begin until the afternoon, but Kennedy and I decided to make a day of it, and early the next morning we were speeding out to the park where the flights were being held.

We found Charles Norton, the inventor, anxiously at work with his mechanics in the big temporary shed that had been accorded him, and was dignified with the name of hangar.

"I knew you would come, Professor," he exclaimed, running forward to meet us.

"Of course," echoed Kennedy. "I'm too much interested in this invention of yours not to help you, Norton. You know what I've always thought of it—I've told you often that it is the most important advance since the original discovery by the Wrights that the aeroplane could be balanced by warping the planes."

"I'm just fixing up my third machine," said Norton. "If anything happens to it, I shall lose the prize, at least as far as this meet is concerned, for I don't believe I shall get my fourth and newest model from the makers in time. Anyhow, if I did I couldn't pay for it—I am ruined if I don't win that twenty-five-thousand-dollar Brooks Prize. And, besides, a couple of army men are coming to inspect my aeroplane and report to the War Department on it. I'd have stood a good chance of selling it, I think, if my flights here had been like the trials you saw. But, Kennedy," he added, and his face was drawn and tragic, "I'd drop the whole thing if I didn't know I was right. Two men dead—think of it. Why, even the newspapers are beginning to call me a cold, heartless, scientific crank to keep on. But I'll show them—this afternoon I'm going to fly myself. I'm not afraid to go anywhere I send my men. I'll die before I'll admit I'm beaten."

It was easy to see why Kennedy was fascinated by a man of Norton's type. Any

one would have been. It was not foolhardiness. It was dogged determination, faith in himself and in his own ability to triumph over every obstacle.

We now slowly entered the shed where two men were working over Norton's biplane. One of the men was a Frenchman, Jauriette, who had worked with Farman, a silent, dark-browed, weather-beaten fellow with a sort of sullen politeness. The other man was an American, Roy Sinclair, a tall, lithe, wiry chap with a seamed and furrowed face and a loose-jointed but very deft manner which marked him a born bird-man. Norton's third aviator, Humphreys, who was not to fly that day, much to his relief, was reading a paper in the back of the shed.

We were introduced to him, and he seemed to be a very companionable sort of fellow, though not given to talking.

"Mr. Norton," he said, after the introduction, "there's quite an account of your injunction against Delanne in this paper. It doesn't seem to be very friendly," he added, indicating the article.

Norton read it and frowned. "Humph! I'll show them yet that my application of the gyroscope is patentable. Delanne will put me into 'interference' in the patent office, as the lawyers call it, will he? Well, I filed a 'caveat' over a year and a half ago. If I'm wrong, he's wrong, and all gyroscope patents are wrong, and if I'm right, by George, I'm first in the field. That's so, isn't it?" he appealed to Kennedy.

Kennedy shrugged his shoulders non-committally, as if he had never heard of the patent office or the gyroscope in his life. The men were listening, whether or not from loyalty I could not tell.

"Let us see your gyroplane, I mean aeroscope—whatever it is you call it," asked Kennedy.

Norton took the cue. "Now you newspaper men are the first that I've allowed in here," he said. "Can I trust your word of honor not to publish a line except such as I O. K. after you write it?"

We promised.

As Norton directed, the mechanics wheeled the aeroplane out on the field in front of the shed. No one was about.

"Now this is the gyroscope," began Norton, pointing out a thing encased in an aluminum sheath, which weighed, all told, perhaps fourteen or fifteen pounds. "You see, the gyroscope is really a flywheel

mounted on gimbals and can turn on any of its axes so that it can assume any angle in space. When it's at rest like this you can turn it easily. But when set revolving it tends to persist always in the plane in which it was started rotating."

I took hold of it, and it did turn readily in any direction. I could feel the heavy little flywheel inside.

"There is a pretty high vacuum in that aluminum case," went on Norton. "There's very little friction on that account. The power to rotate the flywheel is obtained from this little dynamo here, run by the gas-engine which also turns the propellers of the aeroplane."

"But suppose the engine stops, how about the gyroscope?" I asked skeptically.

"It will go right on for several minutes. You know, the Brennan monorail car will stand up some time after the power is shut off. And I carry a small storage-battery that will run it for some time, too. That's all been guarded against."

Jaurette cranked the engine, a seven-cylindere affair, with the cylinders sticking out like the spokes of a wheel without a rim. The propellers turned so fast that I could not see the blades—turned with that strong, steady, fierce droning buzz that can be heard a long distance and which is a thrilling sound to hear. Norton reached over and attached the little dynamo, at the same time setting the gyroscope at its proper angle and starting it.

"This is the mechanical brain of my new flier," he remarked, patting the aluminum case lovingly. "You can look in through this little window in the case and see the flywheel inside revolving—ten thousand revolutions a minute. Press down on the gyroscope," he shouted to me.

As I placed both hands on the case of the apparently frail little instrument, he added, "You remember how easily you moved it just a moment ago."

I pressed down with all my might. Then I literally raised myself off my feet, and my whole weight was on the gyroscope. That uncanny little instrument seemed to resent—yes, that's the word, resent—my touch. It was almost human in the resentment, too. Far from yielding to me, it actually rose on the side I was pressing down!

The men who were watching me laughed at the puzzled look on my face.

I took my hands off, and the gyroscope

leisurely and nonchalantly went back to its original position.

"That's the property we use, applied to the rudder and the ailerons—those flat planes between the large main planes. That gives automatic stability to the machine," continued Norton. "I'm not going to explain how it is done—it is in the combination of the various parts that I have discovered the basic principle, and I'm not going to talk about it till the thing is settled by the courts. But it is there, and the court will see it, and I'll prove that Delanne is a fraud—a fraud when he says that my combination isn't patentable and isn't practicable even at that! The truth is that his device as it stands isn't practicable, and, besides, if he makes it so it infringes on mine. Would you like to take a flight with me?"

I looked at Kennedy, and a vision of the wreckage of the two previous accidents, as the *Star* photographer had snapped them, flashed across my mind. But Kennedy was too quick for me.

"Yes," he answered. "A short flight. No stunts."

We took our seats by Norton, I, at least, with some misgiving. Gently the machine rose into the air. The sensation was delightful. The fresh air of the morning came with a stinging rush to my face. Below I could see the earth sweeping past as if it were a moving-picture film. Above the continuous roar of the engine and propeller Norton indicated to Kennedy the automatic balancing of the gyroscope as it bent the ailerons.

"Could you fly in this machine without the gyroscope at all?" yelled Kennedy. The noise was deafening, conversation almost impossible. Though sitting side by side he had to repeat his remark twice to Norton.

"Yes," called back Norton. Reaching back of him, he pointed out the way to detach the gyroscope and put a sort of brake on it that stopped its revolutions almost instantly. "It's a ticklish job to change in the air," he shouted. "It can be done, but it's safer to land and do it."

The flight was soon over, and we stood admiring the machine while Norton expatiated on the compactness of his little dynamo.

"What have you done with the wrecks of the other machines?" inquired Kennedy at length.

The Terror in the Air

"They are stored in a shed down near the railroad station. They are just a mass of junk, though there are some parts that I can use, so I'll ship them back to the factory."

"Might I have a look at them?"

"Surely. I'll give you the key. Sorry I can't go myself, but I want to be sure everything is all right for my flight this afternoon."

It was a long walk over to the shed near the station, and, together with our examination of the wrecked machines, it took us the rest of the morning. Craig carefully turned over the wreckage. It seemed a hopeless quest to me, but I fancied that to him it merely presented new problems for his deductive and scientific mind.

"These gyroscopes are out of business for good," he remarked as he glanced at the dented and battered aluminum cases. "But there doesn't seem to be anything wrong with them except what would naturally happen in such accidents."

For my part I felt a sort of awe at the mass of wreckage in which Browne and Herrick had been killed. It was to me more than a tangled mass of wires and splinters. Two human lives had been snuffed out in it.

"The engines are a mass of scrap; see how the cylinders are bent and twisted," remarked Kennedy with great interest. "The gasoline-tank is intact, but dented out of shape. No explosion there. And look at this dynamo. Why, the wires in it are actually fused together. The insulation has been completely burned off."

Kennedy continued to regard the tangled mass thoughtfully for some time, then locked the door, and we strolled back to the grand stand on our side of the field. Already the crowd had begun to collect. Across the field we could see the various machines in front of their hangars with the men working on them. The buzz of the engines was wafted across by the light summer breeze as if a thousand cicadas had broken loose to predict warm weather.

Two machines were already in flight, a little yellow Demoiselle, scurrying around close to the earth like a frightened hen, and a Bleriot, high overhead, making slow and graceful turns like a huge bird.

Kennedy and I stopped before the little wireless telegraph station of the signal corps in front of the grand stand and watched the operator working over his instruments.

"There it is again," muttered the operator.

"What's the matter?" asked Kennedy. "Amateurs interfering with you?"

The man nodded a reply, shaking his head with the telephone-like receiver, viciously. He continued to adjust his apparatus.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed. "Yes, that fellow has been jamming me for the past two days off and on, every time I get ready to send or receive a message. Williams is going up with a Wright machine equipped with wireless apparatus in a minute, and this fellow won't get out of the way. By Jove, though, those are powerful impulses of his. Hear that crackling? I've never been interfered with so in my experience. Touch that screen door with your knife."

Kennedy did so, and elicited large sparks with quite a tingle of a shock.

"Yesterday and the day before it was so bad we had to give up attempting to communicate with Williams," continued the operator. "It was worse than trying to work in a thunder-shower. That's the time we get our troubles, when the air is overcharged with electricity, as it is now."

"That's interesting," remarked Kennedy.

"Interesting?" flashed back the operator, angrily noting the condition in his "log book." "Maybe it is, but I call it darned mean. It's almost like trying to work in a power station."

"Indeed?" queried Kennedy. "I beg your pardon—I was only looking at it from the purely scientific point of view. Who is it, do you suppose?"

"How do I know? Some amateur, I guess. No professional would butt in this way."

Kennedy took a leaf out of his note-book and wrote a short message to Norton.

"Detach your gyroscope and dynamo," it read. "Leave them in the hangar. Fly without them this afternoon, and see what happens. No use to try for the prize to-day. Kennedy."

We sauntered out on the open part of the field, back of the fence and to the side of the stands, and watched the fliers for a few moments. Three were in the air now, and I could see Norton and his men getting ready.

The boy with the message was going rapidly across the field. Kennedy was impatiently watching him. It was too far off to see just what they were doing, but as Norton seemed to get down out of his seat in the aeroplane when the boy arrived, and it was wheeled back into the shed, I gathered

that he was detaching the gyroscope and was going to make the flight without it, as Kennedy had requested.

In a few minutes it was again wheeled out. The crowd, which had been waiting especially to see Norton, applauded.

"Come, Walter," exclaimed Kennedy, "let's go up there on the roof of the stand where we can see better. There's a platform and railing, I see."

His pass allowed him to go anywhere on the field, so in a few moments we were up on the roof.

It was a fascinating vantage-point, and I was so deeply engrossed between watching the crowd below, the bird-men in the air, and the machines waiting across the field that I totally neglected to notice what Kennedy was doing. When I did, I saw that he had deliberately turned his back on the aviation field, and was anxiously scanning the country back of us.

"What are you looking for?" I asked.

"Turn around. I think Norton is just about to fly."

"Watch him then," answered Craig. "Tell me when he gets in the air."

Just then Norton's aeroplane rose gently from the field. A wild shout of applause came from the people below us, at the heroism of the man who dared to fly this new and apparently fated machine. It was succeeded by a breathless, deathly calm, as if after the first burst of enthusiasm the crowd had suddenly realized the danger of the intrepid aviator. Would Norton add a third to the fatalities of the meet?

Suddenly Kennedy jerked my arm. "Walter, look over there across the road back of us—at the old weather-beaten barn. I mean the one next to that yellow house. What do you see?"

"Nothing, except that on the peak of the roof there is a pole that looks like the short stub of a small wireless mast. I should say there was a boy connected with that barn,



The men were tearing frantically at the tangled framework, trying to lift it off Norton, who lay pale and motionless, pinned under it

a boy who has read a book on wireless for beginners."

"Maybe," said Kennedy. "But is that all you see? Look up in the little window of the gable, the one with the closed shutter."

I looked carefully. "It seems to me that I saw a gleam of something bright at the top of the shutter, Craig," I ventured. "A spark or a flash."

"It must be a bright spark, for the sun is shining brightly," mused Craig.

"Oh, maybe it's the small boy with a looking-glass. I can remember when I used to get behind such a window and shine a glass into the darkened room of my neighbors across the street."

I had really said that half in raillery, for I was at a loss to account in any other way for the light, but I was surprised to see how eagerly Craig accepted it.

"Perhaps you are right, in a way," he assented. "I guess it isn't a spark, after all. Yes, it must be the reflection of the sun on a piece of glass—the angles are just about right for it. Anyhow it caught my eye. Still, I believe that barn will bear watching."

Whatever his suspicions, Craig kept them to himself, and we descended. At the same time Norton gently dropped back to earth in front of his hangar, not ten feet from the spot where he started. The applause was deafening, as the machine was again wheeled into the shed safely.

Kennedy and I pushed through the crowd to the wireless operator.

"How's she working?" inquired Craig.

"Rotten," replied the operator sullenly. "It was worse than ever about five minutes ago. It's much better now, almost normal again."

Just then the messenger-boy, who had been hunting through the crowd for us, handed Kennedy a note. It was merely a scrawl from Norton:

"Everything seems fine. Am going to try her next with the gyroscope. NORTON."

"Boy," exclaimed Craig, "has Mr. Norton a telephone?"

"No, sir, only that hangar at the end has a telephone."

"Well, you run across that field as fast as your legs can carry you and tell him if he values his life not to do it."

"Not to do what, sir?"

"Don't stand there, youngster. Run! Tell him not to fly with that gyroscope.

There's a five-spot in it if you get over there before he starts."

Even as he spoke the Norton aeroplane was wheeled out again. In a minute Norton had climbed up into his seat and was testing the levers.

Would the boy reach him in time? He was half across the field, waving his arms like mad. But apparently Norton and his men were too engrossed in their machine to pay any attention.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Craig. "He's going to try it. Run, boy, run!" he cried, although the boy was now far out of hearing.

Across the field we could hear now the quick staccato chug-chug of the engine. Slowly Norton's aeroplane, this time really equipped with the gyroscope, rose from the field and circled over toward us. Craig frantically signaled to him to come down, but of course Norton could not have seen him in the crowd. As for the crowd, they looked askance at Kennedy, as if he had taken leave of his senses.

I heard the wireless operator cursing the way his receiver was acting.

Higher and higher Norton went in one spiral after another, those spirals which his gyroscope had already made famous.

The man with the megaphone in front of the judges' stand announced in hollow tones that Mr. Norton had given notice that he would try for the Brooks Prize for stationary equilibrium.

Kennedy and I stood speechless, helpless, appalled.

Slower and slower went the aeroplane. It seemed to hover just like the big mechanical bird that it was.

Kennedy was anxiously watching the judges with one eye and Norton with the other. A few in the crowd could no longer restrain their applause. I remember that the wireless back of us was spluttering and crackling like mad.

All of a sudden a groan swept over the crowd. Something was wrong with Norton. His aeroplane was swooping downward at a terrific rate. Would he be able to control it? I held my breath and gripped Kennedy by the arm. Down, down came Norton, frantically fighting by main strength, it seemed to me, to warp the planes so that their surface might catch the air and check his descent.

"He's trying to detach the gyroscope," whispered Craig hoarsely.

The football helmet which Norton wore blew off and fell more rapidly than the plane. I shut my eyes. But Kennedy's next exclamation caused me quickly to open them again.

"He'll make it, after all!"

Somehow Norton had regained partial control of his machine, but it was still swooping down at a tremendous pace toward the level center of the field.

There was a crash as it struck the ground in a cloud of dust.

With a leap Kennedy had cleared the fence and was running toward Norton. Two men from the judges' stand were ahead of us, but except for them we were the first to reach him. The men were tearing frantically at the tangled framework, trying to lift it off Norton, who lay pale and motionless, pinned under it. The machine was not so badly damaged, after all, but that together we could lift it bodily off him.

A doctor ran out from the crowd and hastily put his ear to Norton's chest. No one spoke, but we all scanned the doctor's face anxiously.

"Just stunned—he'll be all right in a moment. Get some water," he said.

Kennedy pulled my arm. "Look at the gyroscope dynamo," he whispered.

I looked. Like the other two which we had seen, it also was a wreck. The insulation was burned off the wires, the wires were fused together, and the storage-battery looked as if it had been burned out.

A flicker of the eyelid, and Norton seemed to regain some degree of consciousness. He was living over again the ages that had passed during the seconds of his terrible fall.

"Will they never stop? Oh, those sparks, those sparks! I can't disconnect it. Sparks, more sparks—will they never—" So he rambled on. It was fearsome to hear him.

But Kennedy was now sure that Norton was safe and in good hands, and he hurried back in the direction of the grand stand. I followed. Flying was over for that day, and the people were filing slowly out toward the railroad station where the special trains were waiting. We stopped at the wireless station for a moment.

"Is it true that Norton will recover?" inquired the operator.

"Yes. He was only stunned, thank Heaven! Did you keep a record of the antics of your receiver since I saw you last?"

"Yes, sir. And I made a copy for you. By the way, it's working all right now when I don't want it. If Williams was only in the air now I'd give you a good demonstration of communicating with an aeroplane."

Kennedy thanked him for the record and carefully folded it. Joining the crowd, we pushed our way out, but instead of going down to the station with them, Kennedy turned toward the barn and the yellow house.

For some time we waited about casually, but nothing occurred. At length Kennedy walked up to the shed. The door was closed and double padlocked. He knocked, but there was no answer.

Just then a man appeared on the porch of the yellow house. Seeing us, he beckoned. As we approached he shouted, "He's gone for the day!"

"Has he a city address—any place I could reach him to-night?" asked Craig.

"I don't know. He hired the barn from me for two weeks and paid in advance. He told me if I wanted to address him the best way was 'Dr. K. Lamar, General Delivery, New York City.'"

"Ah, then I suppose I had better write to him," said Kennedy, apparently much gratified to learn the name. "I presume he'll be taking away his apparatus soon?"

"Can't say. There's enough of it. Cy Smith—he's in the electric light company up to the village—says the doctor has used a powerful lot of current. He's good pay, though he's awful close-mouthed. Flying's over for to-day, ain't it? Was that feller much hurt?"

"No, he'll be all right to-morrow. I think he'll fly again. The machine's in pretty good condition. He's bound to win that prize. Good-by."

As he walked away I remarked, "How do you know Norton will fly again?"

"I don't," answered Kennedy, "but I think that either he or Humphreys will. I wanted to see that this Lamar believes it anyhow. By the way, Walter, do you think you could grab a wire here and 'phone in a story to the *Star* that Norton isn't much hurt and will probably be able to fly to-morrow? Try to get the City News Association, too, so that all the papers will have it. I don't care about risking the general delivery—perhaps Lamar won't call for any mail, but he certainly will read the papers. Put it in the form of an interview with Norton—I'll see that it is all right and that there

The Terror in the Air

is no come-back. Norton will stand for it when I tell him my scheme."

I caught the *Star* just in time for the last edition, and some of the other papers that had later editions also had the story. Of course all the morning papers had it.

Norton spent the night in the Mineola Hospital. He didn't really need to stay, but the doctor said it would be best in case some internal injury had been overlooked. Meanwhile Kennedy took charge of the hangar where the injured machine was. The men had been in a sort of panic; Humphreys could not be found, and the only reason, I think, why the two mechanics stayed was because something was due them on their pay.

Kennedy wrote them out personal checks for their respective amounts, but dated them two days ahead to insure their staying. He threw off all disguise now and with authority from Norton directed the repairing of the machine. Fortunately it was in pretty good condition. The broken part was the skids, not the essential parts of the machine. As for the gyroscope, there were plenty of them and another dynamo, and it was a very simple thing to replace the old one that had been destroyed.

Sinclair worked with a will, far past his regular hours. Jaurette also worked, though one could hardly say with a will. In fact, most of the work was done by Sinclair and Kennedy, with Jaurette sullenly grumbling, mostly in French under his breath. I did not like the fellow and was suspicious of him. I thought I noticed that Kennedy did not allow him to do much of the work, either, though that may have been for the reason that Kennedy never asked anyone to help him who seemed unwilling.

"There," exclaimed Craig about ten o'clock. "If we want to get back to the city in any kind of time to-night we had better quit. Sinclair, I think you can finish repairing these skids in the morning."

We locked up the hangar and hurried across to the station. It was late when we arrived in New York, but Kennedy insisted on posting off up to his laboratory, leaving me to run down to the *Star* office to make sure that our story was all right for the morning papers.

I did not see him until morning, when a large touring-car drove up. Kennedy routed me out of bed. In the tonneau of the car was a huge package carefully wrapped up.

"Something I worked on for a couple of hours last night," explained Craig, patting it. "If this doesn't solve the problem then I'll give it up."

I was burning with curiosity, but somehow, by a perverse association of ideas, I merely reproached Kennedy for not taking enough rest.

"Oh," he smiled. "If I hadn't been working last night, Walter, I couldn't have rested at all for thinking about it."

When we arrived at the field Norton was already there with his head bandaged. I thought him a little pale, but otherwise all right. Jaurette was sulking, but Sinclair had finished the repairs and was busily engaged in going over every bolt and wire. Humphreys had sent word that he had another offer and had not shown up.

"We must find him," exclaimed Kennedy. "I want him to make a flight to-day. His contract calls for it."

"I can do it, Kennedy," asserted Norton. "See, I'm all right."

He picked up two pieces of wire and held them at arm's length, bringing them together, tip to tip, in front of him just to show us how he could control his nerves.

"And I'll be better yet by this afternoon," he added. "I can do that stunt with the points of pins then."

Kennedy shook his head gravely, but Norton insisted, and finally Kennedy agreed to give up wasting time trying to locate Humphreys. After that he and Norton had a long whispered conference in which Kennedy seemed to be unfolding a scheme.

"I understand," said Norton at length, "you want me to put this sheet-lead cover over the dynamo and battery first. Then you want me to take the cover off, and also to detach the gyroscope, and to fly without using it. Is that it?"

"Yes," assented Craig. "I will be on the roof of the grand stand. The signal will be three waves of my hat repeated till I see you get it."

After a quick luncheon we went up to our vantage-point. On the way Kennedy had spoken to the head of the Pinkertons engaged by the management for the meet, and had also dropped in to see the wireless operator to ask him to send up a messenger if he saw the same phenomena as he had observed the day before.

On the roof Kennedy took from his pocket a little instrument with a needle which



"Lamar," shouted Kennedy, drawing a pistol, "one motion of your hand and you are a dead man. Stand still—where you are. You are caught red-handed."

trembled back and forth over a dial. It was nearing the time for the start of the day's flying, and the aeroplanes were getting ready. Kennedy was calmly biting a cigar, casting occasional glances at the needle as it oscillated. Suddenly, as Williams rose in the Wright machine, the needle swung quickly and pointed straight at the aviation field, vibrating through a small arc, back and forth.

"The operator is getting his apparatus ready to signal to Williams," remarked Craig. "This is an apparatus called an odometer. It tells you the direction and something of the magnitude of the Hertzian waves used in wireless."

Five or ten minutes passed. Norton was getting ready to fly. I could see through my field-glass that he was putting some-

The Terror in the Air

thing over his gyroscope and over the dynamo, but could not quite make out what it was. His machine seemed to leap up in the air as if eager to redeem itself. Norton with his white-bandaged head was the hero of the hour. No sooner had his aeroplane got up over the level of the trees than I heard a quick exclamation from Craig.

"Look at the needle, Walter!" he cried. "As soon as Norton got into the air it shot around directly opposite to the wireless station, and now it is pointing—"

We raised our eyes in the direction which it indicated. It was precisely in line with the weather-beaten barn.

I gasped. What did it mean? Did it mean in some way another accident to Norton—perhaps fatal this time? Why had Kennedy allowed him to try it to-day when there was even a suspicion that some nameless terror was abroad in the air? Quickly I turned to see if Norton was all right. Yes, there he was, circling above us in a series of wide spirals, climbing up, up. Now he seemed almost to stop, to hover motionless. He was motionless. His engine had been cut out, and I could see his propeller stopped. He was riding as a ship rides on the ocean.

A boy ran up the ladder to the roof. Kennedy unfolded the note and shoved it into my hands. It was from the operator.

"Wireless out of business again. Curse that fellow who is butting in. Am keeping record," was all it said.

I shot a glance of inquiry at Kennedy, but he was paying no attention now to anything but Norton. He held his watch in his hand.

"Walter," he ejaculated as he snapped it shut, "it has now been seven minutes and a half since he stopped his propeller. The Brooks Prize calls for five minutes only. Norton has exceeded it fifty per cent. Here goes."

With his hat in his hand he waved three times and stopped. Then he repeated the process.

At the third time the aeroplane seemed to give a start. The propeller began to revolve, Norton starting it on the compression successfully. Slowly he circled down again. Toward the end of the descent he stopped the engine and volplaned, or coasted, to the ground, landing gently in front of his hangar.

A wild cheer rose into the air from the crowd below us. All eyes were riveted on the activity about Norton's biplane. They

were doing something to it. Whatever it was, it was finished in a minute and the men were standing again at a respectful distance from the propellers. Again Norton was in the air. As he rose above the field Kennedy gave a last glance at his odometer and sprang down the ladder. I followed closely. Back of the crowd he hurried, down the walk to the entrance near the railroad station. The man in charge of the Pinkertons was at the gate with two other men, apparently waiting.

"Come on!" shouted Craig.

We four followed him as fast as we could. He turned in at the lane running up to the yellow house, so as to approach the barn from the rear, unobserved.

"Quietly, now," he cautioned.

We were now at the door of the barn. A curious crackling, snapping noise issued. Craig gently tried the door. It was bolted on the inside. As many of us as could threw ourselves like a human catapult against it. It yielded.

Inside I saw a sheet of flame fifteen or twenty feet long—it was a veritable artificial bolt of lightning. A man with a telescope had been peering out the window, but now was facing us in surprise.

"Lamar," shouted Kennedy, drawing a pistol, "one motion of your hand and you are a dead man. Stand still—where you are. You are caught red-handed."

The rest of us shrank back in momentary fear of the gigantic forces of nature which seemed let loose in the room. The thought, in my mind at least, was, Suppose this arch-fiend should turn his deadly power on us?

Kennedy saw us from the corner of his eye. "Don't be afraid," he said with just a curl to his lip. "I've seen all this before. It won't hurt you. It's a high frequency current. The man has simply appropriated the invention of Mr. Nikola Tesla. Seize him. He won't struggle. I've got him covered."

Two burly Pinkertons leaped forward gingerly into the midst of the electrical apparatus, and in less time than it takes to write it Lamar was hustled out to the doorway, each arm pinioned back of him.

As we stood, half dazed by the suddenness of the turn of events, Kennedy hastily explained: "Tesla's theory is that under certain conditions the atmosphere, which is normally a high insulator, assumes conducting properties and so becomes capable of

conveying any amount of electrical energy. I myself have seen electrical oscillations such as these in this room of such intensity that while they could be circulated with impunity through one's arms and chest they would melt wires farther along in the circuit. Yet the person through whom such a current is passing feels no inconvenience. I have seen a loop of heavy copper wire energized by such oscillations and a mass of metal within the loop heated to the fusing point, and yet into the space in which this destructive aerial turmoil was going on I have repeatedly thrust my hand and even my head, without feeling anything or experiencing any injurious after-effect. In this form all the energy of all the dynamos of Niagara could pass through one's body and yet produce no injury. But, diabolically directed, this vast energy has been used by this man to melt the wires in the little dynamo that runs Norton's gyroscope. That is all. Now to the aviation field. I have something more to show you."

We hurried as fast as we could up the street and straight out on the field, across toward the Norton hangar, the crowd gaping in wonderment. Kennedy waved frantically for Norton to come down, and Norton, who was only a few hundred feet in the air, seemed to see and understand.

As we stood waiting before the hangar Kennedy could no longer restrain his impatience.

"I suspected some wireless-power trick when I found that the field wireless telegraph failed to work every time Norton's aeroplane was in the air," he said, approaching close to Lamar. "I just happened to catch sight of that peculiar wireless mast of yours. A little flash of light first attracted my attention to it. I thought it was an electric spark, but you are too clever for that, Lamar. Still, you forgot a much simpler thing. It was the glint of the sun on the lens of your telescope as you were watching Norton that betrayed you."

Lamar said nothing.

"I'm glad to say you had no confederate in the hangar here," continued Craig. "At first I suspected it. Anyhow, you succeeded pretty well single handed, two lives lost and two machines wrecked. Norton flew

all right yesterday when he left his gyroscope and dynamo behind, but when he took them along you were able to fuse the wires in the dynamo—you pretty nearly succeeded in adding his name to those of Browne and Herrick."

The whir of Norton's machine told us he was approaching. We scattered to give him space enough to choose the spot where he would alight. As the men caught his machine to steady it, he jumped lightly to the ground.

"Where's Kennedy?" he asked, and then, without waiting for a reply, he exclaimed: "Queerest thing I ever saw up there. The dynamo wasn't protected by the sheet-lead shield in this flight as in the first to-day. I hadn't risen a hundred feet before I happened to hear the darndest sputtering in the dynamo. Look, boys, the insulation is completely burned off the wires, and the wires are nearly all fused together."

"So it was in the other two wrecked machines," added Kennedy, coming coolly forward. "If you hadn't had everything protected by those shields I gave you in your first flight to-day you would have simply repeated your fall of yesterday—perhaps fatally. This fellow has been directing the full strength of his wireless high-tension electricity straight at you all the time."

"What fellow?" demanded Norton.

The two Pinkertons shoved Lamar forward. Norton gave a contemptuous look at him. "Delanne," he said, "I knew you were a crook when you tried to infringe on my patent, but I didn't think you were coward enough to resort to—to murder."

Lamar, or rather Delanne, shrank back as if even the protection of his captors was safety compared to the threatening advance of Norton toward him.

"Pouff!" exclaimed Norton, turning suddenly on his heel. "What a fool I am! The law will take care of such scoundrels as you. What's the grand stand cheering for now?" he asked, looking across the field in an effort to regain his self-control.

A boy from one of the hangars down the line spoke up from the back of the crowd in a shrill, piping voice. "You have been awarded the Brooks Prize, sir," he said.

The next mystery story, "*The Black Hand*," will appear in the September issue.



Brigadier-General Peter C. Hains, who, as a lieutenant in command of a 30-pounder Parrott rifle, fired the first shot in the battle of Bull Run

The First Gun at Bull Run

By General Peter C. Hains, U.S.A.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—General Hains is one of the few surviving officers who took part in the first battle of Bull Run. He was a lieutenant at the time, and was in command of a 30-pounder Parrott rifle with which he fired the shot that started the battle. In the following article General Hains tells his personal experiences in what was the first really important clash between the opposing forces of the North and South

“**A** FINE crop, a fine crop, Mr. Secretary!”

These were the words with which Abraham Lincoln greeted us that memorable 25th of June, 1861, the day after we had arrived at the capital from West Point. We were mustered in in the old Wilder Building, opposite the War Department. The President had done us the honor to come over and shake hands with each individual of us. There were thirty-six officers that day, all young men or almost “boys,” for I was not quite twenty-one.

“Just like we had been raised on the farm,” grinned Custer, but that dashing young soldier, soon to be a major-general, was mightily pleased, as were we all, for Mr. Lincoln had not often taken the trouble to go to his officers—he usually sent for them to come to him.

We were handed our commissions. I was appointed a lieutenant and assigned to

Seymour's battery of the Second Regular Artillery.

At once we were all put to drilling troops, raw troops. There were many of them, thousands of men who knew no more about war than—well, than we did, and who knew less about drills and formations. We had had the best the world afforded in the way of training. We had graduated from West Point, and a man from that institution at that time was a very valuable possession to the government. Men were there who were fiery to become soldiers and who hardly knew the difference between a rifle and a broom-stick. It was hard work for a couple of weeks.

I was assigned to train a gun-crew over at what is now known as Fort Myer, Virginia, just across the river from Washington. It was a great gun—a thirty-pounder Parrott rifle, drawn by ten horses as green as could be, horses from the farm that had not been

trained even to pull together. There were five riders or drivers, one man to each pair, and six men rode on the caisson and limber as cannoneers. Two wagons followed, carrying the ammunition. Some two hundred men were attached to the gun to escort it, to help it along, and to render whatever aid I needed. In all two hundred and fifty men filed out with the gun in July when I received orders to report to General Tyler at Alexandria, Virginia.

It had been a hot summer. The roads were dry and in good condition. We started off with high hearts, knowing that soon we were to meet the enemy.

THE GUN THAT FIRED THE FIRST SHOT

I well remember how the men loved that huge gun. It was amazing. The piece weighed six thousand pounds; a huge casting reinforced by a breech band to stand the strain of the discharge. The shot was more than four inches in diameter and over a foot in length, weighing about thirty-three pounds. Upon the rear of the projectile was shrunk a soft metal band with a hollow opening about a sixteenth of an inch wide all round the base. The gas from the discharge was expected to fill this opening and swell the band to make it take the rifling of the gun. It generally did so, and when one remembers the crudeness of artillery at that time it is wonderful how accurately we could shoot with such a gun at a range of a mile or more. The men had great confidence in it. I have seen them come to it and pat its breech affectionately. "Good old boy, you'll make 'em sit up—just wait a bit," they would say. They had an idea that that great gun would win the cause of the Union. And how they would struggle with it on the hard places! It was all very human, very touching, and after all these years the memory of it almost brings tears.

We sallied forth. The roads promised much, and at first the gun behaved very well indeed. But we soon came to a hill. The ten horses threw themselves into their collars. The gun started up a bit, then the pace slowed, paused, and—then the giant gun began slowly to drift backward down the grade. We quickly blocked the wheels, as there were no brakes. I rode up and down the line, cheering on the men. The drivers yelled, and lashed their horses; the ten animals strained and tugged—but the gun remained motionless.

"Get out the prolonges," I ordered, and these lines, of about three-inch rope and knotted together to about a hundred feet in length, were quickly hooked to the axle of the gun. Two hundred men instantly trailed onto them. With wild yells and cheers they started that gun forward, the ten horses and two hundred men soon dragging it upward to the crest. It was great. And most of us were very young indeed.

A SIX-THOUSAND-POUND RUNAWAY

But arriving upon the crest of the hill was not the climax at all. There was the other side of the question—to go down that hill. Without resting, away they went. At first the gun followed gently. Then it began to gain headway. After a hundred feet it began to push my good wheelers a bit, and they crowded upon the forward horses. Six thousand pounds on wheels had started down the grade. Away the line went, and before they arrived at the foot the wheel-horses were galloping frantically for their very lives, with that monstrous engine of destruction thundering after them with a rumbling roar and a cloud of dust. But no one even grinned. It was as it should be, and my gallant team kept up the desperate pace until the leveling roadway slowed down the wild chase. Covered with dust and foam, the horses recovered themselves a mile farther on, while the two hundred men, myself among them, came panting in the rear.

GETTING INTO LINE AT BULL RUN

We arrived all right in Alexandria and reported. General Tyler was to be sent down the turnpike toward Centreville, and we were ordered to the front at once. Before the seventeenth of July we arrived at Blackburn's Ford and went into camp to await the disposition of the army, facing the stream called Bull Run. Here I had my first experience with the raw volunteers. There was never a moment's peace, day or night. The slightest noise after dark brought forth a rifle shot from any one of these men who happened to be nervous and overwatchful. Horses were shot, mules killed as they grazed. Nine men were shot in one day by the carelessness, or rather the ignorance, of the men who had for the first time in their lives borne arms. I saw one man take his loaded musket and strike with the butt at some very enticing apples above



FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE

The old stone church at Centreville, Va., and the road along which the Federal troops marched on the eve of Bull Run. Late into the night the soldiers, mostly boys from New

his head in an orchard. Before I could yell at him he had shot himself through the thigh, the lock of the gun catching in the branches. It was very discouraging, but we were new, young, and in youth there is never any pessimism in the face of great undertakings.

General Tyler, commanding the first division, was to hold the center of the line along the road leading to the stone bridge, and I was, of course, to get my gun in position there. "Three shots at daylight will be the signal for the fight to begin," came the word, and as my giant gun was the loudest speaker of the whole united armies



FROM THE HERBERT COLLECTION

Irvin McDowell

CIVIL WAR (C) REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.

England and the Middle States, marched through here, confidently expecting to end secession on the morrow. The church was used as a hospital after the battle

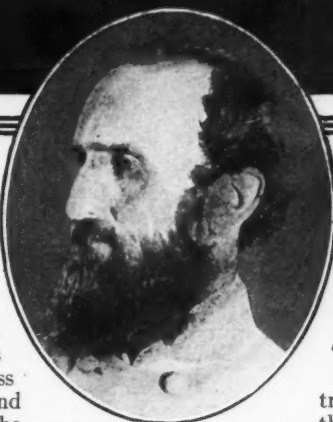
it was chosen for that sacred duty. I would open the fight between the armies of the North and South.

As a detached piece the huge Parrott was still under my immediate command, although it was part of Carlisle's battery. I was ordered down the road during the night, and with the rest of the dispositions, made ready for work. Some regiments were slow in getting to their designations, and Sunday, the 21st of July, dawned, hot and sultry. But the order to fire was still withheld. The night marches of the troops had not refreshed them any,



FROM THE COLLECTION OF

Where Jackson won the name "Stonewall." Seeing General Bee's troops breaking, he rushed a battery to a ridge behind this house and checked the Federals until Bee.



FROM THE MESSERS COLLECTION

Stonewall Jackson

FREDERICK H. MESSERS, EDG.

exclaiming: "See, there is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Rally on the Virginians!" had made a new stand in his rear. Bee was soon killed in a charge

and they were slow. I unlimbered the gun and waited. It was loaded with a percussion shell and was trained upon a house across Bull Run at about a mile and a half range. The size of the house told me plainly that it was some general's headquarters, but of course at the time I had no definite knowledge just whose it was. It was sufficient that it stood out large and white, a target for my gun which I could hardly miss.

At a little after six o'clock on as peaceful-appearing a Sabbath morning as that countryside ever knew, the order came. I

sighted the rifle carefully, and the men grinned their delight. Then I stood back. "Fire!" came the order.

Across the little stream, true to its destination, sped that first shot. I saw it strike fairly upon the side of the house, and the smoke and dust

that followed told of its excellent work. General Alexander, of Beauregard's army, tells of the effects of that shot in his report, and he describes the consternation of the officers and men as a giant shell came crashing among them from somewhere far across the Run and away beyond any range they had deemed possible. I followed that shot

The First Gun at Bull Run

with two others, and the signal had been given to McDowell's army that they were to begin hostilities. The first big battle of the Civil War had begun.

ORDERS THAT WERE NOT OBEYED

We pulled out to the right and unlimbered again in a field a short distance from the road. The gun was simply impossible to move when it came to rough or plowed ground. The ten horses were powerless, and my two hundred men had now gone back to their regiment, leaving me with but eleven to work it. Every few minutes that hot morning orders came: "Bring the gun up here—this is the place for it," or "Send the gun over to that rise where it can do so and so"; all equally impossible. I received not less than a score of orders, not more than three of which I could obey by any possible chance. I finally went into action to the right of the road and began firing at the masses of Confederate infantry that showed now and again across Bull Run. The country being mostly open and of a rolling nature, I could often get a good shot in, and those shells certainly made things uncomfortable wherever they struck. The piece was amazingly accurate, and all I wanted was to see something to fire at.

As the morning wore on, the roar to the right began to increase. The rolling crash of rifle-firing was increased by the thunder of heavy guns as Ricketts's and Griffin's batteries went into action. It was here that the heaviest fighting occurred. I could not quite see them, as they were a mile and a half distant and behind a rise. The Confederate six-pounders added their roar to the bang of the twelve-pounder howitzers, and the battle became general all along the right. Every now and then I would punctuate the general din with a thirty-pounder shell or shrapnel.

SILENCING A CONFEDERATE BATTERY

A battery of Confederate six-pounders opened upon me at about nine hundred yards across the Run—rather two guns of the battery, for that was all I could make out. We began at once to work upon them. A few shrapnel placed carefully among them stirred them up, and their fire slackened. Then we hammered them hard with repeated shots, and before the hour was out they were either destroyed or had dragged their tiny guns out of action.

A FALSE ALARM OF VICTORY

Before noon the battle was raging to the right. Ricketts's battery was taken and retaken. Griffin's battery fought on. The Confederates were slowly being pushed back all along the right flank, and McDowell had every reason to feel that the day was growing bright with hope. We were again ordered to advance, and I pushed farther to the front. We now shelled the woods and cover which held Stonewall Jackson's men and others, but got little results, owing to the great distance. Richardson's brigade, of Tyler's division advanced to the stone bridge along the Centreville road, and the fighting about the Matthews house was growing better for us. By one o'clock we had done all we could, and the firing for us was nearly over, as there was no chance to take an active part in the advance. Officers began to congratulate themselves. The talk among the men was that we had won the day.

JOHNSTON TO THE RESCUE!

But our men failed to hold the stone bridge. They were driven back. The men from Sherman's brigade and others who had crossed the Run began to come back over the stone bridge. And then slowly began a heavy fire upon the right. The roar of the musketry grew more furious, and the cannonade from Ricketts's guns began to wane. General Joseph E. Johnston had arrived from the Valley with ten thousand fresh troops, and had thrown them in person in to the support of Beauregard's left flank. He led them on, and the uproar began to take a different turn. Word came flashing along that our right had given way. Before three o'clock the loss of Ricketts's battery and Griffin's guns was known all along the line. We were being driven back. The ten thousand fresh men were too much for the tired soldiers who had suffered severely from the intense heat of the day and the exhaustion of the march of the night before. They were green troops. They could not stand the extra strain.

Between what is now the village of Thornton and the Matthews house the battle was raging, and our men were beginning to break badly. I had received no orders to pull out, and remained silent there, waiting for developments, hoping with a desperate hope that we might at least be able to form



DRAWN BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"Get out the prolongs," I ordered, when the gun refused to budge, and these lines were quickly hooked to the axle of the gun, . . . the ten horses and two hundred men soon dragging it upward to the crest"

The First Gun at Bull Run

a rearguard action with that gun and hold the Confederates back. Late in the afternoon General McDowell came riding up.

"What are you doing there with that gun?" he asked me.

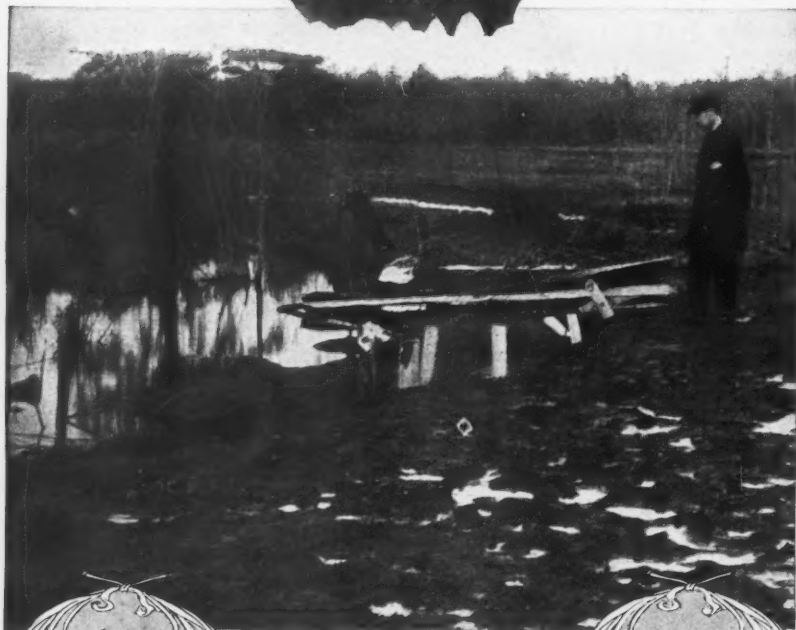
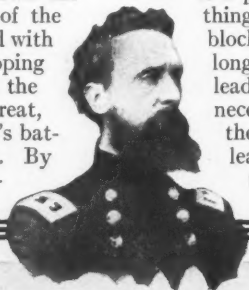
"Awaiting orders, sir," I answered.

"Get it out, get it out quick," he said and rode on.

We hitched up the ten horses. The two faithful wheelers, who had shown the only training to pull together of the whole team, were now fresh, and with desperate lunge and frantic whipping we finally got the gun back on the road. Then we began the retreat, attached to the rear of Carlisle's battery, which was now in the road. By this time everything was in con-

fusion. The road was massed with all sorts of débris, wagons, guns, knapsacks, clothing, and everything that a green man sheds quickly in the desperate heat of a day when panic has its cold hand upon his heart. We moved very slowly, and Carlisle's guns pulled away. Before going far our wagons of ammunition also pulled ahead, leaving us alone with the gun. Whenever we came

to a place where we had to pull anything like a bit crooked, owing to a block in the road, we found that the long team would not work. The leaders would pull, but the pull must necessarily be in a straight line, and the long stretch from wheeler to leader made it almost impossible to move. The team could not



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE COLLECTION OF
FREDERICK H. SEIBERT, NYC

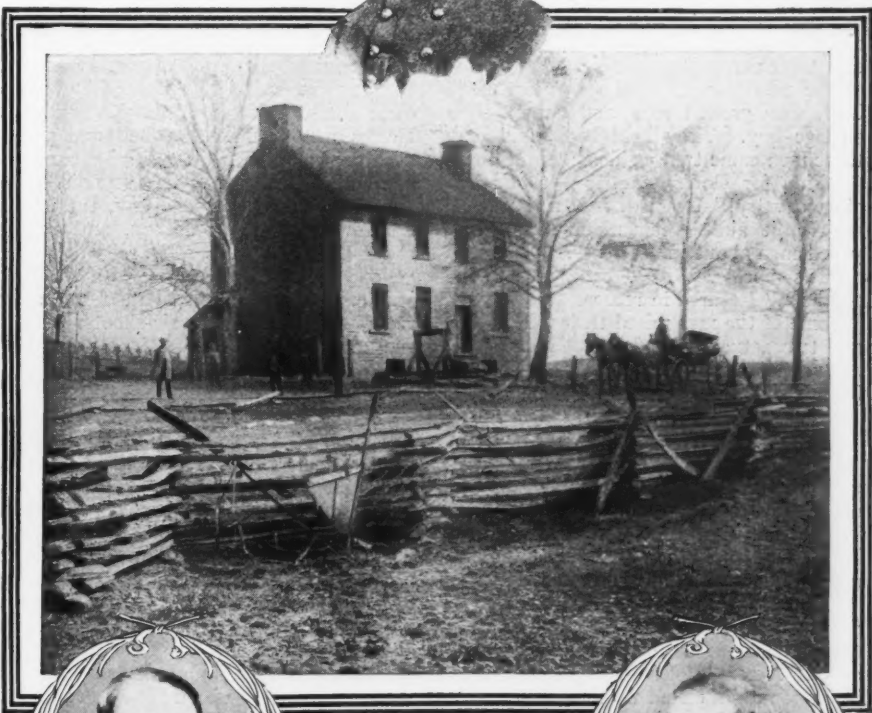
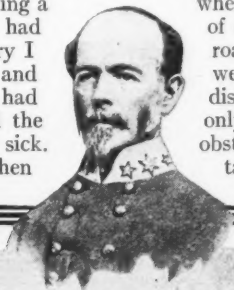
A line of slabs marking graves of Union dead hastily buried, after the battle of Bull Run, near the little stream that gave its name to the first real clash of arms between the North and the South, July 21, 1861. Portraits: George Sykes (top), Charles Griffin (left), and James Ricketts

pull upon a curve, but must, of course, pull dead away from the gun.

We gradually managed to get along after a fashion, and late in the day came to a house where at least a thousand men had gathered to search for water. The mass of soldiers crowded about a well a short distance from the road, almost frantic for a drink because of the heat and dust.

All that day my head had been almost bursting from a headache following a serious attack of dysentery. I had been told that to cure dysentery I should eat blackberry leaves, and with youthful trustfulness I had eaten plenty of them. It cured the dysentery, but made me very sick. I was fairly reeling with pain when

the fight opened, and only the intense desire for conflict and the resultant excitement had made me capable of performing duties that day. I was now suffering from thirst as much as a mortal man apparently could, and I let the gun go slowly along while I joined the crowd about the well and waited for my turn to get water. I finally succeeded in drinking nearly half a bucketful, and stood by, panting and much refreshed, when I noticed a couple of squadrons of cavalry forming right across the road in the field opposite. They were not more than thirty yards distant and were separated from us only by a rail-fence, which was no obstacle at all. I could hear them talking among the ranks, and



FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR
(C) PATENT PUBLISHING CO.—PORTRAITS FROM
THE REBENTH COLLECTION

Where the "Lost Cause" was almost lost at Bull Run. The Confederates had been driven back more than a mile, and the Federals felt that the day was won. But Johnston came, and victory changed sides.

—Portraits: Joseph E. Johnston (top), Edward Alexander (left), and Pierre Beauregard

The First Gun at Bull Run

heard their leader, a man with a dark beard, give orders. He was dressing them into line with accuracy and precision, and was not at all hurried in his words or movements. My gun had drifted along, and a section of Captain Romeyn Ayres's battery, consisting of two guns commanded by Lieutenant Kirby, came rapidly up the road and was just abreast of me, when it stopped and began to unlimber with feverish haste.

A LIFE-AND-DEATH CALL "TO ARMS!"

While I looked I suddenly became aware that the cavalry a few yards distant was not Union cavalry. The leader was dressing the line preparing for some work, and then like a flash it dawned upon me that the work was to destroy us men gathered around that well.

"Fall in here! Fall in, men! Rally about me, quick—that's rebel cavalry!" I said to the crowding soldiers.

The men were not willing to do much. They were green troops, and I was only a strange boy. They held back, and only three men came to my side.

"Fire, for God's sake, fire—that's Virginia cavalry!" I yelled, now furious.

"No, it ain't—they's our own men," yelled men about me in reply.

"It's rebel cavalry—I order you to fire on them," I roared in return.

Some of the men raised their rifles to fire, and two actually did fire, but hit no one. Above the murmur I heard the order come from Kirby,

"Canister—double charges."

Then, after a few moments,

"Fire!"

"Bang! bang!" The two shots rang out, one right after the other.

"Oh, fire, fire, you infernal fools, fire!" I yelled again, and tried to rally the crowd and form some kind of a fighting line.

The uproar now grew. Men shouted to fire, men shouted not to fire, and some of those about me fired at the cavalry with effect. A couple of saddles were emptied. Their comrades closed up the gaps quickly, and their leader, still dressing them into line, roared out his orders. I drew my revolver and fired at the nearest men on horseback. My example encouraged the crowd about me, and those who had rifles began to use them. Above the uproar and confusion came Kirby's cool order,

"Canister—double charges—load."

I heard the order come from the man with the dark beard, "Charge!"

THE CHARGE OF THE DREADED "BLACK HORSE"

The black line of horsemen started for the fence at the roadside. They had reached the fence and crashed into it, when "Bang, bang!" went Kirby's guns. The end of the squadron took the whole weight of that metal into it. The horses reared upward and fell over upon their riders; some, frantic under awful wounds, dashed into their own ranks and rolled the line up. Men toppled out of their saddles, and their horses ran madly for shelter. The line slowed, hesitated, and stopped under the shock of the canister. The black-bearded leader yelled furiously for them to charge the guns. The men about me began firing now with a will, recognizing that the enemy was upon us. Still, half of those present had not quite realized that we had met an enemy. The cannoneers toiled furiously, and there came another discharge from Kirby's guns. Horses reared, men screamed and yelled with pain, and then the men about me began to fire at less than thirty yards. The squadron rolled up upon itself, the horses crowding, struggling, falling, and rolling about the field. The rest broke and then galloped off. Carried away with the heat and excitement of the fight, I ran after them on foot, firing my six-shooter until it clicked empty in my hand.

A GRIM TROPHY OF THE FIGHT

Several black-hued horses lay upon the field, and one horse and man lay right in front of me. His revolver was in his belt, and mine was now empty. I grasped the buckle of the belt and tried to loosen it, intending to take his weapons, as my own pistol was now useless. The buckle was not to be undone, and the lead was flying over my head in uncomfortable proximity. He was lying with the horse upon his pistol, and I could not get at it. I took the sword out of his dead hand and stooped to notice any signs of life. He was stone dead, shot through the head. Then with that naked saber in my hand I rejoined the crowd and got another drink of water. Kirby limbered up and escaped down the road.

As all my ammunition was gone in the wagon, I now held to the naked saber. I rejoined my plodding gun, saber in hand, and we struggled away down the road again.



DRAWN BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"The black line of horsemen had reached the fence and had crashed into it, when 'Bang, bang!' went Kirby's guns. The end of the squadron took the whole weight of that metal into it"

The First Gun at Bull Run

We had not gone far when Carlisle's battery was seen ahead. We tried to join them and struggled again with our sweating and panting team. My two faithful wheelers pulled steadily, and the gun was going slowly but surely to Centreville when I noticed again a line of horsemen far to our rear. Before Carlisle's men could unlimber the cavalry gave a wild yell and charged at full gallop upon the battery. Confusion reigned. The men lashed their horses, and galloped madly for safety, but the relentless pursuers followed and cut them down, shooting the horses and capturing the men. They destroyed the entire battery and galloped away out of sight. We escaped.

Carlisle's unfortunate battery was wrecked for more than a mile along the road; and as we came slowly along we saw guns, horses, and limbers. Some of the guns were ditched, overturned, and lying useless. Others were dismounted and wrecked, all destroyed for the time being, to fall afterward into the hands of the enemy.

THE END OF THE RETREAT

It looked bad for us. We began to lose hope of getting our giant gun away, for the evening was now drawing near, and we were still far out on the road. Finally we came to a steep hill. Here the road was so hopelessly massed with stuff that we could go no farther. My wheelers strained the utmost. The men lashed the sweating, panting animals again and again. But the great gun refused to move up the incline.

All the time men and wagons had been streaming past us. Now, as the daylight was failing, the road was deserted, and we soon found we were getting to be the last of the rout. I rode up the hill and came to a brigade. Three regiments were up there awaiting orders. The general commanding asked about my gun.

"I got it over the bridge at the foot of the hill," I said, "but I can't get it up this hill without men."

"All right, all right; I'll let you have men," he said. "How many do you need? Don't leave it behind."

"I'll need a whole regiment to haul it up," I said, "and the sooner I get them the better."

"All right, I'll send them," he answered, and I rode back to the gun and waited.

But no men came. My crew were hun-

gry and tired, my horses nearly exhausted. I was getting angry at the delay.

The evening was falling fast now, and I knew the enemy would soon be upon us if we remained where we were. I was about to go back to see what was the matter with the promised men when we heard the "phut-phut-phut-phut-phut" of the Confederate skirmishers coming up on the right of the road.

I dashed up the hill looking for the general commanding the brigade. I found him. "Can I have the men?" I asked.

"Too late, now—too late," he said.

Then he gave the order, "By the right—to the rear," and the column moved off with precision as carefully as if on parade. There was no excitement, no panic, and all the time the firing of the advance was growing louder and more sustained. I rode forward to my gun again. We were now all alone. Everything had gone to the rear, and we would have gone if it had been possible. But there we were, stuck on the side of that hill with that giant gun.

I asked my sergeant if he had any ammunition. He gave me a few cartridges for my revolver, and I loaded it. It must be remembered that we were not out for hand-to-hand fighting with a thirty-pounder Parrott gun. Five of my men carried nothing but whips. The rest were for working the piece, and were not armed for anything else. The ammunition had long gone to the rear and was far away.

In my youthful sorrow at the inevitable I decided to die at the gun. It was the only way. I spoke to the sergeant, and we made ready with our pistols. But as the time passed and the firing grew, I thought over the matter more carefully.

DESERTING THE GREAT GUN

Why should I sacrifice the men and horses? Better let them go. I gave the order for one more effort. It was futile.

"Take the team to the rear," I ordered, and the men were glad of the chance to get away. They unhitched and trotted off into the gloom, disappearing over the hill.

"Sergeant, get me a priming-iron and a stone—anything that will do our work." I said.

He brought them, and we riveted that iron in the vent, hammering it down with a piece of rock so that it would be impossible to draw it without tools. That finished the gun. But still we lingered.

The road was darkening, the firing approaching. Forms of the Confederate skirmishers showed through the gloom, coming slowly through the fields at the side of the road. They fired on anything that might move or seem to have life, searching out, in the awful wreck of the rear of that army, anything that might prove hostile. I drew my revolver and waited. I wanted just a little more fighting before going to the final ending of the fight. A bullet tore past. The man was too far to hit with a pistol, but I fired anyhow and probably missed. Then I turned and walked slowly away down the road, up the hill, and so on out of sight. I had lost my gun at last.

The Confederate advance stopped before dark. The victorious army was tired out. They had fought all day and had been pushed back all the morning. Only the arrival of Johnston's troops had saved them from the same thing that faced us. We would surely have driven them back. They could not have faced the steadiness of the rearguard fighting for any length of time with hope of winning any advantage. We went into camp right there in Centreville that night, and the Southern army had no thought of pursuing us. But they were victorious. They had won the fight. In the morning, that fateful Monday morning, we started slowly back toward Washington. I carried my captured saber with me and found that my team and ammunition-wagons were safe. It was all I had saved.

During that long ride back over thirty miles of roads that had now turned to mud and swamps—for it had rained hard during the night after the battle—we had plenty

of time to ponder over the defeat. Officers discussed it with heat and many criticisms. But it was really not a very desperate rout for the Union Army. The Confederates could not have forced the defenses of Washington.

Half of the army had not been under fire, and there were plenty of good troops in the defenses and fortifications that could have made an attack absolutely fatal to the assailants. Johnston was wise enough not to attempt it.

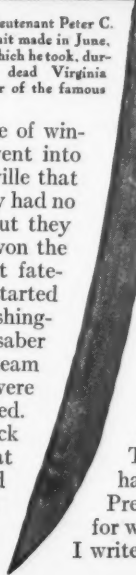
Of course in the capital the wildest rumors were going about. Men would talk of being cut to pieces by the "Black Horse" cavalry. Regiments would be verbally destroyed, and all the panic of conversation had full sway. One man told of how his entire company was killed by the Black Horse squadrons, and only five men of the command escaped alive. I listened as a young boy will to the talk and said nothing, but when the terror of the famous Fourth Virginia Cavalry was spread, I looked at the blade of my saber. It was a peculiar piece of steel, long, very long, many inches longer

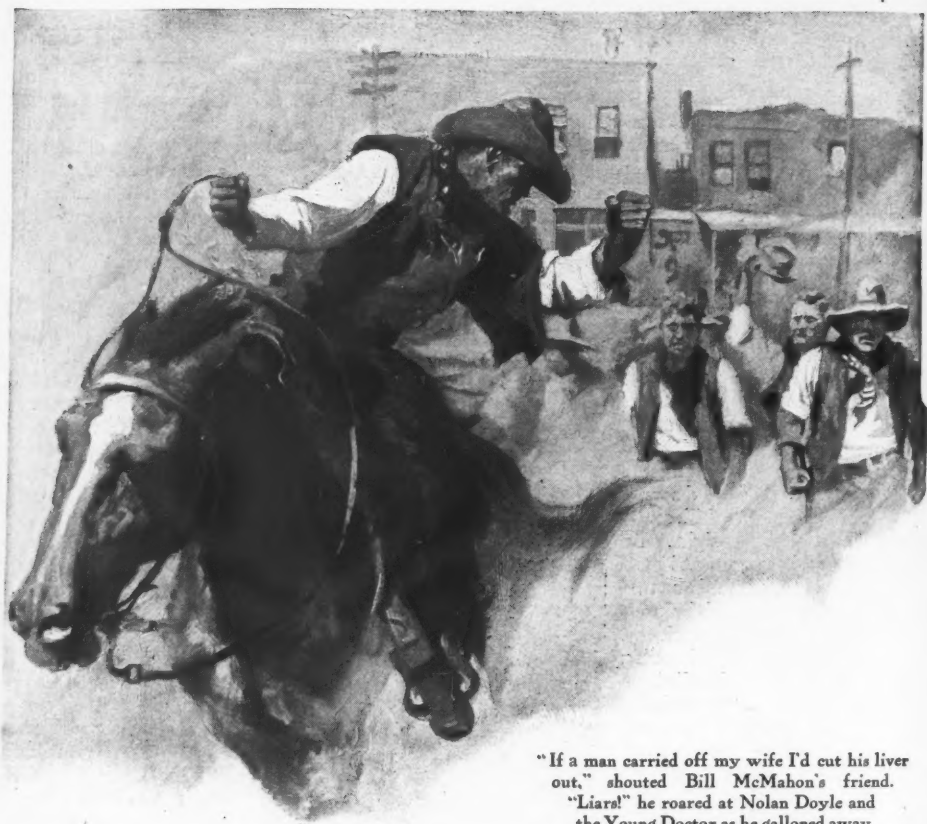
than our regulation cavalry swords. And it was very sharp, really sharpened to cut with instead of having the dull edge that obtained in the swords of most of our regiments. Upon the steel, stamped in close to the hilt, was the legend, "4th Va. Regt." It hangs near me while I write this. The battle of Bull Run ended in the defeat of the Union arms, but it was not without its lesson. Neither army was ready for fighting, and had proved this beyond argument. Back in the capital the work now began in earnest to make an army out of the rabble that had volunteered to support the Union. The thirty-six officers, including myself, who had graduated and received such praise from our President were soon hard at work doing the work for which they have since become well known. As I write this there are but three living besides myself.



Lieutenant Peter C. Hains—made in June, 1861, which he took during the battle of Bull Run, a member of the famous

Hains—from a portrait made in June, 1861—and the saber he took during the battle, from a cavalryman, a member of the famous "Black Horse" troop





"If a man carried off my wife I'd cut his liver out," shouted Bill McMahon's friend. "Liars!" he roared at Nolan Doyle and the Young Doctor as he galloped away

The Three McMahons

Can you imagine any possible combination of circumstances which would justify a man in running away with another man's wife? This was what the Young Doctor did in Sir Gilbert's last story. Here he tells how it turns out. Read the story and tell us what you think of it. Was the Young Doctor right or wrong?

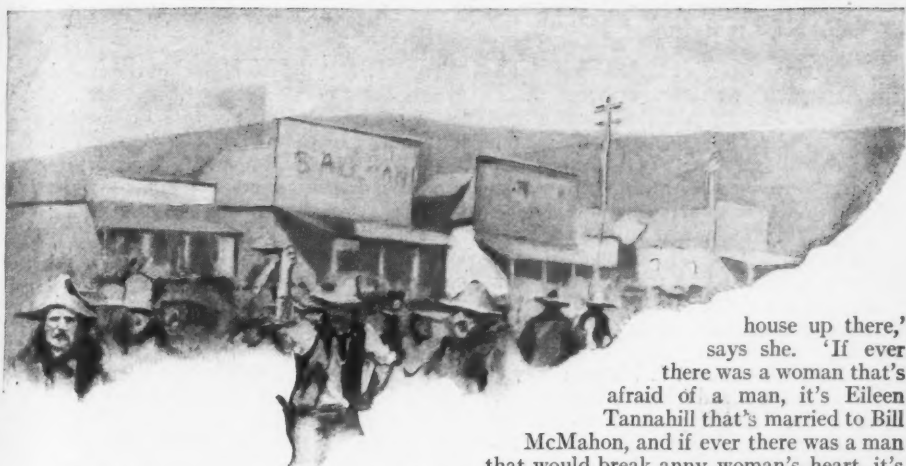
By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "Pierre and His People," "The Right of Way," "The Level Crossing," etc.

Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins

THE case was clear enough. The scandal was an open one—all the world knew. The Young Doctor had carried off Eileen McMahon from her husband, Bill McMahon, and had deposited her and her father, old Tom Tannahill, with the United States marshal, John Starley, over the border in Montana. Bill McMahon had pursued the runaways—in the

wrong direction. He and his brother Matt had gone straight to the house of the Young Doctor at Askatoon, and would have taken their revenge upon it and upon all that was his when they found the birds had flown elsewhere, had it not been for the chief constable, who, with his men, escorted the wild avengers to the outskirts of the town, and warned them against future visitations of the sort.



Out of these events the West made a festival of interest and sensation, and suddenly the McMahons, the Young Doctor, and the eloping wife were enveloped in a flame of notoriety and speculation. That the Young Doctor should have played Lochinvar to another man's wife, and she his patient, too, was at variance with all their knowledge of him. His passion was horses, and no one had ever seen or heard of him giving a second look toward a woman, no matter how likely and comely. As Nolan Doyle said of him, the amble of a filly was his diversion, but the filly must be a two-year-old, and do 2.30 on the prairie dust, or she was no filly for him. When, arriving at Askatoon immediately after the McMahons had been warned away, Nolan Doyle heard of the elopement, he delivered himself of a testimonial and a prophecy which did the Young Doctor no harm, and stirred the public pulse with anticipated sensation.

"There's more in it than is lyin' on the table," he said oracularly, after his kind. "If he took her away—and it looks like it—'twas for her good and nothing for his own plate. That was no hospital for her up yander—and a sick woman she was, I happen to know, for Norah Doyle, that's the wife of Nolan Doyle, that's me, passed the time of day with her two weeks ago up yander at the McMahons' own home, comin' down from visitin' her brother at the rail-head. Norah, she said to me, 'There's death in that child's face, if ever death gave warnin',' she said. 'And what's more, she said, 'it isn't sickness of the body that's at the bottom of it, but throuble of the mind, down deep; and that's no clinic for her, that

house up there,' says she. 'If ever there was a woman that's afraid of a man, it's Eileen Tannahill that's married to Bill

McMahon, and if ever there was a man that would break anny woman's heart, it's Bill McMahon,' says Mrs. Nolan Doyle.

"And what's the matter with Bill McMahon?" he continued. "He's a fine up-standin' man, and he's young enough to take joy of a lass like Eileen Tannahill, and treat her as the Young Doctor and I treat a thoroughbred when it's got promise and parts. But why doesn't he? It's because she doesn't do what she's told. And why doesn't she do it? She doesn't do it because she won't help him break the law. And how won't she help him break the law? Well, there's not many ways of breaking the law out West, and there's only two that makes the West look up, and snatch what's handy—it's murder and it's stealin'. And what's the stealin' that makes the West use annything that's handy? Isn't it horses? Isn't it—"

Here a voice from the crowd, a surly, hoarse voice, broke in: "Are you namin' Bill McMahon a horse-thief? If you are, he'll have your heart before you can fill your mouth with a meal again."

There was a moment's startled pause, and then Nolan Doyle continued with a calculated slowness: "If you'd waited a minute you'd have heard the true christenin'. I name Bill McMahon horse-thief; and what's more, Terry Brennan's on the move with the poliss, the Riders of the Plains, and the stronger your eyes are, and the arlier you get up in the mornin', the more you'll see in the next few days."

The crowd burst into exclamations of surprise and excitement. "Whose horses?" some one shouted.

"Terry Brennan's horses, that once was mine, that the Young Doctor and me bred together. "Terry's out with the

The Three McMahons

Riders, and as Bill McMahon has gone hunting, it's as well to know there's other hunters in the field. McMahon's after his wife, but the Riders are after Bill; and maybe they'll find him as quick as he finds his wife. But wherever Bill finds her, he'll find, too, that the Young Doctor has done his duty like a man, and that there's no woman in the West won't trust her girl with him for a thousand-mile trip, same as ever it was. What the doctor did, he did because it was the right thing to do, or I'll eat my shirt!"

"McMahon'll look at it his own way," said Bill's sullen friend from the heart of the crowd again, "and if you'd like to know what Bill thinks of you while we're waiting, then I'll tell you—you're a liar from Ananiastown!"

There was an instant hush in the crowd, for this was the kind of challenge that led to dark things in the West, but the chief constable, with a stern face, shouldered himself forward to where Nolan Doyle stood. Nolan saw him coming, and devilish humor stole to his mouth, then settled into a smile.

"I'll bet a hundred dollars to one I come from Enniskillen, and that's a long way off from Ananiastown," Nolan said, looking over the heads of the crowd at some one driving fast toward them in a buggy. The smile presently grew into a laugh. "And here's the proof of what I say; here's the doctor himself. Ask him," he added.

The crowd made way, and the Young Doctor drove up among them all, cool, quizzical, observant, with a new look in his eyes. His very first words put the matter in a nutshell.

"Talking about me?" he asked. "Well, Bill McMahon treated his wife like a dog. She couldn't stand it any longer. He's a horse-thief."

Murmurs of excitement rose from the crowd.

"She is a flower," the Young Doctor continued. "He tried to drag her in the slime. She held out as long as she could, but she went to pieces at last. Then I stepped in. She asked me to let my chestnut and gray take her away. They did it. She's down at Bonanza, where she came from, with United States Marshal Starley; and she's safe enough, I guess. She isn't hiding. She's finding refuge, that's all; and I take full responsibility for helping a woman in her trouble."

The friend of Bill McMahon in the crowd mounted his horse and glared at them all. "If a man carried off my wife I'd cut his liver out," he shouted. "At Bonanza is she? Well, Bill McMahon'll be there before sundown, or I'm no judge of Bill. Liars!" he roared at Nolan Doyle and the Young Doctor as he galloped away.

The Young Doctor looked after him coolly. "Every man has his friends," he remarked. Then he turned to the crowd. "I came back to Askatoon as soon as I could," he continued, "to tell exactly what happened, and to go on with my business as usual. I haven't any doubt but that what I did was right. The little woman would have died if she had stayed. She's with an old friend who'll protect her till she gets dead free from McMahon." He looked after the galloping figure of Bill McMahon's friend. "There's more than one way to do it," he added.

"Perhaps the Riders of the Plains'll help," said Nolan Doyle.

The Young Doctor looked at Nolan inquiringly. Nolan explained all in a few words.

The Young Doctor thought a moment, again looked after the disappearing horseman, and said gravely: "Well, I'd better get back to Bonanza right away. I'll be needed as a witness—at least."

"Your pair has had enough," said Nolan Doyle, nodding toward the gray and the chestnut.

"About enough," responded the Young Doctor.

"Take my roans," said Nolan.

With a nod the Young Doctor sprang from the seat of the buggy onto the ground. "That's it!" he said. "That's it!" He sprang into Nolan Doyle's buckboard, and took the reins, as the crowd came closer about him with encouraging words.

The chief constable came up to him and made as though to put something into his hand. "You may need it to defend yourself," he said.

"Oh, no," answered the Young Doctor—"no revolver! I'll take my chances." He turned to the crowd, looking them over slowly. "Whatever happens," he continued, "you'll know I only did what any white man would have done in my place. It's not the usual thing, I know, but—there it is!"

"I wish some one would run away with my wife," said a pensive voice from the

crowd. There was a roar of laughter, and amid cheers the Young Doctor again took the trail for over the border.

II

HOURS afterward, as the Young Doctor gave Nolan's roans the reins for a last little proud spurt into the border town of Bonanza, the thought came to him in the vernacular of the prairie that perhaps he "had bit off more than he could chew." He was sharply conscious also that he had not acted from an absolutely disinterested standpoint, from altruistic motives, or merely to help a fellow creature in trouble. Eileen had been in trouble, he was convinced that everything he had said and done was right; but was the solution the only one, after all, and had he himself any right whatever to intervene? He had been called in by Bill McMahon to prescribe for and attend to his sick wife; he was for the time being Bill's paid counsel or servant; but through the sacred avenue of his profession he had become party to an adventure which had deprived a man of his wife, and he had broken the code of his calling.

"Damn the code!" he said to himself, as he entered Bonanza; yet he knew deep down in his being that if the woman who wanted him to do this thing had not been Eileen, he would not have done it.

"I'm in love with her, and that's the blind truth," he said to himself desperately; "I'm in love with her, and there's no turning back, and there's not much going forward either—just yet," he added, shaking his head gloomily. "But things'll move on pretty quick, I'm thinking, with Bill McMahon out for Eileen and my blood, with Terry Brennan's Riders of the Plains after Bill, and Marshal Starley holding the fort for the U. S. A. Mother o' Moses, it's a knot to untie—by cutting the rope and leaving the knot maybe!" he added grimly. "If McMahon is a horse-thief, why should Eileen live with him? If he treats her as a wild Indian never treats his squaw, why should she stay? And if the law can tear up the holy bonds of matrimony why shouldn't I give her what she's never had—a good horse of her own to drive"—he flicked the roans softly—"and a good man of her own to lead!"

So he had argued himself into good humor again, and he laughed with the joy of the

fighter who faces his greatest battle with gay certainty in his heart. In the midst of his gaiety he suddenly saw a group of men ahead, marching up the street to the sound of a man's wild singing. The voice roared with reckless jollity, though its owner was held by three stalwart constables, and the ragged verses were punctuated by an occasional whoop. The song had been familiar to the Young Doctor since a child. Never an Irishman in Connaught but knew it, and few there were who had not sung it some mad night when "the wind was in the barley." He could scarcely refrain from joining in now, as he drew up to the little crowd, which he could not pass because it filled the street from side to side.

He now saw the prisoner quite plainly. If ever there was a wild Irishman, here was one, a black-haired, straight-nosed, blue-eyed fellow, with daredeviltry written all over him. The face was not bad, however—it seemed familiar, too—and the laugh was infectious.

"What has he done?" the Young Doctor asked a man who walked beside his buggy.

"Oh, cleaned out a barroom, broke the windows, and stuck the bartender's head under the beer-pump! He's a devil, and no mistake, but there's no real harm in him. If he gets a hundred dollars ahead, he's like that. Listen to him."

"He's the man that killed Black Care,
He's the pride of all Kildare;
Shure the devil takes his hat off whin
he comes:
'Tis the clargy bow before him,
'Tis the women they adore him,
And the Lord Lieutenant orders out the
drums—
For his hangin', all the drums,
All the drums!"

"What's his name?" asked the Young Doctor.

"His name's McMahon, Phil McMahon. His brothers live over the border by Aska-toon. Canucks they are now, and a pretty shady lot, I guess. Phil's the pick o' the bunch. He never hurt anybody except a bartender or such muck; but there never was anybody the other two McMahons wouldn't hurt. They lived down here for years—we know 'em! A worse lot than them two McMahons never came from Ireland, and that's sayin' a good deal. If Marshal Starley ever gets his chance with them, they won't pick prairie flowers much for a while."

The Three McMahons

"What have they done that'd give Starley his chance?"

"Oh, Starley don't tell, but you can bet he's right when he says a thing. But that Phil McMahon there has been away for three years in Dakota and about. He's just got back, and this is the way he celebrates himself."

"The return of the prodigal, eh?"

"Oh, you bet, but he provides his own fattened calf!"

Presently the crowd turned a corner of the street on the way to the court-house, and, as they did so, the Young Doctor got a better look at the rioter, whose face was now suddenly turned toward him. It had not the evil handsomeness of Bill, or even of Matt, McMahon, but it had a world of humor, a shrewd adventurousness, a rebellious, non-moral kind of look, and the mouth had a dissipated, sensual droop; but there was little badness in the whole face, and the eyes were wild with adventure.

"Old Tannahill was quite right," said the Young Doctor to himself. "Eileen would have been better off with him, far better off—though that's not saying much, either," he added, as the voice of the youngest McMahon receded down the street.

The roars quickened their pace in a direction at right angles to the marshal's house, and presently they were stabled at the King o' the West Hotel. As the Young Doctor left the stable-yard, he came face to face with Starley, in whose eyes there was the question which his lips did not put into words.

In two minutes the Young Doctor had told the marshal all there was to tell. The marshal nodded, stroked his chin for a moment, and then said reflectively: "I shouldn't wonder if we had the *three* McMahons in the jug before sunset. We've got one, the best of 'em, and the other two'll come after the girl, all right enough. They'll come, and we'll have to try and keep 'em; but there'll be a lot of talkin' first, and maybe other things."

"Force?"

"Oh, well, not exactly powder-puffs for baby!" Suddenly a smile broadened on Starley's huge face. "You come back quicker than Eileen thought you would. She'll be right glad to see you."

They were but a few steps from the front door of the marshal's house when the sound of galloping horses came up the street. They

both turned swiftly, and then both as swiftly sprang up the steps.

"It's the McMahons. In you go," said the marshal. "My nigger'll give you a shooter. You mustn't stay here. It's my business outside. I've got to be alone. You've no right. You go in." He blew a whistle twice and slammed the door after the Young Doctor, and stood alone on the steps, facing the invaders. Placing his hands on his hips, his elbows sticking out, he waited till the two desperate men were at the foot of the steps.

"Stop right there one minute," he said sharply to Bill McMahon. "This isn't a day when you walk in without knockin'. You got to leave your card and state your business."

With an oath Bill McMahon made a dash for the steps, but Matt suddenly gripped his arm, holding him back, and then he also was conscious of two rifle barrels jutting from a window above, though no faces could be seen.

"Thought I wouldn't be ready for ye, boys?" asked Starley, with a lowering of the eyelids which gave him a sulky look. "Why, I've been waiting for you quite a long time—ever since you left the Stars and Stripes and put up your tepee under the Union Jack. I knowed you'd come sooner or later, and here you are. What's your business in the old town, boys?"

"Oh, you know what it is!" growled Bill McMahon. "Give her up, and we'll call it quits. I come for my woman, and I mean to have her. I mean it, John Starley."

"You got a mind of your own, all right," responded the marshal with a jerk of his head. "No doubt about that. But this territory where I'm standing is the mind of the U. S. A.—the whole collective mind done up in the Stars and Stripes and labeled 'Beware the Anaconda!' and I guess you'd better go back to your corral and keep an eye on the horses you don't breed."

"I'm goin' to have my wife—you hear?"

"She's staying with me, and she's left you of her own free will. You can't have her," was the quiet reply.

At that moment the door opened, and Eileen stepped out beside John Starley. "I'm here to speak for myself, Bill," she said quickly. "I'm not going back to you—not ever. You never treated me like a woman. I won't ever live again with the kind of man you are."



DRAWN BY GAIL HUNKLER

The McMabons were covered by rifles and were helpless, and this was Montana, where they lynched horse-thieves. Bill turned once more to Eileen. "You might just as well come first as last," he said. "I want ye, and I got to have ye"

The Three McMahons

The hand of Bill McMahon feeling a revolver twitched, but no more; for those two rifle barrels over the window-sill could speak with lightning sureness, and mad as he was, he was not so mad as to make them speak that instant. He took another line of action.

"I've got my rights, Eileen, and you know it."

"You may have your rights, but you've never had your dues," interposed John Starley with grim irony.

The girl came a step nearer to the two McMahons. "I never had my rights for an hour when I lived with you," she said. "But I mean to have them now."

"It ain't your rights you're after, and you know it. It's the man who raced you down here. It's the pill-twister. Whatever happens to you, he'll never run away with another man's wife. I'll see to that all right, the skunk!"

"You'll have a lot to see to before you're a year older, McMahon," said the marshal. "There's a little bill for horses to be settled, and I ain't sure but you'll have to pay for them a good many times over. Horses cost a lot if you're not careful how you git them."

A crowd had slowly gathered, and there was a curious murmur which the McMahons heeded. They were covered by rifles and were helpless, and this was Montana, where they lynched horse-thieves, not Canada where the law took a more normal course. Bill McMahon turned once more to the steps.

"Are you coming home with me?" he said to Eileen.

"I'm never going home with you," she answered firmly.

"You might just as well come first as last," he rejoined, with an evil look. "I want ye, and I got to have ye."

Suddenly her eyes became moist. "Bill," she said, "it was all your way at the start. If I'd been treated like a wife I'd have died for you, but I was treated like—like the women you buy, not the women you love and marry."

At that moment a wild shout arrested the attention of all, and the next instant a horseman galloped into the crowd. It was Phil McMahon.

"The McMahons f'river!" he shouted. "I've paid me fine, and I'm on the loose. Whooroo! What's—"

Suddenly he saw the marshal, saw the rifles in the window, saw his brothers, saw Eileen. He reached up a hand to take off his hat, then realized that he was bare-headed.

"What's it all about?" he said less loudly, his eyes moving from one to the other, but coming back to Eileen with a look of undisguised admiration.

"A family quarrel," said the marshal.

"The three McMahons never quarrel," declared the newcomer.

"But the four McMahons do," retorted the marshal.

"Who's the four McMahons? There's only three, though anny wan of them's aquil to two."

Bill McMahon, watching intently, listened with an apprehension which did not escape the sharp eye of the marshal.

"Well, if there's anything in a name, till yesterday the McMahons were four—you three bucks and Mrs. William McMahon, that was," said the marshal.

"Mrs. William McMahon?" repeated Phil, puzzled and inquiring. Then the situation flashed upon him. "You mean—you married Bill?" he said with a strange look in his face as his eyes fastened on Eileen.

Eileen flushed. "Three years ago—after the logging-bee at our place, you remember."

"Oh, I remember all right! Bill said he married you, eh? Bill said that?"

"I was married by Father Roche; I was married true and fair, Phil."

A strange hard look came into the ne'er-do-well's face. "And now you want to be quit of Bill?" he asked.

"I am quit of him," she replied stubbornly.

Phil looked at his brothers meaningly, then turned again to Eileen. "Well, I guess what you say goes. I vote for that. A woman's a human being, and not a yellow dog. She's got her title to be treated on the square, and the three McMahons says so, they says so." A grim smile curved his lips, and he glanced at the rifles on the window-sill. "Two Winchesters takes two McMahons sure. The right bower takes the aces." He turned to his brothers. "They've got the bulge on ye, boys," he continued. "Shure there's many a day yet to be dawn-in' and many a sun to rise. And it's dinner-time, too!"



DRAWN BY GAYLE HAWKINS

The marshal turned on Phil McMahon savagely. "You kept that back from the crowd so that your brothers could get away. The crowd'd have lynched 'em if they'd known"

The Three McMahons

A schoolhouse bell was ringing near, in curious contrast to the tragic scene being enacted before the marshal's house. Phil came closer to his brothers. "Ate humble pie to-day, boys," he said, and "bide yer time, if ye feel ye *must* have what ye want."

Bill McMahon threw out his shoulders, then rammed the pistol he held into his belt, and with the air of a bully said to the marshal: "I'm after my own, and I'll have it. You can't come it over me for long. By the holy smoke you can't! The McMahons win in the end. Come on," he added to Phil. "The McMahons deal the pack next time."

"Go on, boys, I'll meet ye at the Run o' Luck Hotel," Phil said, with a frown at his oldest brother. "I got something to settle with this here marshal of the U. S. A.—I've got no gun, so it's all right," he added to John Starley with a laugh.

"Here, you come on, Phil," said Bill McMahon angrily, turning back. "We three go together. You can settle with Starley later."

Phil made no reply, but looked at his brother steadily for a moment, and then made a swift gesture of dismissal and command, which puzzled the marshal, and greatly excited his curiosity. He had not looked upon Phil McMahon as the leader of the three brothers, and he could only assume that some hidden circumstance gave him peculiar authority at this moment. It was sufficient, too; for with muttered oaths the two brothers moved swiftly away, followed by the angry murmurs of the crowd.

A moment afterward John Starley, Phil McMahon, and Eileen were all inside the house.

"You've been a friend to me," Eileen said to Phil, who stood before her, gloomy and depressed. "If your brother had been like you, things would not be as they are."

"That's shure—you can stake your last drop of blood on that," he said. "The thing

was done by Father Roche at Askatoon?" he asked, and when she nodded in assent he added: "I wish I had been there. Shure, I wish that, Eileen Tannahill."

"I wish I had always been Eileen Tannahill," she said with a heavy sigh, and sank into a chair.

"Oh, you've been that, all right!" he answered.

"But I will free myself—I will free myself from him," she responded, clenching her hands.

"You're free all right now," Phil said with a curious bitterness in his voice. "Yes, you're free all right now."

"What is it? Out with it—there's something!" said the marshal, standing before him in an attitude of determination.

"Oh, don't press me, Marshal darlin'!" was the reply. "Let it drip out. Shure, there's no call for a water-spout of bad news."

"Speak—tell me what it is!" Eileen said, rising from the chair again and leaning toward him with foreboding in her eyes.

"Well, then, you never was Bill's wife!" he blurted out.

"Never—Bill's—wife!" she gasped.

"Bill was married, and his wife's living now. I



The Young Doctor caught her in his arms now.

"Look up, Eileen," he whispered. "I love you. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

saw her a month ago over in Dakota. She won't divorce him. She thinks he'll go back to her some day—after these ten years away from her."

Eileen was white and trembling, and her eyes were full of horror. "My God—oh, my God!" she said. "That ends it all for me."

The marshal turned on Phil McMahon savagely. "You kept that back from the crowd so that your brothers could get away. The crowd'd have lynched 'em if they'd known."

"Yes, that's why I did it," Phil replied. "And I didn't think she'd want 'em lynched, even as bad as Bill treated her. I give them that chance. It ain't much of a chance, because some one'll get 'em before long. Some one will!"

"Oh, yes, some one'll get 'em all right, my son!" said the marshal grimly. "How is it you kept quiet over this thing, and let her be treated so? You're in it the same as them."

"I never was in it till a minute ago, outside. I've bin away down the Missouri these three years, and never heard annything about the marriage. I'd have cut Bill's throat before he'd have done her that harm."

Eileen raised her blanched face from her hands, and looked at him with gratitude.

"You believe that, don't you?" he asked in a husky voice.

"Oh, yes, I believe you!" she answered wearily.

"I'd have shot Bill as sure as eggs when I got to know of it outside there, but I was thinkin' of you. Did you want that? I said to myself, and I didn't think you did, or if you did, you'd like to do it yourself. Besides, it's better you should be Bill's widow than—"

"Than be what I am," Eileen responded in a husky whisper, and she shuddered violently. "Everything's all over for me now." She rocked to and fro in her misery. "I've got no rights," she moaned. "I never had any rights. There's no place for me in the world. I belong to the slime." Her voice became shrill with hysterical feeling.

"You belong to the Garden of Eden," interrupted Phil. "There's no one but'd be proud to shake hands with you."

She shook her head despairingly, but her agitation became less, and a rigid look came slowly into her face. A gesture from John Starley drew Phil McMahon from the room.

"She wants a doctor, I'm thinkin'," said Phil, as the door closed on the stricken girl.

"There's one waiting," responded Starley, "the only one that could do her any good!"

"Him that—"

"Yes, him that—"

"Was there annything between them like, Marshal dear?"

"Nothing at all. He's a white man, but—"

"But there might have been something if it wasn't for this; if she'd been married, if—"

"Damn it all, there will be something, there must be—I tell you he's a white man!"

It was Starley the man that was talking, not John Starley the marshal, whose life was far removed from sentimental episodes. His face clouded heavily as he spoke, for the girl had been dishonored, and this was a world of prejudice.

Behind them, in the room full of staring sunlight, the girl sat with her head buried in her arms at the table. She was sunk in an apathy of misery. Horror had possession of her—horror and hatred and hopelessness. She was scarcely conscious that some one entered the room very quietly, that immediately afterward the green blinds were lowered so that the strong sunlight was softened into gentle shadows, and that the windows were opened wider. Then there was a light tinkle of glass, and presently a hand was laid gently on her shoulder, a firm, kindly, comforting hand.

"I want you to drink this," the Young Doctor's voice said in gentle command.

Slowly she raised her head, but her eyes were closed. The Young Doctor's face twisted suddenly with pain as he saw the despair written in the rigid countenance. But he ruled himself to composure, and passed an arm round her shoulder, supporting her head.

"Come, drink this at once," he said, and held the glass to her lips.

For an instant she recoiled, then her blanched lips opened, and she drank.

"You will be better at once," he said. "Look at me."

"I shall never be better," she answered—"never!" But she would not look at him.

"Then I'm no doctor," he retorted cheerily. "I brought you here to make you well, and get well you shall, right away."

"Where is my father?" she asked, her eyes still closed.

The Three McMahons

"He's eating his dinner. What do you want with him?"

"I want to go away from here."

"I think not. You are going to stay here till you're fit to go back to Askatoon."

"Askatoon!" She shuddered.

"Yes, your father's starting back for Askatoon as soon as he has done eating. He's going to bring Father Roche."

Her eyes opened wide, but they did not look at him. They stared straight before her.

"Yes, yes, that's it—I will go with Father Roche. I will bury myself forever, I—"

"Where will you bury yourself?" he asked, taking her cold hands in his.

"In a convent—there is no other place for me. Only to hide, to hide and pray," she murmured, the agony in her eyes deepening. "There is no place for me in all this world now."

"Look at me," he said insistently again.

Slowly her eyes came to his.

"There is a place in the world for you, and a good place, too, if you will only take it," he said passionately.

What she saw in his eyes slowly drove the glazed, stricken look from her own. She understood, and swayed forward fainting. He caught her in his arms now.

"Look up, Eileen," he whispered. "I love you. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

Her fingers clutched his sleeves tremblingly. "Oh, no, no, no—I am an out-cast," she said painfully. "I am not fit. I couldn't do you such a wrong! It would kill me that you should pity me. It would kill you that the world should pity you."

"If you were my wife I'd try not to pity you," the Young Doctor answered happily, "and the world envies, it doesn't pity, a happy man."

"You want to marry me—me?" she said chokingly, a new look slowly driving away the horror from her face.

"I am going to marry you if you'll have me," he answered, "if I can make those heavenly eyes of yours say to me what no woman has ever said."

Her eyes swam, her face flushed with a wave of joy, then suddenly she got to her feet with a fresh impulse of despair. "Oh, no, I cannot, I cannot, and will not," she said. "It would not be right. It would be a crime. Take me to Father Roche," she said helplessly.

A look of happiness gathered at the Young Doctor's mouth and in his eyes, and he drew her back gently into a chair. "Father Roche will put the crime right," he said soothingly. "You shall go to him at once almost. But you're in my charge meanwhile, and you must do what I say. The doctor first, the priest after."

She shook her head protestingly, then strength seemed to go from her, and she stretched out her hands as though to save herself from falling. An instant later she was in his strong arms.

"You're going to bed for twenty-four hours," he said. Presently he opened the door and called.

John Starley came, and his first glance sufficed. Going over, he gathered Eileen up in his arms as though she had been a child of five.

"The soft side of a corn-husk bed is the place for you," he said cheerily.

"How good you all are to me!" she sighed wearily.

"Oh, we're almost too good to live!" Starley growled, with a wink over his shoulder at the Young Doctor.

As Starley reached the top of the stairs with his happy burden, old Tom Tannahill burst into the hallway.

"The polis—the Riders of the Plains is after them?" he shouted.

"Are they over the border? Who brought word?" asked the marshal, and he held the trembling figure tighter.

"Shure, wan of your own foorce that followed, he brought word, Marshal dear," responded the old man. "They're over the border under the Union Jack, with the Riders after them."

"Then let 'em fight it out there," said the marshal.

"Where is Phil McMahon?" Eileen asked, as the hands of John Starley's old negro mammy received her.

"Gone. Gone to corral Bill's horses, most likely," answered the marshal. "He's the natural heir."

"Phil McMahon isn't a horse-thief," Eileen said warmly.

"Well, two in the family's enough," responded John Starley.

Outside a whip cracked. Old Tom Tannahill was on his way to Father Roche at Askatoon.

The next story by *Sir Gilbert Parker* will appear in the October issue.

A Gould and His Gold

By Herbert Corey

AN old friend of the Gould family once watched Frank Jay Gould buzz down Broadway in a red auto. Young Mr. Gould tilted the wheel delicately with one hand as the big car slipped around corners.

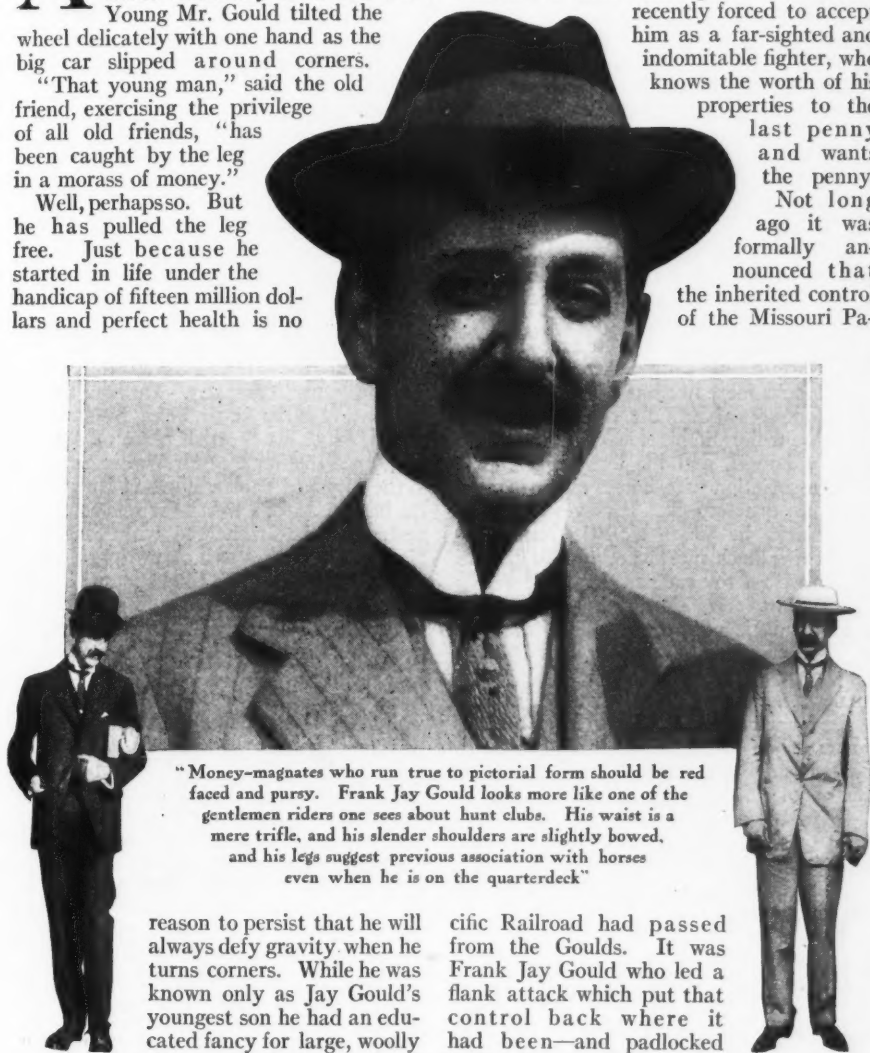
"That young man," said the old friend, exercising the privilege of all old friends, "has been caught by the leg in a morass of money."

Well, perhaps so. But he has pulled the leg free. Just because he started in life under the handicap of fifteen million dollars and perfect health is no

years old. Perhaps the shock of the discovery was greatest to Wall Street. The raiders of that thoroughfare have been recently forced to accept him as a far-sighted and indomitable fighter, who knows the worth of his

properties to the last penny and wants the penny.

Not long ago it was formally announced that the inherited control of the Missouri Pa-



"Money-magnates who run true to pictorial form should be red faced and puffy. Frank Jay Gould looks more like one of the gentlemen riders one sees about hunt clubs. His waist is a mere trifle, and his slender shoulders are slightly bowed, and his legs suggest previous association with horses even when he is on the quarterdeck"

reason to persist that he will always defy gravity when he turns corners. While he was known only as Jay Gould's youngest son he had an educated fancy for large, woolly dogs, and he appreciated speed in horses, and his yacht was recognized in many ports. Now people are slowly learning that he is no longer twenty-four

cific Railroad had passed from the Goulds. It was Frank Jay Gould who led a flank attack which put that control back where it had been—and padlocked it in place. Somewhat later he created a far-reaching combination of electrical and other interests in the South, and not a whisper reached Wall

Street's many ears until the time-lock had been set.

That is why bankers will tell you that Frank Jay Gould seems to have inherited that uncanny faculty for intricate combination and subtle stratagem that made his father feared and famous. They might have known he was something more than a first-nighter and a cotillion-dancer if they had stopped to think. In his earlier days expert jugglers had gone gaily forth to shear Mr. Gould, but they rarely came back with any wool. And in spite of newspaper headlines, he was not extravagant in his expenditures. To own a yacht and maintain a racing-stable sounds unthrifty, of course. But, after all, one can do both on a few hundred thousand dollars a year, and his income was not far from one million dollars. He was a richer man at the end of his period of greatest expenditure than he was when he began, merely because he could not spend the money as fast as it poured in.

Money-magnates who run true to pictorial form should be red faced and puffy. Gould looks more like one of the gentlemen riders one sees about hunt clubs. His waist is a mere trifle, and his slender shoulders are slightly bowed, and his legs suggest previous association with horses even when he is on the quarterdeck. His eyes are snap-pily black, he wears a little scrubbing-brush of a black mustache, and he likes to switch with a toy cane as though it were a riding-whip. A slow, easy-going, and kindly smile is a fixture with him. It is not to be taken quite literally, for he is as quick and keen in action as a steel trap. The smile doesn't vary, even when he is struggling for a prize of millions. And he is as imperturbable when he is fighting an apparently losing battle as when he is winning all the way.

"The reason is," he said one day, "that we Goulds are not speculators. We keep our eyes off the ticker. When we buy stock, we buy because it is good stock, and then we buy to keep and not to sell again."

He hardly got an even start in his business career with the elder Gould brothers. They had been trained under the eye of Jay Gould himself, who once declared that if his sons were to lose their inheritance they

could still make their living as practical railroad men. Frank Gould was but seventeen years of age when his father died, after a period of invalidism which absolved the schoolboy from attendance upon ledgers. As the special protégé of his sister, Miss Helen Gould, he passed through precisely the routine the son of any moderately well-to-do New-Yorker might. He graduated from the College of the City of New York, belonged to his neighborhood dancing club—not a fashionable one by any means—and so far inclined toward literature as to publish privately a small book of poems. It gained him entrance to the Authors' Club; but, being guided by a matured understanding, he has since called that booklet in.

Routine appeals him. Life at a desk would be unspeakably drab. He takes a genuine pleasure in outlining the larger financial operations, down to a hairline of detail. Then he expects his aids to follow the map. He likes to spend his evenings at the play, or in polite Bohemia with his pretty wife, the former Miss Edith Kelly of the "Havana" company. He is as apt to be heard of in Paris, watching his stable of horses, or at his Scottish place of Abbotsford, once the home of Sir Walter Scott, as in the Missouri Pacific offices in New York. He has an Astor's liking for real-estate investment, and is charged with concealing his minor successes as a playwright under a pseudonym. He talks too little rather than too much, and almost never for publication. When he is quoted, his statements attract attention, not only for the sanity of his views, but because he has a liking for the under dog. He vigorously approved the refusal of the Interstate Commerce Commission to permit the railroads to raise their freight-rates. Although he is one of the largest holders of railroad stocks, he declared that rates were quite high enough. And in one of his recent skirmishes with the money powers, he sounded a most unusual note of militant altruism. He declared that he would make it his business to see that hereafter the small stockholder in the United States shall be protected against raiders.

"The big fish have been dining on little fish too long in Wall Street," said he. "If it doesn't stop—I'll stop it."





THE DREAM

BY BRUNO LESSING

DRAWN BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

It is probable that no writer of contemporary fiction is more widely read than Bruno Lessing. For several years the *Cosmopolitan* has printed his stories exclusively, and we have yet to hear from a reader who suggests a change. It is an unusual record. In this story the author tells of a Ghetto derelict's dream of a fair woman—and the awakening

THE chill of autumn was in the air—it was in the midst of the "melancholy days"—when Barasch left the office of Silberstein & Co. with a white face and panic in his heart. Silberstein & Co. had no work for him, and Silberstein & Co. was the last firm he could think of to ask for work. He had tried all the others, and they, too, had had no work for him. Mrs. Barasch was at home with the baby, and the supply of food was close to an end.

There you have, practically, the whole situation—a situation which, with different names and in other times and places, is about as old as the world. The only reason for adding any more, by way of preface, is that the adventure which befell Barasch would have affected a man of different temperament in a different way, and therefore it is necessary to tell something that may give you an insight into Barasch's temperament.

During the week that he had been wandering about the Ghetto in search of work his dominant thought had been that if he could find work he could soon save fifty dollars and when he had saved fifty dollars he could buy a little store that he knew of and when he owned this store he would be happy. Barasch, as long back as he could remember, had never been happy. His life as a child in Russia had been dreary. His

parents were very poor and lived in a region where religious persecution was rampant. As soon as he was old enough to be confirmed in the rites of the Jewish church he had gone to work. He had been working ever since. He married because he had a longing for a home. He was fond of his wife in that mechanical, spiritless fashion in which most men are fond of their wives. The *grande passion* had never entered his life. The first and only thrill he had ever experienced was when he landed in New York and received, in return for his labor, as many dollars as he had formerly received rubles. This pleasurable sensation lasted only as long as it took him to learn that he had to pay dollars instead of rubles for the necessities of life. His former dreary lot had merely been transferred to a larger field.

Intellectually he was neither clever nor wise, and yet no one would ever have deemed him unintelligent. Like most of his race, he possessed a great power of imagination: without imagination he would have died.

Physically he was ill favored. His beard was thin and scraggy, of some color between black and brown. His eyes were small and beady and, with the eternal hunger in them, reminded you of an animal's. Most noticeable of all his features were two teeth that protruded slightly from his lips whenever he smiled. A milder, more tender-hearted man

than Barasch you would have had difficulty in finding, yet there was nothing in his appearance to betoken the existence of these traits.

When he worked he lived like an automaton, with nothing to vary the monotony of his existence save his idle, harmless dreams. He was kind to his wife, devoted to his newborn child, and, otherwise, drifted down the dark current of his existence without complaint, hoping against hope, without enthusiasm, his soul dead—or unborn—within him. And now, instead of finding the happiness that he felt was within his grasp if only he could obtain employment, he had found keener misery.

As he was walking homeward after this last disappointment he suddenly heard a loud shout and, looking behind him, beheld a man in a hansom cab, half risen from his seat, energetically waving his arm as if to attract some one's attention. A hansom cab in those days was in itself a sufficient curiosity to compel the denizens of that quarter to stop and look—a man waving his arm and shouting was sure to attract a crowd. Barasch paused, caught the stranger's eye, and then walked slowly, wonderingly, toward the cab. The man had been trying to attract his attention. A crowd had already begun to gather, but the man in the cab, jumping nimbly to the street, pushed his way through the throng and seized Barasch by the arm.

"Come along," he said. "Let's get out of this mob first of all."

Barasch stood still, resisting, and shook his head, and the man realized that he did not understand English.

"Tell him, somebody," he addressed himself to the nearest in the group around them, "that I want him to come along with me. I've got some work for him, and he can make money."

A babel of voices translated it into Yiddish, and a light of hope shone swiftly in Barasch's eyes. He nodded eagerly and followed the stranger into the cab. As they drove away the man looked him over critically and then smiled and nodded good-naturedly and laid his hand on Barasch's knee as if to assure him that all would be well. He was a young chap—perhaps twenty-eight or thirty—of pleasing though quite serious countenance and dressed in the fashion affected by painters and musicians. They rode for nearly an hour through

streets far outside of the Ghetto, where Barasch had never been before, and paused, finally, before a tall studio-building near Fifth Avenue.

The man led Barasch to an elevator, and they ascended to a studio whose furnishings seemed to Barasch to be more luxurious and more beautiful than anything he had ever seen or dreamed of before in all his life. He motioned to Barasch to take off his hat, brought him a chair and a book filled with beautiful illustrations to look at and gave him a glass of wine. The wine warmed Barasch's blood. The sensation of uneasiness that had possessed him passed away, and he smiled amiably at his host. The painter then began to busy himself with a huge canvas which he wheeled around on an easel from one spot to another until he had found a satisfactory light. Then he filled a pipe and threw himself upon a couch, pointing to a clock to indicate to Barasch that he was waiting.

He had not long to wait. Barasch heard steps in the corridor without, the swish of skirts, a lively tapping upon the door, and before the artist had said "Come in," there entered a fine, magnificently built woman whose vitality seemed instantly to permeate the entire room. She paused when she saw Barasch, scrutinized him keenly, and then turned to the artist and smiled. Without a word she entered an adjoining room whence, after a little while, she issued clad in a diaphanous white gown through which the beautiful contour of her figure was clearly visible.

The artist posed her upon a platform at one end of the room and then motioned to Barasch to approach. Barasch, who had been unable to take his eyes from this vision—unlike anything that he had ever seen before—was then made to kneel upon the platform beside her. It took quite some time to bring this posture about, as Barasch not only did not understand a word the painter said, but also paid no attention to him; all his senses seeming to be riveted upon the woman. It was not until the painter himself had posed in the attitude that he wanted that Barasch realized exactly what was required of him. And then, just as he had assumed this attitude, to his great wonderment, the woman put her arm around his neck and drew his head close to her.

For one hour Barasch knelt like that, never taking his eyes from the woman's face.



DRAWN BY FRANKLIN SOUTH

She paused when she saw Barasch, scrutinized him keenly, and then turned to the artist and smiled

From time to time the painter muttered: "Good! Good!" Beyond that not a word was spoken. During most of this time the woman kept her gaze fastened upon the painter. Once or twice, however, she turned toward the creature kneeling at her feet and, meeting his eyes, smiled in friendly fashion. Then the painter threw down his brush.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Enough for one day!"

When Barasch rose to his feet he found himself so stiff that he could hardly walk. So engrossed had he been with this new experience that he had failed entirely to feel the physical discomfort of his unwonted attitude. The painter gave him two dollars and wrote upon a card, "Come to-morrow at the same hour, and you will get two dollars more." Barasch could hardly credit his senses. Two dollars was as much as he had expected to earn by two or even three hard days' work, and here it was given to him for practically nothing. He could not understand what was written upon the card, but, making an awkward bow, he returned as quickly as he could to the Ghetto, where he asked a neighbor to translate it. The translation filled him with joy and wonderment. Would he receive two dollars more the next day for kneeling at the feet of a beautiful woman and feeling the warmth of her arm around his neck? It seemed incredible—it seemed a dream of madness. All that night he could not sleep. Yet the next day he found his way back to the studio—he arrived there fully an hour before the appointed time—went through exactly the same experience and received the same reward. Again he was asked to return, and it was not until after his third sitting that he began to accept it all as real, and his visits to the studio took their place in the natural order of things in his life.

For two weeks he visited the studio and posed for the artist each day. It never occurred to him to look at the picture that the artist was painting. His interest was centered entirely in the woman at whose side he knelt, and he had eyes for nothing else. By degrees a kind of camaraderie sprang up between them, and it seemed to Barasch that the woman actually took an interest in him. She shook hands with him each day when he arrived, and when she put her arm around his neck it was usually with a friendly pressure that seemed to Barasch to be almost a good-natured hug.

During this time Barasch also succeeded in finding employment on half-time in a tailor's shop, and he felt that, at last, he was upon the road to fortune and to happiness. Of his visits to the studio he never spoke to his wife or his employer. It was the one secret of his barren life.

One day the painter threw down his brush and exclaimed: "Finished! Thank God!" Barasch did not understand what he said, but knew instinctively that this interesting episode of his life had come to an end. He rose to his feet and put on his overcoat. The painter gave him five dollars this time and smiled upon him approvingly.

"I suppose you don't understand a word I'm saying," he said, "but you've been a splendid model. Hasn't he, Kitty?"

Barasch smiled, without understanding, and turned to the woman. She had extended her hand, and Barasch seized it eagerly.

"Good-by!" she said. She was smiling, and the brightness of her eyes fascinated Barasch.

"Good-by!" he said. It was all the English that he knew, and all three of them laughed. Then, prompted by an impulse of friendliness, the woman reached forward and patted Barasch upon the cheek.

"Good-by," she repeated.

Barasch returned to the Ghetto, to the routine of a garment-worker's life, and to his wife and child with the warmth of that touch upon his face.

The incident was ended, but its effect upon Barasch was indelible. He resumed the dreary tenor of his former life, unchanged as far as outward appearance went, but with a buoyancy of heart that he had never possessed before. He had experienced a new sensation; a ray of light had pierced the gloom of his existence; his feet had stepped upon the threshold of romance.

Barasch began to prosper. He found work aplenty and was soon able to save money. After a while he accumulated enough to buy the little store that he had so long coveted and upon the possession of which he had built his hopes of happiness. The store became profitable, and its business increased rapidly. But with it came no happiness. After a few years Barasch possessed a comfortable bank-account and began to negotiate for the purchase of a great wholesale establishment which he knew would make him rich. But with all



DRAWN BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

He came face to face with the picture for which he had posed. It portrayed a beautiful woman, her arm thrown caressingly around a satyr at her feet which was grinning into her face. The title of the picture was "Beauty and the Beast"

this affluence there came none of the happiness that he had expected. And, slowly—oh, so slowly!—it dawned upon him that the only happiness he had ever known or was ever likely to know lay in that episode of the studio.

Judged by the standards of his sphere of life, Barasch was exceedingly good to his wife. As his lot improved he surrounded her with every comfort she craved and did all that he could to make her happy. Beyond the hours of his work he never left her side. His attitude toward her was one of constant consideration and kindness. And Mrs. Barasch not only never complained, but not for an instant did a disturbing thought enter her mind. Her husband had always been a quiet man, and when, as the years passed, she noticed that he sat in silent reverie more and more frequently she attributed it entirely to the increasing demands of his affairs.

It was in these moments of reverie, however, that Barasch found his happiness—illicit happiness, perhaps, but the only brightness of life that he had ever known. It was then that he lived over again the hours spent in that studio and felt once more the pressure and warmth of a woman's arm around his neck. Not being a trained thinker, it is unlikely that his thoughts ever took definite shape or expression. They were merely pictures of memory, of pleasant memory, which afforded him glimpses into a realm far removed from the rut of his life, where people were happy and smiling and where, perchance, a glorious woman's soft arm might always rest embracingly upon a man's shoulders.

Sometimes, at night, when he awoke and beheld his wife sleeping peacefully at his side, there came to him that world-old dream of Might-have-been, but it brought no sadness and no regret. He had merely had a moment's taste of happiness, and his memory and his imagination clung to it in perfect contentment.

For nearly ten years he cherished this memory; for nearly ten years he felt the touch of a woman's arm around his neck and the gentle caress of her hand upon his

cheek; for nearly ten years he derived all the happiness that he was destined to enjoy from the memory of his one secret romance.

One of his customers in a distant city came to New York, telegraphing Barasch beforehand to meet him in one of the big up-town hotels. Barasch had never been in the hotel before, and while he was waiting he wandered about the halls and reception-rooms, admiring their sumptuous decorations and luxurious furnishings. He came to one room that seemed a veritable picture-gallery. Barasch had never seen so many paintings together before in all his life. In all his memory of that studio episode the painting for which he had posed had played no part. He had never had the slightest curiosity concerning it. But now he remembered it, and with a smile that almost transformed his face he entered the room and began to study the paintings. And then, with a start, he came face to face with it.

It hung in the center of the longest wall, evidently in the place of honor. It was a huge canvas, richly framed in massive gilt. It portrayed a beautiful woman, half nude, with the sunlight streaming through the opening of a woodland glen upon her golden hair. Her arm was thrown caressingly around the gruesome form of a satyr whose horns, too, caught a tiny ray of the sunlight reflected from the woman's hair. She was looking into the creature's eyes, and a smile played about her lips. The demoniacal being at her feet was grinning into her face, his lips parted, showing two teeth that protruded like tusks. The border of the frame bore the title. It was "Beauty and the Beast."

Barasch sank into a chair, his lips the color of ashes, his hands twitching as if with palsy. He gazed upon the painting until every line and every shade and every shadow had burned itself into his brain. A boy in uniform passed through the room calling his name aloud, but Barasch did not hear.

How long he sat there he never knew. When, at last, he rose and went out of the building there was a smile, a sad, faint smile, upon his lips. But his heart was heavy. His dream was over.



Restless Husbands

David Graham Phillips was always intensely—even passionately—interested in what he considered the topsyturvy wrongs in the every-day relations between men and women. He was a terrifically hard worker himself, and he despised from the bottom of his heart a shirker of any kind—man or woman; and it was frankly a joy to him to say so straight from the shoulder. In the following article, written a short time before his death, he analyzes what he believed to be some of the leading causes of marriage bickering which lead to the divorce courts

By David Graham Phillips

Author of "The Hungry Heart," "The Husband's Story," "The Grain of Dust," etc.

A FEW years ago several preachers and editors began to bang upon the public alarm-gong and to utter dreadful cries about divorce. America was going straight to perdition; the pure and steady flame of conjugal love was flickering, was dying; see how the rich and the fashionable were getting divorces and, so, setting a most pernicious example to the masses. A few sharp strokes on the tom-tom, a few awful shrieks, and the whole hive was astir. And it is still agitated.

But what are the facts?

In the first place, if a **"pernicious example" set by the rich and the fashionable could have ruined the human race, it would have been swept into oblivion long ago.** But the masses have to work too hard. They haven't the time or the money or the leisure-bred desires without which the pernicious example sets its snares in vain. In the next place, restlessness in the marriage relation is as old as mankind, as old as individuality with its inevitable consequences of clashings; and, so long as the human will exists, harmony between two wills can never be perfect. Finally, divorce, the right to divorce, was a cardinal dogma of that great revolt against medieval politics, philosophy, and religion which was one of the causes of the settlement of this country. All our states that were founded by the common people—and that means all but New York, South Carolina, and two or three others—had from the beginning, and still have, most liberal divorce laws. And, long before we Americans had any rich and fashionable to set us an example, divorce was certainly as prevalent as it now is. **There are more divorces to-day; but only because there are more people.**

In this respect, as in all others, the rich and the fashionable are simply making conspicuous, because they are themselves conspicuous, the commonplace routine of human nature's weaknesses. We are an unoriginal lot, we human animals; the sociologist divides us into classes chiefly for convenience; our resemblances to each other are so much more important than our differences from each other that in all but microscopic matters the differences may be neglected. We are as like as leaves of the same tree.

The delusion about the spread of divorce probably arose from the failure of those agitated preachers and editors to note the difference between the upper class of America to-day and the upper class of former days. We used to have an aristocracy here, a true aristocracy of birth and breeding; and in that aristocracy, wholly out of sympathy with the masses, there was a prejudice against divorce as "common" and "vulgar." But that aristocracy has departed, has been destroyed by the rising tide of democracy; and in its place we have the "common" and "vulgar" plutocracy, made up of suddenly prosperous sons and daughters of the masses, and having that spirit of impatience of conventionality which is inherent in the masses and marks the people of common origin as his used and useful-looking hands mark the laborer. So, far from the rich and fashionable having started a new custom dangerous to the virtue of the masses, riches and fashion have been infected by the manners and moral ideas of the masses.

ARE AMERICAN WOMEN DETERIORATING?

The divorce problem is no more serious now than it always has been. But there is

a problem in connection with the relations of the sexes that has substance and is therefore of more than mere scholastic or "hot air" interest. **This problem is the rapidly widening gap between the American man and the American woman in sympathies, tastes, ideals. Every foreigner who comes to inspect us is struck by it, is amazed that the beautiful, graceful, utility-abhorring American woman, aristocratic in all her ideas, should be able to get along at all with the hard-working, common American man.** He sees a woman who is marrying into the foreign aristocracies; who is striving to create, in the great toilsome American cities, an aristocracy of idle playing-about; who abhors the American gospel of work; who at the first faint opportunity abandons all the "sordid" cares of American workaday life and devotes herself to fine raiment and visiting, to building cozy-corners or palaces, to improving her mind by absorbing the oozings of aristocratic culture—which, as all the world knows, consists half in knowing things that are of no mundane use and the other half in maintaining a resolute and proud ignorance of the things that are or might be useful.

If this phenomenon—the cultured, aristocratic American woman—were confined to the upper class, it would be a subject for the fashion editor and not for the student of current history. The thoughts, feelings, and doings of an upper class are never important. They may be a source of amusement, but historically they are insignificant, as the historians are recognizing, now that they have ceased from writing fables and scandals and have got round to the study of the sweep of human action. But this feminine phenomenon of ours is not confined to the upper class. Those who speak and write without putting themselves to the trouble of thinking have much to say concerning a "parasite class"; they always mean a few hundred thousand people housed in more or less palatial dwellings and the servants who wait upon them. But they neglect our real parasite class, though it is recruiting its hosts in every American family down far into the mass of day-laborers. **This class is the new American woman, living in utter idleness upon her family, waiting for some man to come along and be beguiled by his passions and her pretenses into undertaking her support for life.** Her person is adorned with such

finery as she can obtain by such means as she deems legitimate; her mind is adorned with such drippings from the oozings of "culture" as happen to be trickling and puddling in her neighborhood. If she is in one neighborhood she reads Mrs. Humphry Ward, reads at Maeterlinck, attends musical mornings, culture lunches, bridge afternoons, tries to talk socialism; if she lives in another neighborhood, Laura Jean Libbey and the like are her guides in the exploration of her "beautiful, misunderstood woman's soul," and she has to be content with expressing her "cultural self" in accumulating strange and awful sofa-cushions, throws, ribbons draped on the fixtures or festooned against the wall. In her dim, humble way she does her best to live up the Henry James ideal of the "perfect lady"—cultured, introspective, analytic, loftily contemptuous of all that has to do with money, *except* spending it.

THE NEW WOMAN AN EXOTIC

Here is, indeed, an orchid in the garden of our common American civilization which was sown by working men and working women for working men and working women. And the fact that we now have myriads of these orchids does not make them any the less out of place. To mate such an exotic with the cabbage, the potato, the turnip, the onion, the carrot—to **link the new American woman with the American man—is a performance to make the esthetic to shudder and the practical thunderously to protest.** Only in the very idlest, the very most useless, aristocracy could a proper mate for her be found. And her whole life should be spent in drifting grandly from palace to carriage, to palace again, with the only private life a perfumed marble bath, a perfumed dressing-room, and a hand-painted, silken-draped bed.

THE SIN UPON THE FATHER'S HEAD

Who is responsible for this rare and gorgeous visitation, for this Watteau upon the kitchen wall?

The loving American father. As Emerson said, every man is as lazy as he dares be, and that means every woman, too. None of us works except from necessity. **The American father wanted an exotic in the house, and lo! we have the new American woman.** She deserves no credit for being what she is. She got the chance to

shirk, and she has shirked; and woe unto the coarse American man who, taking her to wife, would set her to any less ladylike, less cultured task than ordering servants about or requesting the marketman to "send us what we need, and you'll not cheat, I'm sure!" No, what she wants in a husband is a bread-winner, a dress-winner, a hat- and fur- and silk- stocking- winner, and a carriage- and palace- winner, too, if possible. For she is endowed with a soul that aspires and ever aspires, and is never satisfied. Give her a three-room flat and she wants a five; give her that and she wants a duplex. From the duplex, her poetic fancy soars to a separate house, to a palace, to liveries and grand entertainments and toilets without number and jewels that will outshine those of the other stars in the firmament of plutocracy. And the coarse creature who toils for her is eager to satisfy her cultural longings, to raise and ever to raise her "coefficient of cultural proficiency." "You can't fly too high for me, old girl," says he in his good-humored, vulgar way. And she shudders—and soars.

ALWAYS THE NEW; NEVER THE OLD

Perhaps we may now risk taking a few cautious steps into the mystery of present-day marital restlessness. As has already been said, "settling down" has never been a distinctive American virtue. The American, passionately eager for change, for development, is, of all the races, the least guilty of what Fichte calls the mortal sin of "persistence in relations." **The outgrown ways, the outgrown comrade, the outgrown sweetheart or lover, anything that clings to the past, all are cast off for the new that fits in with to-day's ideas;** and the way to hold an American in any relationship, business or social, has been to develop with him, to be as modern, as up-to-date, as ready as is he for the new universe which dawns with each new day. Naturally, as America has advanced in intelligence, in civilization, this spirit of up-to-dateness has expanded. And the progressive American man does not want the wife who insists upon growing old and stale with old and stale yesterday; nor does the progressive American woman tend to prefer the husband whose future lies to the rear, who has reached his summit and is going downward and backward. It may be that the passion for the past, for the old,

the old-fashioned, is better; it may be that it is worse. With its excellence, relative or absolute, we are not here concerned. We are interested only in the fact, without disputing about its moral or sentimental quality.

WHY HUSBANDS AND WIVES GROW APART

Now, husbands and wives may grow apart in one of four ways. They may develop each along a different line; the husband may progress and the wife fall back; the wife may progress and the husband fall back; both may fall back in different directions.

If they develop, but in different and unsympathetic directions, there is likely to be a divorce by mutual agreement; because both have capacity for action, and both will be eager for the same end.

If the husband progresses and the wife falls back, the chances are against divorce, unless their routine of life under the same roof is somehow disrupted; for the fact that the woman is waning in mental and physical charm will move the husband to forbearance, peevish, ill tempered even, but still effective; he will say, "She gave me her best, her now departed youth, and I have no right to cast her off."

If the husband falls back and the wife progresses, whether she will divorce him or not depends upon a variety of reasons, temperamental, material, sentimental, including the possibility of contracting a second and more promising marriage. The as yet almost complete economic dependence of woman brought up in the sheltered way undoubtedly keeps many a woman to the seething husband, a poor support being better than none. This reason for not divorcing is degrading, but not so degrading as it would be were there not an established custom of regarding it as moral for a woman to be a wife to a man for a living.

If both husband and wife fall back, then, obviously, however great the dissatisfaction of each with the other, neither is likely to develop the resolution and the courage to take such a radical step as divorce.

But in all these cases, sometimes with the responsibility chiefly on the husband, again with the wife chiefly responsible, there is the same basic condition of restlessness; the marriage is a failure, whether it climaxes in divorce or in the long-drawn-out and agonized and debasing tragedy of daily

contact with a thing loathed. And here are two large divisions of the subject of restless married couples—one the faults of the man, the other the faults, or let us say the imperfections, of the woman. Let us dismiss the men. Being economically independent, they are at least not in danger of starving for the sins for which their wives are ceasing to love and cherish them. Let us consider only the women, those of the women who make their husbands restless.

"SIZING UP" THE WIFE

As a man grows prosperous, he is surrounded by an increasing number of temptations to "size up" his wife; usually these temptations are in the form of designing ladies with longing eyes on his income, so alluring in its possibilities of purchase of feminine luxuries. On the other hand, if a man has a very limited income, the pressure of making both ends meet puts him in a mood where he is likely to be critical toward the largest single item of expense—his wife. **So the ladies should note that, in present-day conditions, a husband, whether plutocrat or floor-walker, is extremely likely some day to develop into an impartial critic of her whom he with palpitating heart and love-lulled reason led to the altar.** He is likely to say: "Is she really superior to other women? Does she give me more help than I would get from another woman? Is she a helpmeet, or is she a leech?" When the question presents itself to him in that last form, the end has begun.

Who is the woman who inevitably stirs, sooner or later, the critical faculty in her husband to conscious, or equally dangerous unconscious, activity?

She is of two species—the retrograde idler and the progressive idler. By idler is meant any woman at whom the average hard-working, earnest, ambitious American man or woman would look and say, "She's a get-nowhere and a do-nothing." The idler, male or female, may be a most industrious person; perhaps the world has no busier class than its idlers. There seems to be something in useless activities that spurs those who do them to a very insanity of energy. No woman at the washtub ever toiled so hard as many a woman toils day after day at calling and attending receptions. So we have to consider idle idlers and active idlers.

MARRIAGE THE NE PLUS ULTRA OF MANY

There is a class of women, a very large class, that looks on marriage as an ultimate goal, an achievement which leaves nothing further for the achiever to do but the tranquil wearing of the laurel. Almost all girls of the sheltered class, where the idea of work has come to be repulsive and hideously vulgar, are brought up to keep a keen and not too sentimental eye open for a promising bread-winner. Many, very, very many, are better than their training and are guided without realizing it by the profound truth that the person toward whom the heart of an intelligent person of the opposite sex instinctively goes out is likely to be the person who can be made the most of in every way in a marriage venture. Still there are also many, many girls who throw all their energy into getting a husband and, having got him, frankly, swiftly, utterly go to pieces mentally and physically. Whether they also go to pieces morally is never known; for the mentally and physically gone-to-pieces woman is not often sore beset.

This collapse either drags down the husband or drives him away. We human beings are so constructed that we must be constantly kept up to the mark by spurring from without as well as from within. **And one of the principal duties of a wife is to keep her husband up to the mark—to curb his vanity; to restore his sense of proportion—which the men he is dealing with, the men who are always trying to beat him, are constantly tempting him to lose; to see that he looks and acts prosperous, and feels strong.** The only way to teach strength of character is by setting the example. And the woman who fights to retain her looks and her figure, who improves her mind, who interests herself in her husband's career as her own, rarely has a failure or a "rotter" as a husband. But the woman who takes on fat, who lets the house go to pieces, who loses interest in everything that is of importance, who finds it increasingly difficult to make a good appearance when she has to appear before the world—is not such a woman likely to dishearten any ordinary man, any but a most extraordinary man?

THE GONE-TO-PIECES WOMAN

It is a grave mistake to think that the only gone-to-pieces woman is she who lives

after marriage in wrapper and curl-papers and "just slops along nohow," as our colored fellow citizens say. She is the least harmful of the harmful kinds of wife. She is an awful example, obvious to every eye unfortunate enough to catch sight of her. **No, the really dangerous gone-to-pieces woman is she who retains the forms of interest in life—the slovenly gad-about, the purposeless, restless seeker after silly distractions and amusements, the woman who simply keeps up appearances—or thinks she is doing so.** She often is a helpful, meddlesome creature, undermining her husband's mentality by silly opinions on affairs of which she is ignorant. She often is a great home-maker, buying and scattering about the unkempt house and draping upon her unkempt person endless costly trash. She is a mighty hunter of worthless bargains, an indefatigable saver at the spigot to waste at the bung.

Man is dominated by woman to an extent which she perhaps appreciates better than he. And, being even more domestic than woman by nature, he is under the influence of his wife more than of all other human beings together. If a woman loves a man and if he is a man of strength and experience, he can make of her pretty much what he pleases. But how few men have strength and experience when they marry! Thus the rule is that the wife is the more influential partner, and can make of her husband little or much, according as she has intelligence and ambition.

If a strong man finds himself married to a retrograde woman, what choice has he? Must he not either shut her out of his life or perish with her? The world may see only a sweet and loving wife, no more indolent or purposeless than most women of her set; and she may be just that, in reality. **But the husband knows that, for all her sweetness, love, amiability, industry at making the home esthetic and at cultivating "the nicest kind of people," she is dragging, dragging, dragging at him.**

MAN NEEDS A MOTHER, NOT A MISTRESS

If all the facts were known in many a case where a man in middle life has broken away from the wife of his youth, the world might find not a little in mitigation of the "depravity" of the husband. In its beginnings a marriage may be based chiefly upon physical attraction. But that woman or

that man is either most negligent or a poor excuse who does not soon establish a firmer, a more enduring basis, one that will stand firm though age wither physical charm. What we all need at all times is companionship and sympathy. And the male is a helpless creature in so many ways. He needs a mother all his life—and wife means more of mother than of mistress.

THERE IS NO "BEAUTY AGE"

But put aside every other means of holding a husband, and consider only the physical. There is a tradition (false, as is almost all tradition) that woman's period of physical charm is brief, that nature gives her physical charm for a few years to enable her to entrap the male and then takes it from her. True, nature does endeavor to do so. But if nature succeeds, it is the fault of the woman. What are we here for but to improve upon nature in every way? And again and again we find women who appreciate this vital truth and steadily increase in physical charm from twenty to forty-five and even fifty. There is the freshness of youth; it is charming, crude. Then there is the freshness of intelligently applied experience; in it is the real, the enduring, fascination. Of course if a woman, finding her natural charms fading after a few years of scandalous neglect of the laws of hygiene, attempts to repair or to hide the ravages with paint and false hair and dressmakers' contrivances for developing the bust or for reducing the hips, she is not going to be physically attractive long, however clever she may be at artificiality. But artificiality is not improving upon nature; it is mere stupid imitation of nature's clumsy makeshift carelessness. The woman whose charms grow fresher and more bewitching with the years is she who keeps her youth—lets neither her mind nor her body run down. Nothing worth having comes without effort. The physically gone-to-pieces woman is she who, through laziness and vanity, will not make an effort. **And such a woman is never vainer than in expecting her husband to find her more attractive than any other woman when she is in fact endurable only because he is used to her.** And is there not a good deal of the fool in the husband who can love by unaided reminiscence?

It is a rule without exception that no woman who keeps herself up to the mark ever loses the love of a man she has once

won. Man is too much the creature of habit, too little the rover. Give him a fraction of a chance, and he will never wander. And the busy American man—why, the woman who loses him, once she has him securely married, has to make positive aggressive effort to that end. Otherwise the spell of habit would of itself keep him her husband in name.

But most restless of all is the husband of that most progressive and pestiferous of idlers, the "cultured" woman. He may be "cultured" himself; we have, thanks to our colleges with their silly false education, at last produced a few "cultured" men. Or he may be cowed by her vanity and by his own modest sense of not having the fearful and wonderful thing that possesses her, and may worshipfully admire her. No matter. He will chafe and champ, not knowing what ails him. And, should a first rate opportunity offer, he will fly.

WHAT "CULTURE" IS AND IS NOT

"Culture" is one of those large, vague words that start in meaning everything and end in meaning nothing at all. And whenever a word comes to mean nothing at all, it is always seized upon by posing nobodies as a badge of distinction. In the middle ages "educated" meant to be able to read and write and to smatter at Latin. Nowadays the people who pose as educated fancy it still means what it did when the world was so ignorant it did not even know what real knowledge was. The "cultured" person has come to mean, if any meaning there is in the word, a person who is educated in the medieval sense and has added to that slight equipment a collection of odds and ends of useless knowledge—a person whose mind is a sort of unlined crazy quilt. Whatever "culture" may be, it certainly is not anything that helps the world or its people to live more comfortably, more wisely, and more decently. It makes a man a flabby nonentity, fit only to be a professor in a good-for-nothing university; it makes a woman a neglectful wife, a dangerous mother, a source of irritation and amusement to all sensible people. The "cultured" woman poses from morning until morning again. "Culture" not being human, not being in any way related to the life of the human race, its practitioners lead a life apart, a sort of stage life. They are always looking at their audience,

always thinking up expressions and words that will produce upon the people about them the impression of superiority. There is "culture" in making a tidy disfigure a chair, but there is no "culture" in making a loaf of bread. There is "culture" in wasting an hour chattering artistic cant before a lot of pictures that would better never have been painted; there is no "culture" in seeing that the house is well dusted or in knowing how to do the marketing and the shopping. There is "culture" in knowing how many mistresses Louis XIV had or what caused the Athenians to banish Alcibiades; but there is no "culture" in knowing the real history of the United States, or any part of the wonderful story of the rise of mankind from slavery toward freedom and self-respect. There is "culture" in luxury, none in comfort; "culture" in pretense of love, pretense of poetry, pretense of art, none in practical and real love and poetry and art, the handmaidens of utility. There is "culture" in pretending to know, in pretending to be; none in really knowing, in really being. A strutting ass, with a brain like a rag-bag full of bits of frayed and damaged silk, is "cultured"; a capable, self-respecting carpenter or blacksmith or dressmaker or mother of proper children is not "cultured." To be idly employed about things that will not add a dollar to the income or subtract a dollar from the expenses and so contribute to the well-being and the opportunities, is the very soul-apex of "culture." Alms is "cultured"; helpfulness is vulgar. To spend the money without inquiring or caring where it came from is both "refined" and "cultured." So is to talk of duty all day long and never do it; so is to dream and drivel of love without ever giving it.

SHADOW, NOT SUBSTANCE

To wring well-manicured hands over the sorrows of one's brothers and sisters is "cultured"; to roughen hands and break nails in tugging at their burden is not "cultured." To "admire the plumage and forget the dying bird"—that is "culture." The "cultured" American woman, abroad, is in ecstasies over the monuments of the miseries of departed races, wishes we had at home the vast palaces cemented with the blood and tears of peasants, plans to do all she can to import those "beauties." At home, she exposes her beautiful soul like a

peacock's tail, pities herself in her lot of having to live with a sordid money-grubbing man, and spends the results of the grubbing freely in adorning herself and, less freely but too freely, in pauperizing her "worthy poor." She is a woman whom Jesus would have hesitated to shield from the stoners; and if he had seen her in the Temple when he went to scourge the money-changers, would he not have spared them?

"CULTURE" A FOE TO IDEALS

The craze for this "culture" has swept like a pestilence through the land, infecting thousands, hundreds of thousands, of the women whom latter-day industrial conditions have released from the labor that absorbed and kept sane our mothers and grandmothers—and, so, made our progress possible. It has a radiating center of infection in almost every college and university in the land, and in not a few of the academies and high schools. Its ravages are worse among the women because very few of the men who get "cultural aspirations" dare indulge them, with the necessity of making a living pressing sternly. It is responsible for the slow progress we are making toward those ideals of self-respect, of horror of the unearned and therefore stolen dollar, which point the way toward a world of which it cannot be said, as Ingersoll said of this world, that it "isn't fit for a gentleman to live in." "Culture" calls for days of "elegant leisure"—and in a world that must work to keep alive, we can have no leisure, elegant or inelegant, except at the expense of some fellow being who must toil for two that one may loaf.

It is in the home that character is formed. And what can be expected of the husband who finds only "culture" at

home—not the wife with modes of thought and action that would send him forth to business ashamed to do the dirty trick, to steal the dirty dollar, but the wife with the "cultured" longing for more and ever more money to nourish her luxurious "cultured soul"?

THE "NEW" WOMAN MUST CHANGE

We are witnessing an attempt to establish upon white labor a leisure class such as the South once established upon black labor. Yet never before were there proportionately so few idle males as to-day. And when the present attempt shall go the way of the South's attempt, as go it must, we shall have no idle males at all—and none tolerant of the idleness cult. Gloomy indeed, then, is the outlook for the American woman who aspires to live either in elegant or in slattern futility upon the toil of males. Coarse though we now are in our labor ideals, we shall be ever coarser, ever unfitter for the society of this "new" American woman. Her true friends will advise her to accept the inevitable and dismiss her "cultural longings" or "refined, ladylike instincts" or "patrician pride" or whatever it is that unfits her to be the contented, useful working wife of a working man. If she does not, may she not find this working man shy of asking her to marry with him, shy of inflicting his vulgar self upon her, should she beguile him, or he beguile himself, into marrying her?

In analyzing and fretting over their own restlessness, the restless among our American women should not forget that there is such a thing as the restless American man. An ungrateful, unappreciative dog, no doubt. Still, life must be lived, and he is an essential factor in it.



The Scarecrow

By E. W. Kemble



"Who's dat low-down coon flesh tryin' ter make a correspondence wif me?"



"Whassa matter wif dat fool man nohow?"



"Unhan' me, you pesterin' good-fer-nothin'—"



"Well, ef dese yere clothes hain't dat ole wore-out suit what belong to my man lke, an' dey jes' natchully wanted to be 'fectionate!"



The Story-Tellers

Sallies and Smiles from

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Everybody has a "pet" story, and nearly everybody has been the subject of a laugh-provoking anecdote. In the case of noted men and women especially it will be discovered that at least one good story, either personal or attached to some one equally prominent, is cherished by each one for occasions. In this department we strive to print only the

JOHN A. DIX, now governor of New York, was once a hunter of big game. Some years ago, deer season found him and his father-in-law, Lemon Thompson, in the Tupper Lake region. Their guide had set off on a still-hunt, so they backed themselves against a stone wall and awaited developments. When curiosity prompted Dix to turn and peer over the barrier, a spot of light brown flashed in the brush on the farther side. Instantly, scarce bringing gun to shoulder, he fired. The crash of a heavy fall indicated that the shot had taken effect, and both men sprang hurriedly to their feet.

"Well," exclaimed Thompson, "I reckon we got him that time."

Even at this moment of excitement Dix paused in his ascent of the stone wall to return emphatically: "We? There is no *we* about it, I got him all by myself."

Pride goeth before a fall. Much to the disgust and mortification of the younger man and to the unholy delight of the elder, investigation proved the victim to be a full-blooded heifer of no small dimensions.

"Phew!" said Dix. "Guess we made a mistake."

"No," sadly replied Thompson. "No, John, *we* made no mistake. You did that all by yourself."

EX-GOVERNOR VARDAMAN, of Mississippi, was a recent candidate for a seat in the United States Senate. On one occasion during his tour of the state he expressed his sentiments regarding the repeal of the Fourteenth Amendment and was loudly applauded by an old colored man standing on the outskirts of the crowd.

"I's shorely fer dat man,"



JOHN A. DIX



JAMES K. VARDAMAN

said the old negro, "I shorely is."

"Why, you old black rascal," exclaimed a man standing near, "your son was hung while Vardaman was governor."

"Dat's so," replied the old man earnestly, "dat's jes so; but he sho' wuz hung like a white man!"

"BEN" FOCHT, who represents a Pennsylvania agricultural district in Congress, early last spring exhausted his quota of free garden seeds and in desperation offered to exchange documents for seeds with William Sulzer, chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, who comes from the crowded East Side tenement district of New York.

"Nothing doing," was Sulzer's laconic reply. "I could use several thousand extra packages myself."

"Great heavens, man, what use have you for garden seeds?" wonderingly inquired Mr. Focht. "You haven't a constituent with a back yard as large as the palm of your hand



BENJAMIN K. FOCHT



DAVID R. FRANCIS

in your entire district!"

"That's all right," confided Sulzer, "but my constituents make soup out of 'em."

DAVID R. FRANCIS, while governor of Missouri, was once down in the timber lands of southern

Mississippi with a few friends on a hunting trip. The party found more mosquitoes than anything else, and finally, stung to desperation and exasperated by the guide's indifference to the pest, the governor turned to him with a not very polite query as to how he stood "these infernal mosquitoes."

"Mosquitoes?" said the guide. "Why, Governor, there ain't a mosquito among 'em. Them's gnats."

"I'll give you ten dollars if you will lie down on that log with your back bared and stay there for ten minutes," said Mr. Francis.

Soon seeing that the man would win the ten, the governor winked at one of his friends, and produced a small sun-glass, which he focused on a spot between the shoulders of the prostrate man.

A few moments later the muscles on the guide's back began to twitch just a little, then he began to squirm a trifle. Finally he raised his head from his arms and said, sort of wistfully,

"Say, Governor, does wassups count?"

Hall of Fun

People Worth While

best. We want genuinely funny stories as narrated by or told about living men and women whose names are universally familiar. We are glad to pay liberally for those that are found available. If you know a truly famous person ask him for his favorite anecdote, or find out the best one about him, and send it to the Anecdote Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE.



F. W. LEHMANN, of St. Louis, the new Solicitor-General, believes that women who practise the law often find their competitors of the opposite sex not over-anxious for business relations.

"Not long ago," said Mr. Lehmann, "one of our young, rising, female lawyers received this letter from a well-known attorney:

"MADAM: We agree to the compromise as proposed in your favor of this date, not because your client has a just right to such settlement, but from the fact that we do not care to open a contest with a woman lawyer."

"Our young lady of the



FRED'K W. LEHMANN

law immediately despatched this reply:

"SIR: I note yours agreeing to a settlement, although I cannot congratulate you on your gallantry in begging the question. Like the original Adam, you seem inclined to hide behind a woman's petticoat."

"The following, however, closed the correspondence:

"MADAM: If you will turn to the early pages of Genesis you will discover that Eve did not wear a petticoat."

ATLEE POMERENE, the new senator from Ohio, relates the sad case of a farmer who took much pride in the looks of his fattening pigs and who once purchased a pair from a neighbor. Upon delivery, at the usual age of eight weeks, they seemed to him rather small. The old man eyed them dubiously, and then remarked dryly,

"I guess I had better keep the cat shut up for a few days."

GENERAL MILES tells how he once put a question or two to a veteran negro soldier who was an inmate of a soldiers' home. The old fellow was sunning himself on the grass, when the general en-

gaged him in conversation touching his campaigns and the officers he had fought under. "Did you ever see Grant?" asked the visitor.

"Did I ever see Grant?" repeated the old fellow, with a superior smile. "Why, I was a-layin' on de ground after one battle, when I heahs de sound of hosses' hoofs, and den a voice calls out, 'Is dat yo', Morgan?'"

"I knowed in a second dat it was Gin'ral Grant. 'Yassah,' I says, very respectful.

"Come heah!" says Gin'ral Grant.

"I gits up, reluctant-like. I was kinder tired out.

"I wants yo' to git back home," says Gin'ral Grant.

"Why?" says I, still respectful.

"Cause you're killin' too many men," says Gin'ral Grant."

W. M. J. BURNS, the great detective, once suffered a loss of reputation with at least one man. He told the story himself:

"I well remember," said he, smiling, "a walk I once took down Market Street, in San Francisco. As I strode along, proud and happy, a rose in my buttonhole and a gold-headed cane in my hand, a drunken man had the impudence to stop me.

"Ain't you Mr. Burns?" he asked.

"Yes," said I. "What of it?"

"Mr. Burns the detective?" he hiccupped.

"Yes, yes. Who are you?" I asked impatiently.

"Mr. Burns," said he, 'I'll tell you who I am. I'm



ATLEE POMERENE



NELSON A. MILES

—hic—the husband of your washerwoman."

"Well, what of that?"

"My scorn brought a sneer to the man's lips, and he said,

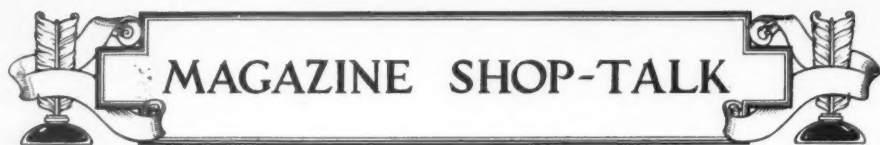
"You see, you don't know everything, Mr. Burns."

"What don't I know?"

"Well," said he, "you don't know that—hic—I'm wearin' one of your new white shirts."



WILLIAM J. BURNS



MAGAZINE SHOP-TALK

Peace in the World

WE urge upon our readers thoughtful consideration of an article in the present number on universal peace through arbitration, by Hamilton Holt, president of the International Peace Congress. It is evident that the success or failure of this peace movement depends on its representing or not representing the sentiments of the average citizens in civilized countries. If the mass of such citizens feel or can be made to feel that war is an antiquated horror, a wicked waste of life and money, a needless national sacrifice, then war will fall into disrepute, as piracy did and witch-burning and slavery. War will continue until this better fashion of thought prevails, and as fashions in thought are set by thinking and talking along certain lines, we may all of us help the cause of universal peace by resolutely talking and thinking toward it.

And let us rid ourselves of that boggy idea that there are certain offenses involving "national honor" that can only be wiped out with bloodshed and violence. By this reasoning, there is justification for the barbarous vendetta and the cowardly lynching bee and for the ancient fallacy that one wrong calls for a greater wrong. The sole concern of national honor should be justice and fair dealing between the nations, and these can be established far more surely, if the time is ripe, by orderly negotiations and arbitral adjustment than by fire and sword and slaughter.

"The Brand-Blotter"

WE were curious to learn from Elizabeth Frazer, whose spirited story, "The Brand-Blotter," appears in this number, how she, a young clubwoman and college graduate, following the conventional New York round of work and play, happened to know so many technical things about cowboys and ranches and the wild free Western life where broncos are "busted" and cattle are rustled and where the hero wears his "hol-

ster-bottoms lashed by buckskin thongs to his boot-tops." Miss Frazer tells us that in her girlhood she lived this Western ranch life, her father having been a sheriff in that picturesque region of mesas swimming in mirage and coulées shaggy with cactus. And she knows about the parched desert because she has ridden over it herself, as she says, "with alkali hanging gray upon her eyelashes."

"Restless Husbands"

FOR an unmarried man, David Graham Phillips had a remarkable understanding of married-life problems, as one realizes on reading his rather daring article on divorce in the current number. Phillips declares that, in the garden of our American civilization, we are producing a new type of woman, an exotic, stately and beautiful, but strangely out of sympathy with her hustling, workaday surroundings. And, with keen analysis, he presents various causes of the marital restlessness that exists among us to-day as an almost national characteristic. To what extent is the husband to blame for these conditions? And to what extent is the wife to blame? We should like to have our readers' opinions based upon this forceful study in marital discontent.

Chambers and Gibson

A WORD now about the interesting collaboration between Robert W. Chambers and Charles Dana Gibson that has been brought about by the COSMOPOLITAN in "The Common Law" and that will continue in these pages for five years, by definite and exclusive arrangement. How is this important work accomplished? How does Gibson set about creating or re-creating, in his drawings, the scenes and characters that Chambers puts into his novels? Is it actually a collaboration, or does each do his own part separately, regardless of the other?

There is a certain real collaboration in the selection of types for the illustrations; that is, Chambers may have some precise idea as to the physical characteristics of this or

that character, and he talks this over with the artist at the studio; but the story itself is Chambers's work—in fact, Gibson prefers to know nothing about the story until he gets it in finished proof sheets. He says it would be impossible for him to illustrate a novel well if he had viewed it as a critic or had in any way tried to help in its construction. He must receive the story with a sort of childlike faith that it is true, and, believing this, he makes it seem true in his pictures.

How Gibson Plans His Drawings

We gained a vivid impression of Gibson's working methods the other morning in a call at his studio overlooking Central Park, where he was just breaking ground on Chambers's new novel, which begins very soon now in the *COSMOPOLITAN*. On an easel was a large sheet of drawing-paper, perhaps a yard square, ruled into forty-eight oblongs, six wide and eight deep, these eight rows of oblongs corresponding to the eight instalments into which the novel has been divided for serial publication. Over the top of the easel were hanging proof sheets of the story, to which Gibson constantly referred, consulting marked paragraphs, as he filled in the oblongs with rough sketches (what might be called an artist's shorthand), showing, sufficiently for him, the composition of the pictures to be made.

In this way, after studying a novel until he knows every character and can visualize every scene, Gibson jots down rapidly, at a single sitting, the outlines of forty or fifty possible illustrations. In each oblong he indicates various details, according to the text, and then hastily draws in the characters, with the name written beside each and a caption underneath from the manuscript. Thus he gets a comprehensive view of the whole work before he begins. He finds in this many advantages, one being that a glance at his chart shows him just which pictures call for this or that model, and, as every character in the story has its flesh-and-blood counterpart, it is evidently convenient to finish up several pictures while a given model is available. For the best New York models are in great demand.

And here let us note Gibson's opinion that in the matter of artists' models, New York holds easy supremacy among the world's great cities. In New York, thanks to the unexampled gathering of races and to the

infinite blending of these, a painter or illustrator can find any type or variation of face or figure that he can possibly desire.

Chambers's Daily Grind

Speaking of Robert W. Chambers, it may be mentioned, for the benefit of aspiring but indolent writers, that a large part of his success is due to regularity in his work. He does not trust to bursts of inspiration, but saws wood straight ahead all the time, so much a day and every day. He cannot conceive of any happier way of spending his time than in doing his work. As a matter of fact, however, he devotes a large part of this time to revising and perfecting his manuscripts, and, so far as his serial output is concerned, he writes only one complete novel a year. Incidentally, for the next five years his novels will appear serially only and exclusively in the *COSMOPOLITAN*.

Chambers's one idea in writing, as in all other effort, is to achieve self-revelation. The novel that he writes this year he could not have written last year and would not care to write next year. He chooses a particular subject and a certain treatment because these appeal to him strongly and pleasurably at a particular moment. He hopes that he is steadily growing toward a better and finer literary achievement. He refuses to be bound by any lines in his work. He hopes some day to write plays, and it is interesting to note that his literary career began with two years in the service of Augustin Daly, during which time he expected to become a playwright. Had it not been for Daly's death this hope might have been realized and his novels never written.

The Greedy, Gullible American

WE referred last month to the very real, though unemphasized, moral value of fiction in the lighter form as contrasted with stories that are evidently problem studies carrying some intended lesson. A case in point is the Wallingford series, by George Randolph Chester, those fascinating adventures and misadventures in getting rich quick that have for months delighted *COSMOPOLITAN* readers. These stories, as our readers know, present various up-to-date trickeries and rascalities. Can fiction of this kind do any good? Can it

serve any moral purpose? The answer is emphatically "yes."

The Wallingford stories draw attention to conditions of greed and gullibility that exist all over this country, conditions due to money worship and to an exaggerated idea of the opportunities that this country offers for the rapid accumulation of wealth. Wallingford would probably say that this country offers much greater opportunities for the rapid accumulation of "suckers."

It is really extraordinary with what ease the average well-to-do American allows himself to be separated from his savings. He prides himself on his business prudence, he reads every day how others have been victimized in wild-cat schemes, gold-mines without gold, oil-wells without oil. He knows all this, and yet, when he meets the smooth stranger, the glib promoter, the real-estateshark, the Wall Street tout, he straightway forgets all that he has learned, and gives up like the rest.

All of which might be set forth effectively in muckraking articles, but it is evident that the writer will get ten times as many readers and convince them better if he can handle this theme, as Mr. Chester does, in pleasing story form. He will preach all the more effectively if no one suspects that he is preaching; in fact, he need not suspect it himself. But the sermon is there, the national fault is there, and the impressive lesson is there.

A Get-Rich-Quick Scheme that Failed

Just how impressive the lessons of these get-rich-quick stories may be was indicated nearly a year ago by an incident that followed the appearance in our September number of a Wallingford story in which the versatile hero creates a bogus oil-field (sold afterward for thousands of dollars) by the simple expedient of pouring two barrels of crude petroleum into a soggy marsh.

It happened about this time, out in the great guileless Northwest, that a company of oil-swindlers were really working this precise scheme, and with such success that twenty thousand dollars had already been subscribed by credulous business men, and as much more would, doubtless, have been forthcoming had not some one chanced upon this Wallingford story. That settled it. An investigation was decided upon forthwith, the fraud was discovered, and the discomfited swindlers left hurriedly for other parts. Which simply shows that a story may be light and amusing and still carry a sound and helpful lesson.

Fiction and Cutthroats

ANOTHER instance of the pen's mighty power is found in the illuminating account of the Camorra trial by ex-Mayor George B. McClellan that we publish in this number. It appears that the initial impulse out of which grew this most sensational affair came from the fact that a Neapolitan burglar and convict named Abbatemaggio happened to read a certain novel while serving a term in prison. It was a work by Gabriele D'Annunzio, "Morte Civile," and its pages made such strong appeal to the burglar's conscience that he vowed he would lead a better life, and straightway he set about the giant task of attacking the Camorra (of which he was a member), that dread society, parent of our own Black Hand, that for generations has terrorized the city and province of Naples. And today this sinister organization, that has committed all manner of crimes with impunity, that has defied the law, the police, the whole strength of a nation, finds itself threatened with destruction because of some words that a story-teller wrote on sheets of paper!

